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## THE HOAX OF BOLSHEVISM

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ONE of the paradoxical elements in the political psychology of the day is our incredible gullibility. Our politics is the very spoil of charlatanry. Our thinking is sublimely free of thought. And — to use a Nietzscheism — we are all the prey of a will to be hoaxed.

Our political supermen illustrate the point, they are so patently the product of an age of cinematographs and yellow dailies. They rise to greatness on a phrase. They are pried pipers of platitudes; worlds balance and reel on the turning of their metaphors. Democracies, in particular, are rank with phrase-ocrats. We are taught that, in democracies, the people rule, but the truth is, the thoughts of the people are boiler-plated and mobilized incalculably. Clever, enticing idealogues have become the specie of the political market. Phrase-artists sit in the seats of power, and it is the press agents who rule.

It is this phenomenon which has given such complexity to the Russian tangle. Our thinking has been so stereotyped in the past, that we stuttered when we were confronted with a political development which came to us with new and unaccustomed terminology. Our old phrases suddenly became obsolete. Democracy we knew, and Autocracy we understood; but Proletarocracy gagged us. And so, for eighteen months,

Lenin has played us with a barrage of Bolshevik Marxisms. He has capitalized our confusion, and stabilized his government. And even to-day, he finds us still at sea — enmeshed by bewildering and paralyzing words.

This is not true alone of the laymen. The hysterical splutterings of our statesmen are constantly giving witness to the effectiveness of Lenin's verbal gas-guns. The writings in our current periodicals are humorously serious, as they wade through the fantastic ideologies which sprinkle the Bolshevik propaganda: the writers almost invariably take the Leninites at their word. A swarm of books has cluttered down upon us, and in each, Bolshevism is unquestioningly interpreted as a mirror of its self-declared phrases. Indeed, we have all been unstrung, and no one has yet appeared to ask the burning question whether Russia, like every other country, may not be otherwise than the picture which is drawn in its phrases; whether Bolshevism may not be more terrible in language than in reality; whether Lenin may not, like many of our own political chiefs, speak a language which is more daring than his deeds.

The popular conception of Bolshevism is Russian-made. It is the conception which we have gleaned from the

books of Lenin and the burning, explosive utterances of Trotzky. And in this conception, Bolshevism is a veritable avalanche. It is Armageddon to the bourgeoisie: it is New Jerusalem to the proletariat. It comes like an apocalypse, to exalt the humble and to abase the lofty. It is Socialism barbed with a Red Terror. It is a mammoth economic experiment; a ruthless dictatorship which would strait-jacket one hundred and seventy million people to the iron Marxian pattern. Such is the announced Bolshevik programme.

But students of history are somewhat skeptical of apocalyptic political programmes. The past has been a museum of millenniums. Only too often the millennium has withered into an hyperbole.

And Bolshevism also, when stripped of its glamour, reveals itself as but a shibboleth. In theory, it sounded the blast of every value of life. But when the Bolsheviks ceased to be theorists, when Russia clothed them with the powers of state, Maximalism became Minimalism — only the phrases remained. The ideal, like all ideals, sobered in the presence of reality. Bolshevism and the Bolsheviks became two separate meanings, as even Lloyd George recognized in his recent speech in Parliament.

Perhaps we ought not to go so far as to say that Lenin purposely hoaxed the Russian masses. But the truth is stark: Lenin's published programme has long since ceased to be the Russian reality. And though the world looks upon the Bolshevik land with the wonderment of romance; though the proletariat of Europe gaze upon Moscow and see there the Sinai of their yearnings; though Mujik hordes pour out to die like zealots for the covenant of the Soviet, the Bolshevism of fact is neither an apocalypse nor a millennium; it is neither a revolution nor a commune; it is not

Marxian and it is not proletarian. It is a republic, a democracy (hated though the word may be in Bolshevik writings), a sort of Whitley Council Socialist political state; different from the American, as Russia itself is different from the United States, but a political state, nevertheless, whose traditions stem from Jefferson far more than from Karl Marx. And Lenin — master phraseocrat of the age — enlists limitless battalions in a sacred war for a 'commune' which is only a republic!

To demonstrate my assertion, it is merely necessary to analyze the present Russian state. For a moment, one must descend from the rarified rhetoric of Lenin's propaganda. One must forget Bolshevism, the phrase; one must visualize Bolshevism, the state.

Now, the outstanding fact in the Russian situation is the fact that the Revolution — what there was of it — is over and accomplished. The flux of change has already cooled into a *status quo*. A rigid constitution is already operating, and this constitution is neither Marxism nor Communism.

A brief résumé will explain the significance of this. The announced programme of the Bolsheviks was, from the first, the Marxian programme. The writings of Lenin, Trotzky, Lunacharsky, Bucharin, and all the theorists of the original Bolshevik group were saturated with Marxism. The rigid formulas of the *Communist Manifesto* were accepted as infallible political guides. The accession of the group to power in November, 1917, was hailed by the world — and by themselves — as a Marxian victory. Other Socialists had mounted to political power before them: the Briands, the Millerands, the Albert Thomases, the Bissolatis, and even the Kerenskys and Tscheidses of their own country. But none of these had represented the Marxian school. The uniqueness of the Bolshevik victory lay pre-

cisely in this fact. The world looked upon Bolshevism as in the nature of a Marxian experiment; it prepared to judge the efficacy of Marxism for all time by the failure or success of the régime of Lenin.

The central thought in this Marxian creed is the dogma of the class struggle. All else rests like a pyramid upon this class-struggle hypothesis, and the structure stands or falls with its correctness.

According to Marx (and Bolshevism), the meaning of history stems from an inexorable division of man into two classes. These classes are not arbitrary: they are rigidly defined by economic law. They are the employing class and the employed class; capital and labor; the bourgeoisie and the proletariat! It is a distinction rock-ribbed by the imperative of economic determinism.

From this class-nature of society, in the Marxian creed, flows the class struggle. The bourgeoisie and the proletariat stand pitted against each other in every relation of life. The interest of one is the detriment of the other. The power of the one means the enslavement of the other. There can be no harmony between them any more than there can be peace between the robber and his victim. Economic determinism decrees that they fight a mortal and truceless war.

It is on this point that the ways of the Marxian and the Reformist Socialist have parted. The Reformists of the Ebert-Kerensky-Thomas school deny the class struggle. Society is multi-classed, not bi-classed, they claim. Man is a pattern of crisscrossing economic groups, which change and alter with all the flitting uncertainty of the clouds. There are no hard-and-fast boundaries of economic interests. There is no destiny-created class conflict. There is no categorical imperative which interdicts the freedom of man's will to act. History's meaning is not the senseless

slaughter of class by class. Progress is not written in the terms of civil strife: it comes through adaptation; through the peaceful penetration of new systems into the systems of the past.

But Lenin, entering power, threw his defiance at this Reformist-Socialist programme. He announced a government in which there would be only one class — the proletariat. He repudiated reconciliation, he hailed the class dictatorship. He opened the chasm of a class conflict.

Such was the goal which Lenin pictured on that November day when Russia bowed to his rule. And such is still the *spoken* programme of Russia's rulers. But eighteen months have passed — an ordered government has been evolved — a constitution has been framed and executed by the Bolsheviks. And the significance of the Bolsheviks in world-history; their significance as a guide-post to the future drift of Socialism; as the first attempt to apply the Marxian dogma, lies in this. Have they succeeded in creating such a proletarian, Marxian commune?

The answer is, no. Up the hill of class struggle marched the Bolsheviks; but they tramped down again on the other side. Bravely they bore the banner of Marx, but they twined it at last with the pennant of Jeremy Bentham. Armed with their soap-boxes and their reticule of theories, they attempted to make Marxism work. They summoned the mountain — but it did not come! And so they have gone to the mountain.

The proof —

In the Marxian creed, there is a rigid irreducible minimum. (1) The commune must achieve complete Proletarianism; (2) it must be anti-Parliamentary; and (3) it must inaugurate Socialization. This, and this alone, is communism. Have the Bolsheviks realized these conditions? Let us test the Soviet rule by these yardsticks.

First, *Proletarianism*. With the fanfare of a Cagliostro, Lenin proclaimed a dictatorship of the proletariat. Bolshevism was to be a boiling cauldron in which all classes would be melted into one. Russia was to become industro-centric.

But then came the stern test of responsibility. Industries must be run. Cities must be fed. A great people must be economically integrated. Lenin learned bitterly that Proletarianism would not do this; and as he learned, the proletarian programme faded and withered. To-day, Proletarianism is still untried in Russia. The factories, with few exceptions, remain privately owned. In the committees of industrial management, the bourgeois technical experts are coördinate with the laborers. The former capitalists still manage industry, although now they bear the name of Peoples' Commissars. The intellectuals, so far from being slaughtered, as our official alarmists claimed, have been organized under Maxim Gorky, and sit high in the councils of the Soviet. The proletarian of the farm has, under Bolshevism, ceased to be a proletarian, and he is now the owner of land. And as of old, Russia presents a pyramid of social classes, and only in symbol has equalitarianism leveled the race.

True, there was a class war, but it was a war, not against the bourgeoisie as bourgeoisie, but against the bourgeoisie as slackers. The Red Terror was invoked, not to destroy them but to make them work: not to eliminate them, but to coerce them into continued life.

And in the Soviet state — ruling over all, sitting in the supreme seat of power — is the middle-class triumvirate of rulers: Lenin, the intellectual; Trotsky, the journalist; and Tchicherin, the son of a noble.

Again, the Marxian pledge of the Bolsheviki was *Anti-Parliamentarism*. Geographical parliaments would be

swept away. Industrial communes would be created. Lenin entered power with the insistent slogan, 'The State must go!'

But great is the magic which lurks in words. Ruthlessly, the Leninites swept away the Duma; scornfully, they crushed the Constituent Assembly. With a proud gesture of Socialism, they gave 'all power to the Soviets.' And the world whispered that Bolshevism had slain the State.

But under analysis, we find that the State is still living. We find the vaunted Soviet is but a new form of Parliament—a delegate body, geographically chosen and giving representation to all those who function in the social life of the nation. We find authoritarianism concentrated. We find power centralized. We find that the real masters of the Soviet are the peasants, with their crushing numbers — those peasants who have become landowners. We find that the labor-unions, the natural expression of the industrial workers, are eclipsed into a rôle of pitiful subordination. Everywhere in the Soviet model — from the peak to the base of the system — the geographical principle still obtains. Locals integrate into districts, districts into departments, and departments coalesce in the national Soviet. The map, not the industry, is the basis. And it is only nominally that the proletariat rules the Soviets. Though the press agents of Lenin may speak in the language of industrialism, the Bolsheviki have doubled back into the time-honored mould of a political state. Lenin, like Marx, would have destroyed the State: instead, he has created a gigantic super-state.

Or take the question of *Socialization*. The Marxian plan would ruthlessly socialize industry by changing the ownership into the hands of the industrial workers. Thus, the miners would own the mines, the machinists the machine-



shops, the railroad workers the railroads, the textile workers the cotton mills, etc. Something of this sort, we read vaguely, was attempted in the early Kerensky period. But it did not last. The great industries of Russia are to-day owned in one of two modes. Either they are private property; or, as in most cases, they are owned by the State. The State has become the capitalist. The workers are still being exploited. Bolshevik Russia is in the State Socialist, not in the Industrial Unionist stage.

And so we could continue with a glossary of inconsistencies. *Private Property* has not been abolished. The division of land has actually increased the number of property-holders. The *Church* has not been destroyed. It has merely been expropriated. *Militarism*, which waned under Kerensky, has been revived under Marxian Lenin, and democracy has been expunged again from the army. A great and growing military caste dragoons the nation. *Patriotism* has revived — a deadly, fanatical patriotism, which recalls the republican zealots who ravished the world under Bonaparte. Lenin dreams of an empire of Europe, bowing to Moscow and built in Soviets. Bolshevism has become a jingoist Socialism.

And each day new deviations from the pattern of Marx appear. Lenin now offers to acknowledge the national debt; to reimburse the foreign capitalists for their expropriated property; to sell concessions in Russia to American exploitation. And how well this tells of his faded dream! Capitalism is returning into Russian industry. The proletariat is resuming the yoke. Bolshevism has forgotten Marx, and Lenin has learned that in the workaday life there is no class struggle.

And this is the lesson which theory always learns when it undertakes to do. History is but a long gallery of Lenins

who dreamed, in their studies, of Utopia. For a moment, the dead levels of life are stirred by a gorgeous vision. Millions move to the magic of grandiose dreams. But life — sophisticated, remorseless life — still calmly flows in its age-old channel, unshaken by the whirlwinds. And always, the theory evaporates at last into opportunism: the zealot becomes a despot.

The Soviet government has already completed its economic cycle. It has learned that industry is a practical, not an ideologic problem. It has learned that society is an interlaced network of economic groups — each indispensable. It has learned that the conquering races are those who have achieved, not class struggle, but class integration; that classes are complements, not rivals.

And this is the lesson of Liberalism. This programme of democracy, this, our own ideal, waits for the Bolshevik at the ending of the road. The task of progress is not won by revolutions: it comes through the ordered evolution of reform. The Bolshevik adventure has been a glorious vindication, not of the future, but of the past. Bitterly Lenin scorned political democracy, in the days of his propaganda, but he eagerly turns to its methods when he assumes the helm of power. And Bolshevism, which began as an abysmal challenge to the age, has now become but a raucous advance-post in a State Socialistic experiment which all nations are accepting. Every day it marches further to the right. The drift of the times in all nations is toward a measure of industrial democracy. Bolshevikiland, with its Soviets and Industrial Committees; may wrap itself in fearsome phrases, but it is little in advance of Great Britain, where an industrial parliament is already in the process of birth. The fangs of Russia are already dulled.

The real greatness of Lenin and his group is the greatness of demagoguery.

They have caught a formula of glittering words: they have learned the verbal cadences which move the masses to ecstasy: they have learned to paint a vision of heaven, that shall outflare, in the minds of their followers, the shabby miseries of a Bolshevik earth. They are master phraseocrats, and in Russia they have reared an imperium on phraseocracy.

The alarmists who shriek of Russia would do well to turn their thoughts from Russia's Socialistic menace. The peril of Russia is not to our industries, but to our states. The menace of the Bolsheviks is not an economic, it is a *political* menace. It is the menace of fanatic armies, drunken with phrases

and sweeping forward under Lenin like a Muscovite scourge. It is a menace of intoxicated proletarians, goaded by invented visions to seek to conquer the world.

In Nicolai Lenin, the Socialist, we have nought to fear. In Nicolai Lenin, the political chief of Russia's millions, we may well find menace, for his figure looms over the world. His Bolshevik Abracadabra has seduced the workers of every race. His stealthy propaganda has shattered the morale of every army in the world. His dreams are winging to Napoleonic flights, and well he may dream of destiny; for in an age when we bow to phrases, it is Lenin who is the master phraseocrat of the world.

## EVENING PRIMROSES

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

### I

It had been a hot day and there seemed to be thunder in the air, but she was afraid there would be no rain that night. The abandoned garden needed it sadly; though, as she reflected, rain would encourage weeds rather than the few remaining flowers. Poppies had sown themselves everywhere, degenerates of the Shirleys which, three years ago, had spread their silken cups in the large bed at the foot of the lawn. Their withered stalks cracked beneath her steps in the paths, and glimmered under the unpruned branches of the cordon of apple trees. There were thistles, too, sorrel, and tall nettles, a matted carpet of bindweed and groundsel in the little

kitchen-garden, once so neat; and, of course, as poor Charlie had predicted, the Michaelmas daisies had eaten up nearly everything in the herbaceous border. That was one of the last questions he had written to her: 'How are my pink phloxes? Have the Michaelmas daisies smothered them?' They had. It was the season at which the phloxes should be in fullest flower, but not one was to be seen; the dense, fine foliage of the daisies had advanced in a wall of green nearly to the border's edge.

It was still oppressively warm. A toad hopped indolently away and paused at the box edging, lying up against it, his front feet extended, as if so wearied by the heat that he took his chances of discovery. She stopped to

look at the clumsy creature, in which so little of nature's accurate grace was expressed; and as she stood there, a sudden rustle in the box betrayed another inhabitant — this time a baby hedgehog which, too young for fear, moved busily about among the flat dandelion plants that rosetted the path, and even, encountering the tips of her shoes, stopped to examine them carefully before moving on again. The baby hedgehog would have amused Charlie. He had always been delightful about animals; he and the boys had always had that great bond in common.

Yes, the bird-boxes were still there. She could see one in the big apple tree and one fixed to the porch of the house, under the rose. How well she remembered the frantic delight that hailed the hatching of the first brood of tits. And the day when Charlie had deemed it prudent to withdraw the door, for a peep at the beautifully fitted mosaic of bright little heads and bodies within, lifting up Giles in his holland pinafore for a long, blissful gaze. Six years ago that must have been.

The light was altering now, and when she turned at the end of the path, a great moon had risen across the lane and seemed to hang in the branches of the walnut tree that grew in the field beyond. A great, shining, heavy moon, and mournful, it seemed to her; her desolate thoughts, she was aware, lending their color to everything. Heavy, mournful, desolate; that was the rhythm of her own steps passing along in the twilight, pursued by the unformulated consciousness that lay behind all these pictures of the past; pausing at last, as if to let the dogging sorrow overtake her, as she came to where, near the summer-house, against the wall, the evening primroses grew.

It was years since Charlie had first planted them there, and she had said to herself at the time that they would

never be rid of them, tenacious, recurrent things, sowing themselves patiently, and coming up even when there was no one to wish them well. Loyally, too, she felt touched by their presence; for though she had always found them untidy and uninteresting, she saw really now, for the first time, that they could be beautiful. Homely, loyal flowers; yet — was it the invading sense of sorrow coloring them, too? — a little uncanny, showing at this neutral hour of mingled dusk and moonlight their pale, evident gold; becoming conscious, as it were, becoming personal at the time when other flowers became invisible. Not that it was a sinister uncanniness; not that of ghosts; of fairies, rather; the very strangeness, sadness, sweetness of the moon, to which, from them, she lifted her eyes. And they reminded her of something, but what, she could not say. Not of Charlie. There had never been anything strange or sad about Charlie, except the fact pursuing her now in his deserted garden, that he was dead and would never see it again.

It was a year to-day since he had been killed, and she had come down to the country with the sense of commemoration. She wanted, alone in the little place so full of thoughts of him, to find him, to recall him; and she had been doing that at every turn. Yet the evening primroses shining there brought a pang deeper than any vision of him. They, though so homely, seemed to personify loneliness; they seemed to be missing something; and although she was desolate because Charlie was dead, because he would never again delight in his garden, it was, in a sense, for him rather than for herself that she sorrowed, and, in a sense, she did not miss him at all.

She stood still in the path, her hands clasped behind her, her head bent, a personification of widowhood in her thin black draperies, her intent, memorial poise. And she could have said of

herself with truth that, during all this year, she had known only a widow's sad preoccupations. There had been the settling of business matters — lawyers and bankers to interview; planning for the boys and schoolmasters to visit; tending of bereaved relations — Charlie's dear old parents clung to her. But now, on the day of his death, it was as if for the first time she had had leisure, at last, to realize that, with it all, she had never had the widow's heart. She had grieved over him; she had longed to do all for him that could be done — there was nothing new in that; but it was far worse than not being heartbroken: it was the sorry fact that she did not even miss him. He had left, as it were, no emptiness behind him.

She lifted her head and looked round the garden, trying, in the physical fact of absence, to summon the spiritual void. How he had planned, dug, planted it; pruned his fruit trees; placed his anemones in leaf-mould, his bulbs on sand. She saw his kindly, handsome figure everywhere; his brown cheek, good gray eye, and close-cropped, tawny hair. A manly, simple creature; the salt of the earth, as honest as the day — oh, she saw it all; she had said it to herself a hundred times; and there had, indeed, been nothing one could say against Charlie. But then, as a wife, there had been nothing to say against her, either; he had been perfectly happy with her — the happiest creature, even in the manner of his death.

## II

He had been killed instantaneously, while walking, on a sunny day, beside his men along a road in France. Every letter she had had from his brother officers over there spoke of his gayety and good spirits. The war itself had, on the whole, meant happiness to him, for all his gravity over certain of its tragedies.

But he had been almost as grave over mischances with his Boy Scouts, and it had all remained for him an immense, magnificent form of boy-scouting.

Dear good Charlie! Yet — was it possible that something of the old long-conquered exasperation could still, at this hour, thrust itself into her memories? He had not been quite boyish enough to justify his lightness and make it lovable. That had been the final, fundamental trouble in their mistaken marriage. She had not been able to mother him. He had not been appealing, beguiling, endearing, like a child. Not like a child; not boyish; fatherly, rather; even playfully didactic, and assuming always that theirs was a completely reciprocal marital intimacy. It had not been his fault, of course. She had been too clever ever to let him guess how stupid she found him. She felt the possessive arm laid about her shoulders for an evening stroll; saw the wag of his premonitory finger as he raised himself from a border to call out a jocose reprimand; heard the chaff with which, before friends, he countered her mistaken opinions.

And it had been when they were alone, especially at dinner, — Charlie across the table from her in his faultless black and white, — that the pressure of their distance had been most difficult to protect him from. He talked then, and she had to answer adequately. He was fond of talk, and, while the most uncritical of Conservatives, was full of solutions for old ills. He took Trade-Unionists, Home-Rulers, and Dissenters playfully and held them up to kindly ridicule. 'You can laugh most people out of their nonsense,' was one of Charlie's maxims; and if they did n't respond to the treatment, — he had tried it unsuccessfully on the village cobbler who preached in the tin chapel on Sunday, — he suspected them of being rather wicked.

In the first year of their marriage she had paid him the compliment of disagreement, or, at least, discrimination. She had, until her marriage, thought of herself as a Conservative; to be counted one by Charlie disturbed her sense of rectitude. But Charlie opposed, became puzzled, and finally aggrieved. He bothered and bothered and argued and argued, with the air of trying to bring an erring child to reason. 'Now look at it in this light,' he would say. Or, 'Try to see the thing squarely, Rosamund'; and would turn upon her irrelevant batteries from the *Spectator*. She had at last the sensation of flying, battered and breathless, from his platitudes, and found, soon, her only refuge in duplicity. After that, through all the years of their married life, Charlie, she knew, thought of their evening hours alone together as exceedingly pleasant and successful. He was n't one of your fellows who doze over the *Field* with a cigar after dinner. He had a clever wife, and he appreciated her and was proud — in spite of feminine aberrations affectionately recognized and checked — of what he called her 'intellect.' He called his father and mother his 'respected progenitors,' and his stomach was never other than 'Little Mary.' And while he talked and expounded and made his unexact jests, Rosamund knew that her silences had no provocation, her smile no irony.

So it had gone on — so it might have gone on for the normal span of life. The only insecurity that had threatened her careful edifice was the question of the boys. The boys were like herself, or, rather, like her adored and brilliant father — proud, sensitive, ardent little creatures, tender-hearted and frightfully intelligent. Physically, too, they were of a different race from Charlie, with thick brown locks, passionate yet gentle eyes, and full, small, closely closing mouths. As boys, Charlie had fairly

well understood them, — he got on well with the average boy, — as persons, never; and though as boys, at least as little boys, they got on beautifully with him, they had, as persons, almost at once understood him, even when they were too young to evade or hide from him. If they had not been so young, they would, already, then, have hurt him often.

And for her the boys at once complicated everything. It had been easy enough, in one way, to yield in non-essentials, though she was woman enough to cry her eyes out when Charlie had taken Philip and Giles, at the earliest age, to have their dear Jeanne-d'Arc heads close-cropped in pursuit of the ideal of manliness; easy, comparatively, to steel her heart when timid little Philip, blanched with terror, was made to ride at six. Charlie had been right about that, — how glad she had been to own it! — for Philip had, in a week's time, forgotten his fears. But she and Charlie had come near quarreling over Giles's rag-doll Bessie. Giles was only three and adored Bessie, and Charlie had tossed her in the air, mocked her, and held her up by the toe while Giles sobbed convulsively.

'Do you really want our boys to be milksops, Rosamund?' he had asked, as, refusing to argue, she took the doll from him, placed her in Giles's arms, and kept them both on her lap, pressed within her arms, her head bent down over them so that she need not look at her husband. He had gone away, vanquished, and Giles had kept his Bessie until, in the course of nature, she had dropped away from him.

Worse than this came one day when Charlie had found Philip in a corner writing poetry. He had not been altogether pleased by the children's literary tastes. To grind dutifully at Latin and Greek was one thing, and he was fond of a tag from Tennyson. But he had



never cared to read Keats and Shelley when he was a kid. He took the copy-book out of Philip's reluctant hands and, turning from page to page, read out, in mock-dramatic tones, the derivative, boyish efforts which yet, to her ear, had every now and then their innocent, bird-like note of reality.

'And now this — "To a Skylark,"' said Charlie, laying a restraining, affectionate hand on Philip's shoulder, wishing him to rise superior to vanity and join in the fun, once it was pointed out to him.

"Glad creature from the dew upspringing  
And through the sky your path upwinging!"

Up, up, pretty creature!"

Philip, twisting round under his father's hand, burst into tears of rage, tore the book from his hand, and struck him.

It had been a terrible moment, and Rosamund, reduced as she almost was to Philip's condition, had never more admired her husband, who, turning only rather pale, had walked away saying, 'I think you'll be sorry for that when you think it over, old fellow.' That he had been astonished, cut to the quick, she had seen, feeling it all for him at the moment of her deepest feeling for Philip.

'I'm not sorry! I'm not sorry!' Philip had sobbed, rushing to her arms and burying his head on her breast. 'I'm not sorry! He's stupid! stupid! stupid!'

'Hush, hush,' she had said — what a horrid moment it had been! 'That is wrong and conceited of you, Philip. You must learn to take a little chaffing. You know how your father loves you.'

'It's not conceited! It's not conceited to care about what one tries to do. You know it's not. *You're* not stupid!' the boy had sobbed.

Alas, it had been only four years ago; only a year before the war! Even then,

at nine, Philip had been old enough, when he recovered from his weeping, to know that he had hurt her most, had made things difficult for her; and he had been sorry about his father, too, going to him bravely with a tremulous, 'Please forgive me, father.' 'That's all right, old boy,' Charlie had said. It *was* all right, too, in a sense. It left not a trace in the sweetness of Charlie's nature. It was Philip who had been shaken, frightened to the very core, by what his own outburst had revealed to himself and to her. The boy would always have felt affection for his father; but he, too, would soon have protected him; he, too, would hardly miss him.

### III

The moon had now risen far up out of the walnut branches, and flooded the garden with sorrowful brightness. Poor, poor Charlie! was that all it came to, then, for him? this deserted garden and a wife and children who hardly missed him? Why, was it not the very heart of his tragedy for her to see that they would be happier without him? 'And he *was* a dear,' she said to herself, remembering with an almost passionate determination kind, trustful looks and the happy lover of fifteen years ago.

She had been standing still all this while, near the evening primroses; but now, with the great sigh that lifted her breast, she moved forward again, and a bird, disturbed in its rest, flew out from the thick tangle of honeysuckle at the entrance to the summer-house, startling her. As she stopped, her eyes drawn to the spot, she saw, suddenly, that a pale figure was sitting in the summer-house, closely shrunk to one side; hoping in its stillness, — that was apparent, — to remain undiscovered. Ever since she had entered the garden it must have been sitting there; and ever since she had entered the garden it must have been

watching her. But why? How strange!

Dispelling a momentary qualm, she stooped her head under the honeysuckle and entered; and then, clearly visible, with her pale hair and face, — as pale, as evident as an evening primrose's, — the girl sitting there, wide-eyed, revealed her identity, that haunting analogy of a little while ago. Of course, it came in a flash now, that was what they reminded her of. Long ago she had thought — conceding them their most lovable association — that Pamela Braithwaite looked like an evening primrose.

'My dear Pamela,' she said, almost as gently as she would have said it to a somnabulist; for, like the flowers, again, she was sad, even uncanny; although Pamela's uncanniness, too, — sweet, homely creature, — could never be sinister. She put a hand upon her arm, for the girl had started to her feet.

'Oh — do forgive me, Mrs. Hayward!' Pamela gasped. Sad? It was more than that. She was broken, spent with weeping. 'I did n't know you were coming. I sit here sometimes in the evenings. I thought you would n't mind.'

'My dear child, why should I mind? I'm thankful to you for coming to the sad little place. It's much less lonely to think about, for you have always been so much of our life here.'

This, she knew, was an exaggeration; but she must be more than kind to such grief as this; she must find some comfort, if that were possible.

And to feel herself accepted, welcomed, did give comfort; for, sinking again on the seat, bending her face on her hands, Pamela sobbed, 'Oh, how kind you are!'

'Poor child, poor, poor child!' said Rosamund. She was only five years older, but she felt as a mother might feel toward the stricken girl. She put an arm around her, murmuring, 'Can

you tell me what it is? Don't cry so, dear Pamela.'

Pamela Braithwaite was a girl of eighteen when they had come, in the first year of their marriage, to Crossfields. The Braithwaites lived a mile away, near the river, a large, affectionate, desultory family, in a large, dilapidated house. Already Pamela mothered the younger brood, and mothered her widowed father as well — a retired tea-planter, who had brought from Ceylon some undefined but convenient complaint that enabled him to pass the rest of his days wrapped in a number of coats, eating very heartily, and, as he expressed it, 'sitting about.' A peaceful, idle man, legs outstretched in sun or firelight, hat-brim turned down over his eyes (he had a curious way, even in the house, of almost always wearing his hat), pipe between his teeth; good-looking, too, tall and fair, like his daughters, and with a touch in his appearance, though not in his character, of amiable distinction.

Pamela, except for a brother already married and in Ceylon, was the eldest, with a long gap between her and the group of younger brothers, of whom Rosamund thought mainly as a reservoir of Boy Scouts until they had had to be thought of as a reservoir of volunteers. There were three or four younger sisters, too, some of whom had married and some of whom had gone forth into the world — always with an extreme light-heartedness and confidence — as companions or secretaries. These, again, were hardly individualized in Rosamund's recollection, except for the fact that, since Pamela was always making blouses or trimming hats for them, she had become aware that it was Phyllis who wore pink and Marjory blue.

But whoever went, Pamela always stayed; and even when the war broke upon the world, with Frank, the Braith-

waite baby, just old enough to enlist, and Phyllis and Marjory at once enrolling themselves as V.A.D.'s, Pamela remained rooted. Who, indeed, had she gone, would have taken care of Mr. Braithwaite, and of the brothers and sisters home on leave, and of the garden earnestly dedicated to potatoes, or the small family of Ceylon nephews and nieces deposited continually in her charge by their parents?

Poor little Pamela! She had had a burdened life; the assiduities of maternity and none of its initial romance. With her large, clear eyes, very far apart, she had always a wistful look; but it was that of a child watching a game and waiting for its turn to come in, and no creature could have given less the impression of weariness or routine. For she had remained, even at thirty-three, the merely bigger sister; an atmosphere of schoolroom tea and the nurture of rabbits and guinea-pigs still hanging about her; her resource and cheerfulness seeming concerned always with the organizing of games, the care of pets, and the soothing of unimportant distresses. Tall, in her scant tweed skirts, her much-repaired white blouses, her slender feet laced into heavy boots, gardening gloves on her hands, as on the day when Rosamund had last seen her, a year ago, just before Charlie had been killed, when she had straightened herself from moulding potatoes in the lawn borders, and had come forward with her pretty smile to greet her visitor and take her in to tea. Frank had been killed since then, as well as Charlie; but at that time, for both households, the war was splendid adventure rather than sorrow.

Mr. Braithwaite, in the sunny, shabby drawing-room, had stumbled up among his wrappings, to point out to her his accurate flags, advancing or retreating on the many maps that were pinned upon the walls. Frank's last letter had

been read to her, and Dick's and Eustace's; and Pamela had come in and out, helping the maid with the tea (the Braithwaite maids were always as cheerful and as desultory as the family, and Rosamund never remembered seeing one of them who had not her cap askew or her cuffs untied), standing to butter the bread herself, the side of the loaf before cutting the slice, after her old schoolroom fashion; her discreet yet generous use of the butter, — the crust covered to a nicety, and no lumps on the crumb, — seeming to express her, as did the pouring out of the excellent tea, drawn to a point and never over, and the pleasant, capacious cups, with their gilt rims, and the immersed rose which, as one drank, discovered itself at the bottom.

A sweet, old-fashioned, homely creature; like the evening primroses; like them, obliterated, unnoticed in daylight; and like them now, becoming visible, becoming personal, even becoming tragic at this nocturnal hour; for was this really Pamela, sweet, prosaic Pamela, sobbing so broken-heartedly beside her? How meagre, intellectual, and unsubstantial her own grief seemed to Rosamund as she listened, almost aghast, her arm about Pamela's shoulders; and her instinct told her: 'It is a man. It is someone she loves — not Frank, but someone she loves far more — who is dead. It is something final and fatal that has broken her down like this.' And aloud she repeated: 'Can you tell me, Pamela dear? Please try to tell me. It may help you to tell.' Her own heart was shaken and tears were in her own eyes.

Between her sobs Pamela answered, 'I love him — I love him so much. He is dead. And sometimes I can't bear it.'

Rosamund had never heard of a love-affair. But these years of war had done many things, had found out even the hidden Pamelas.

'I did n't know. — My poor child! — I never heard. Were you engaged?'

She had Pamela's ringless hand in hers.

'No! No! It was n't that. No — I've never had anyone like that. No one ever knew. He never knew.' Pamela lifted her head. Her face seemed now only a message emerging from the darkness; shadowed light upon the shadow, it was expression rather than form. 'May I tell you?' she said. 'Can you forgive my telling you — here and now, I mean — and to-night, when you've come to be with him? It was Mr. Hayward I loved. I've always loved him. He has been all my life. Ever since you first came here to live.'

Rosamund gazed at her, and through all her astonishment there ran an undertone of accomplished presage. Yes, that was it, of course. Had she not been feeling it, seeking it all the evening? — or had it not been seeking her? Here it was, then, the lacking emptiness. Desolate voids seemed to open upon her in Pamela's shadowy eyes. She tightly held the ringless hand and felt, presently, that she pressed it against her heart where something pierced her. Was it pity for Pamela? or for Charlie? This was his; had always been his. And Pamela, who had had nothing, had lost everything. 'My dear!' she murmured.

'Oh, how kind you are!' said Pamela. She sat quiet, looking down at their two hands held against Rosamund's heart. And with all the austerity of her grief she had never been more childlike in Rosamund's eyes. Like a child, once the barriers of shyness were down and trust established, she would confide everything.

Rosamund knew how it must help her to confide. 'Tell me if you will,' she said. 'I am glad you loved him, if it has not hurt you too much. You understand, don't you, that I must be glad — for him?'

'Yes, oh, yes; I understand. How beautiful of you to see it all! — Even though it's so little, it is his; something he did; and so you must care. But I don't think there's much to tell; nothing about him that you don't know.'

'About you, then. About what he was to you.'

'That would simply be my whole life,' said Pamela. 'It's so wonderful of you to understand and not to blame me. So many people would have thought it wrong; but it came before I knew what it was going to be, and I never can feel that it was wrong. He never knew. And even if he had, it could n't have made any difference. It must be because of that that I can tell you. If you had n't been so happy, if it had n't been so perfect, — for you and him, — I don't think that I could have told. I should just have rushed away when you came in and hidden from you.'

'Why?' asked Rosamund after a moment. She heard something in her own voice that Pamela would not hear.

'I don't quite know why,' said Pamela; 'but don't you feel it, too? Perhaps if it had n't been so perfect, even my little outside love might have hurt you — or troubled you — to hear about. But I see now that you are the only person in the world who could care to hear. It is a comfort to tell you. I am so glad you came.' Pamela turned her eyes upon her and it was almost with her smile. 'When I see you like this, I can believe that he is here, listening with you, and sorry for me, too.'

How like an evening primrose she was! Rosamund could see her clearly now: the candid oval of the face, the eyes, the innocent, child forehead with thick, fair hair falling across it.

'Yes. Go on,' she said, smiling back.

She was unworthy of Pamela, and poor Charlie was not worthy of her; but no human being is worthy of a flower. And though so innocent, she was not

stupid; subtlety like a fragrance was about her as she said, 'You can comfort me because you have so much to comfort with.'

'So much grief, or so much remembered happiness?'

'They go together, don't they?' said Pamela. 'Every sort of fullness. But I need n't try to get it clear. You understand. I always thought that perhaps people who had fullness could n't; now I see that I was mistaken.'

'Have you been very unhappy, dear child?'

'Until now? While he was here? Oh, no. I have been lonely. Even before he came, even though my life was so crowded, it was rather lonely. I never had anyone of my own, for myself. But afterwards, even if I felt lonely, I was happy. At least, after just at first. Because, just at first, it was miserable, for I could n't help longing to see him more and to have him like me more, and that made me understand that I was in love with him, and I was frightened. I can't explain clearly about it, even to myself. But I was very, very unhappy. Perhaps you remember the time when I was twenty, and got so run down, and they sent me to Germany to my old governess — the only time I ever went away from home, out of England. It was a miserable time. I tried not to think of him and not to care. But I had to come back, and he was there, and I knew I could n't stop caring, and that all I could do about it was to try to be better because of him, — you know, — and make people happier, and not think of myself, but of him and them. And everything changed after that. I was never frightened any more, and though perhaps it was n't exactly happiness, it was, sometimes, I believe, almost better. I can't explain it, but what I mean is in some poetry. I never cared much about poetry till he came. Then I seemed to understand things I'd

never understood before, and to feel everything that was beautiful. — You remember how dear he was to us all — to the boys and me. I always shared in everything they did. Every bit of this country is full of him; I could never bear to go away and leave it. I want always to stay here till I die. — Flowers and birds — was n't he wonderful about them? And our walks in the woods! He saw everything, and made us see it. I never woke in the morning without thinking, Will he come to-day? What will he say and do? I was never tired of watching him and listening to him. All his little ways — you know. When I pleased him, — sometimes I saw the bird we were watching for first, or caught my trout well, — it was a red-letter day. And in big things — to feel I should have pleased him if he'd known. It was he who helped me in every way, without knowing it. And I took more and more joy in you. At first I had felt dreadfully shy with you — and afraid of you. You were so clever, with all your books and music and friends, and you did n't seem to need anything. But afterwards you were so kind, that though I was always shy, I was not frightened any longer. I used to think about you so much, and imagine what he felt about you — and you about him. — You won't mind my saying it, I know. Perhaps you remember the way I used so often, in the evenings, to walk past with the children, and say good-night over the wall. That was to see you and him walking together. You were so beautiful! You are far and far away the most beautiful person I've ever known. I always noticed everything you wore, and how your hair was done. I was glad when you took it down from the knot and had it all at the back, as you do now. And the lovely pale blue dress, with all the little flounces — do you remember? — a summer dress of lawn. I did love that.



And the white linen coats and skirts, and the big white hat with the lemon-colored bow. Your very shoes — those gray ones you always had, with the low heels and little silver buckles. No one had such lovely clothes. And the way you poured out tea and looked across the table at one. Always like a beautiful muse — you don't mind my saying it? — a little above everything, and apart, and quietly looking on. — How I understood what he felt for you! I felt it, too, I think, with him.'

Yes, dear flower and child, she had; offering to Charlie that last tribute of a woman's worship, the imaginative love of the woman he loves; cherishing the cruelly sweet closeness of that piercing community. How she had idealized them both. How she had idealized Charlie's love. Charlie had never seen her like this. Charlie had never dreamed of her as a muse, above, apart, and quietly watching. Why, with Pamela's Charlie she herself could almost have been in love!

'What did you talk about, you and he,' she asked, 'when you were together?' Their sylvan life, Pamela's and Charlie's, was almost as unknown to her as that of the birds they watched. She had almost a soft small hope that perhaps Pamela could show her something she had missed. 'Did you ever talk about poetry, for instance?'

'No; never about things like that,' Pamela answered. 'He talked more to the boys than to me; he talked to us all together — about what we were doing. But I used to love listening to him when he came and talked to father. Politics, you know; and the way things ought to be done. He was a great deal discouraged, you remember, by the way they *were* being done. All those unjust taxes, you know. He wanted, he used always to say, to *give* to the poor himself; he *loved* taking care of them. But he hated that his money should be taken from

him like that, against his will. And he always, always foresaw the war; always knew what Germany was plotting, and how England swarmed with spies. He thought we ought to have declared war upon her long ago and struck first. — I'm rather glad we did n't, are n't you? because then, in a way, we should have been in the wrong rather than they; but of course he felt it as a statesman, not like an ignorant woman. — You think Germany plotted, too?'

'Yes, oh, yes.' How glad Rosamund was to be able to think it, to be able, here, with a clear conscience, to remember that, on the theme of Germany's craft and crime, she and Charlie had thought quite sufficiently alike. 'But I am with you about not striking first.'

'Are you really?' There was surprise in Pamela's voice. She did not dwell on the slight perplexity. 'Of course, he always worsted father if he disagreed. It was rather wicked of me, but I could n't help enjoying seeing father worsted. He'd never thought things out, as Mr. Hayward had. But that's what he talked about — things like that — and you.'

'Me?' Rosamund's voice was gentle, meditative — her old voice of the encounters with Charlie. How she could hear him through all Pamela's candid recitative!

'He was always thinking about you. "My wife says so and so. My wife agrees with me about it. I brought my wife last night to see it as I do." Oh, you were with him in everything! It was so beautiful to see and hear! I used to imagine that the Brownings were like that — after I read their lives. He *was* a sort of poet, was n't he? Any one so loving and so happy is a sort of poet — even if they don't write poetry. Down in the meadows one day, when we were watching lapwings, he and I and the boys, — he wanted to show us a nest; you know how difficult they are to find, — you passed up on the hillside,

with Philip and Giles. We could see you against the larchwood, they in their holland smocks and you in white, with the white-and-yellow hat. I shall never forget the way he stood up and smiled, his eyes following you. "There's Rosamund and the progeny," he said. — You know the dear, funny way he had of saying things.'

Yes — she knew it. Yet tears had risen to Rosamund's eyes. Dear old Charlie; dear, old, tiresome Charlie! The tears had come as she saw him standing to look after her and his boys; but there was nothing more, nothing that she could give to Pamela, not one crumb of enrichment from what Pamela believed to be her great store. Pamela had seen all — and more than all — that there was to see.

In her own silence now she was aware of a growing oppression. She was too silent, even for one mute from the depth and sacredness of memory. Might not such silence seem to reprove Pamela's flooding confidence? She struggled with her thoughts. 'The lapwings?' she heard herself murmuring. 'I remember his showing me a nest. How he loved birds and how much he knew about them! Were n't you with us on the day we put up all the nesting-boxes here? Do you remember how he planned for the placing of each one, each bird to have its own appropriate domain? It was a lovely day, in very early spring.'

'Oh — *do* you remember that?' How Pamela craved the crumb was shown by her lightened face; it was almost happy, as it turned to Rosamund, with its sense of recovered treasures. 'Very early spring — March. Snowdrops were up over there, — and there, — and there were daffodils at the foot of the wall. You were in blue: a frieze coat and skirt of Japanese blue, with a gray silk scarf and a little soft gray hat with a blue wing in it; and you said, — you were standing just over there, near the

pond, — "We can always count on tits." But you did get robins, too, and thrushes, in the big boxes; and then the splendid year when the nuthatches came to the box down in the orchard. And you were tying up one box, but it was too high, and he came and did it for you. I can see you both so plainly, your hands stretching up against the sky. Tall as you are, he was taller; his head seemed to tower up into the branches. Such a blue sky it was! And afterwards we had tea in the drawing-room, and the tea was n't strong enough for him, and you liked China and he Indian tea, and you teased him and said that you had always to make him the little brown pot all for himself. He said, "Tea never tastes so right as out of a brown pot." There was a bowl of white tulips growing on the tea-table. And then you played to us. And you sang — "I need no star in heaven to guide me." He was so fond of that. Oh, do you remember it all, too?'

All — all. Rosamund, though her tears fell, felt her cheek flushing in the darkness. How often he had asked for 'I need no star in heaven to guide me'! How often she had sung it to him, rejoicing so soon, while she threw the proper tumultuous fervor that Charlie loved into the foolish air, in the atoning thought that already Philip's favorite was 'Der Nussbaum,' and that even little Giles asked for 'the sheep song,' the bleak, beautiful old Scottish strain: 'Ca' the yows fra' the nows,' with its sweetest drop to 'my bonnie dearie.' 'Oh — give us something cheerful!' Charlie would exclaim after it.

'I remember it all, dear,' she answered; and there was silence for a while.

'How do you bear it?' Pamela whispered suddenly.

The hour, the stillness, the hands that held her, drew her past the last barrier. Her broken heart yearned for the comfort that the greater loss alone

could give. What was the strength that enabled his wife to sit there so quietly, so gently, so full of peace and pity?

Rosamund felt herself faltering, stumbling, as she heard the inevitable question, and knew, as it came, that even Pamela's heavenly blindness might not protect her, unless she could be very careful, from horrid loss or suspicion. To touch with a breath of her daylight reality that silver world of recollection would be to desecrate. Could she hold her breath and tread softly while she answered? Yes, surely. Surely she, who had hidden through all the years from Charlie, could hide from Pamela, although Pamela already was nearer and knew her better than Charlie had ever been or done. All the old strength and resource welled up in her, protecting this lovely thing, as, after the long moment, not looking at Pamela, but into Charlie's garden, she found the right answer.

'You see, dear, it is so different with me. You have only your memories. I have the boys — his boys — to live for.'

It was right. It was the only answer. She heard Pamela's long, soft breaths, full of a gentle awe, and felt her hand more tightly clasped. Once the right step was taken, it was easier to go on: —

'I want to tell you why I am so glad to have found you here, Pamela dear. You'll understand, I think, when I say that motherhood lives in the present and future, and is almost cruel, cruel to everything not itself, for it forgets the past in the present. Do you see,' — she found the beautiful untruth, — 'he is so much in them for me, that I might almost forget him in them — forget to mourn him, as one would if they were not there. So do you see why it comforts me to know that, while I must go on into the future with them, you will be keeping him here and remembering?'

She could look at Pamela now, in safety, and she turned to her, finding rapt eyes upon her.

'Come here often, won't you, when I'm away as well as when I'm here. We must make it all look again as it did when he was with us — flowers and trees and bird-boxes. You will help me in it all and you will think of him here and love him. I know what happiness you meant to him — more than he was aware of. You were a beautiful part of his life. You say you were always, for him, only together, with the boys. That is only partly true. He used often to speak of you to me, the little passing things people say of anyone they are very fond of and take for granted. He appreciated you and counted upon you. I came here so sad, Pamela, so burdened. I've never been sadder in my life than I was to-night as I walked here. And you have lifted it all. It makes all the difference to know that you are here, in his garden, remembering him. More difference than I can say.'

It was an unutterable gratitude that, with her tears, with love and pity and reverence, welled up in her, seeing what Pamela had done. The garden was no longer empty, and Charlie not forgotten. In the night of his death and disappearance this flower had become visible. Always, when she thought of him, she would think of evening primroses and of Pamela, so that it would be with tenderness, with the understanding, homely, unexacting, consecrating, that Pamela gave; Pamela herself becoming a gift from Charlie; emerging from the darkness, evident and beautiful, — almost another child whose future she must carry in her heart; though the only gift she could give her now, in return for all that she had given, was the full and free possession of the past, where, outside the garden wall, she had been a wistful onlooker. She felt that she opened the gate, drew Pamela in, and put into her keeping all the keys that had weighed so heavily in her unfitted hands.

# RELIGION NOW

BY A. CLUTTON-BROCK

## I

I WRITE only of the state of Religion in England, as I know it. None but Americans can tell how far what I say is true also of their country. Some of it is likely to be true, since we belong to the same western society and our religious needs are the same; but it may interest Americans to learn the points of difference.

In England, now, there is a great desire for belief, satisfied by no existing church or sect. There are still Rationalists, who continue to prove that what is said in the Book of Genesis about the creation of the world is not true; but they are a little negative sect by themselves. Even the fun has died out of their activities; they have lost the joy of audacity. We all know what they continue to prove; and our desire is to believe, not to disbelieve; but what?

Many varieties of Christianity offer us belief; but not one of them satisfies us. They all have their convinced believers, but they do not win the ablest, or the most naturally religious, among us. These do not reject Christianity; they do not think that the Christian effort of feeling, of thought, of conduct, which has been maintained now for nearly two thousand years, has been futile or mistaken; but they are not content with any present statement of the Christian faith. For these statements seem to them not to be serious enough; they are like our modern Gothic churches, cumbered with the superfluous ornament of the past. What we

need is not toy-shop Gothic, but a building of our own thought in which we can be at home. All existing forms of Christianity seem to wear fancy dress, and we are not comfortable in it. Yet we would not be cut off from the Christian tradition; for we believe, far more than our fathers did, that the truth is hidden in it; but it remains, for us, hidden.

The war has increased the desire for belief, not only in the weak, who seek consolation at all costs, but also in the strong, who see that science has not made us wise about the nature of the universe or our own nature. We know in our hearts that not only the Germans, but all of us, have been fools: we have believed something sillier than the silliest version of Christianity, namely, that mankind was advancing toward perfection by some mechanical process called evolution. This process we thought of as imposed on us by the nature of things; all we had to do was not to impede it by faith in anything else. To the prosperous, it is always flattering to believe in the survival of the fittest: they survive, and so they are the fittest. If the master-fact of life is the struggle for life, they are succeeding in that struggle. The universe favors them, and they are content to be its puppets.

But now this struggle for life, as practised by the Germans, has turned into a struggle for death. They, most of all nations, were content to be the puppets of the universe; they made their will subject to the mechanism of things; and

that mechanism has betrayed them. When we fought against them, we rebelled against the whole doctrine of the struggle for life; we affirmed the will of man, the will for righteousness; and, now that we have won, we are less than ever content to believe that we have survived because we are the fittest. For those whom we loved best have died for us; and we do not believe that they died because they were less fit than ourselves. They fought and died, not for us alone, nor for England alone, but for a universe of meaning; and what is the meaning of it?

Before the war it was a commonplace to sneer at the Christian doctrine of vicarious sacrifice, the doctrine of the Redemption. In our shallowness and comfort, we said that it was immoral; but now we know that the world is saved, and faith in the universe is preserved, by vicarious sacrifice. It is just because those who died for us, and for mankind, were better, not worse, than ourselves, that we begin to believe passionately in the meaning of the universe. For if it were a mechanism, whence comes that passion which sent the best joyfully to death? 'Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also.' These words begin to have meaning for us; not as spoken by one man, or God, to his disciples, but as spoken by all our dead to us. They live because they died for us; and we live a life of meaning because of their sacrifice. Our logic of justice, by which a man pays for himself alone, is not the logic of God, as Christ said long ago. The universe is better than that: it is of such a nature that men can redeem each other and die for each other. So we begin again to believe that Christ did indeed die for us.

And we see that there is a surprising, unfathomed wisdom in the Christian faith. By ourselves we could never have discovered it, with all our knowledge of

the mechanism of the stars. The way of our knowledge is not the way toward that wisdom. We made machines that would tear our best in pieces; we devised new and more horrible crosses for them; and on the cross they convince us that our power is only for destruction, and our wisdom foolishness. 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do'; that is the best that can be said for us, no less than for the Germans. And now we wish to know what we do. Nothing is stranger than the contrast between our disorder, impotence, and bewilderment in peace, and our power, resolution, and discipline in war. We made many mistakes; but our will was one and clear; and we accomplished it — I mean, not England alone, but all of us together. And there was this contrast, because in war we knew what we wished to do, and in peace we do not. Victory is a single aim, easily conceived and unanimously desired; but what is the aim of life? We have a thousand different answers; and many never even ask themselves the question. No nation, no parliament, asks it. No church answers it now, in terms that convince. And yet we believe that there is an answer that we can find; millions of us believe that Christ found it, if only we can understand his words and reëxpress them in our own. What we need is, to find the aim and to agree on it, all together; then we shall accomplish it, as we have accomplished victory, but with a greater joy and without the sacrifice of our best.

That, I believe, is the religious state of mind of the most naturally religious in my country. If it is less intense in yours, it is because you have suffered less, and because, perhaps, you have not been so foolish. Our old world has an intense life because of its enormities. In Europe, for many centuries, all the problems have forced themselves upon both thinkers and actors. We live



crowded together among the glories and failures of the past; we hate and love extremely; there is instant retribution for our sins. It is but fifty years since we began to admire the success of Prussia, and to say in our hearts that her blood-and-iron creed was true and Christianity false. And now she has disproved it, at a cost to herself, and to us, that you cannot by any effort of sympathy imagine. Or perhaps some of your old men, who remember your own war, can imagine it. But then your people was a simple people. It has not gone a-whoring after strange gods, nor had it said in its heart that there was no God. All the peoples of Europe have said that in their hearts, and now they know that in saying it they went a-whoring after the Prussian idol. Prussia is but the drunken helot for us all; we too had our temples of Baal, our Ahabs and Jezebels; but where is the Temple of the true God?

## II

There is, to begin with, the Roman Catholic Church. Its defect is that it belies its name and is no longer Catholic. Among the educated, only certain peculiarly minded people find themselves able to belong to it. It remains Catholic for the uneducated; and that is why we are all drawn toward it. For the Catholic element, the Catholic desire in it, is of the greatest value; and we know that there is truth in it. But it is a truth of feeling rather than of intellect. The educated man must attain to that feeling by a process which most educated men now will not accept. They will not accept certain postulates which seem to them arbitrary, chief among them the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope. It does not matter that the Pope in practice is seldom infallible; that no one knows quite certainly when he is infallible. It is the doctrine that matters; for it is the doc-

trine of authority. You must make a certain surrender, not merely of yourself but of your highest values, if you are to enter into that Catholicity. You must become a pragmatist, saying that that is truth which works; and that the Church, out of its immemorial experience, knows better than you do what does work.

That is a surrender which only certain peculiarly minded people can now make. According to my observation, it is made usually by those who are aware of some weakness in themselves which they despair of conquering. I speak of converts, not of born Catholics. The Catholic Church would say, of course, that we all have some weakness which we cannot conquer without the help of God. That is true, and the Church is a kind, wise physician; but it offers you a perpetual rest-cure. It will never admit that you are well. The doctors themselves are valetudinarians; and they talk always the language of the sick-room. It is through your weakness that they draw you into their home, and it remains a home for the weak. Grant that they are often cured; but not by any means of a kind of hypnotism which must always continue. The Church, in fact, prefers hypnotism to psycho-analysis. And the wisest and bravest minds are turning to psycho-analysis, away from hypnotism. They would encourage the will rather than subdue it. They have trust in the mind of man, of every man, if only it can know itself. The Roman Church believes in a universal mind; but delegates it to a spiritual despot.

Next, there is the Church of England. It is both the glory and the shame of that Church that it does not really exist: it is always in process of becoming. The question now is, can it attain to existence? In the Church of England there are creeds; but there is no one, no body even, to interpret them. There is

an organization; but no one, no body even, to govern it, except the State, which clearly is not the Church. The most real and impassioned part of the Church rejects the authority of the State. The English Catholic, or High Churchman, asserts that his Church is a church, and therefore subject to no authority outside itself. But he too cannot find the authority within it. He says that the Church of England is part of the Catholic Church; but this the Roman denies; and the Catholic Church of the English Catholic has no actual existence, even for him, since there is no actual man, or body of men, whom he will obey. It is perhaps in process of becoming, but it does not come.

So at present English Catholicism is an inn rather than a home. Those who accept it are passing on, either to Roman Catholicism or to some greater freedom. But often they remain in the inn, because there is no Catholic freedom to be found. Yet, among the English Catholic clergy, if not the laity, there is the hope and the promise of a Catholic freedom. They do believe utterly in Christianity and try to practise it. They try to make the Church of England the church of the poor, and often they succeed. The charge that their Catholicism is a silly game and make-believe is false. In their ritual is the return of the sense of beauty; only they have not yet made it quite their own. In their faith is the return of Christianity; only they cannot yet quite express it, and cling to old formulæ so that they may not lose hold of it. They think themselves conservatives; but they will not find their true faith until they become revolutionaries in thought, as they often are in politics. If they can do that, still keeping the Christian tradition, they will conquer England, so far as it can be conquered by faith.

The rest of the Church of England is either clinging to the unvenerable past

of the Reformation — that is the Low-Church party; or it is looking to a future not yet seen — that is the Modernists. The Low-Church party now merely maintains its existence — and hardly that. It has piety, but nothing else, and its piety is rather domestic than divine. It believes in individual salvation; and all living religion knows that is impossible. If we are to be saved, we must be saved all together. A man who would be content with his own individual salvation does not know what salvation is. And the Low-Church party does not know what salvation is. It is doomed because it has a wrong notion of salvation. No religion now can satisfy us which is not Catholic; and the religion of the Low Church is not Catholic.

As for the Modernists — they too are not Catholic yet. But it is unfair to criticize them as a whole, because they are not a whole. They consist merely of a number of individuals, often able and sincere, who are thinking about religion individually. The Modernist Churchman wishes to remain in the Church, not for the sake of his salary, but because he loves the Church and believes in it. He no more wishes to leave it than a man wishes to deny his mother if he is forced to criticize her. This affection of the Modernist — an affection almost natural — is not understood by those who cry that he ought to leave the Church. To him the Church is still a most important part of religion. He is a member of it, as he is an English citizen; and he thinks that he has a right still to live within it and to attempt to work those changes upon it which he desires. He is not bound to leave it because he does not believe every article of its creeds. He knows, as a matter of fact, that no one does believe them all literally; and no authority has laid down exactly which of them must be believed, and which may be taken not to mean what they say, or to

mean nothing at all. He is no more a traitor than an Englishman is a traitor to his country if he wishes England to be a republic, yet still takes off his hat when 'God save the King' is played.

But the weakness of the Modernists is this — that most of them are critical rather than creative; and they are apt to harbor theories merely critical and produced by the destructive criticism of a past generation. For instance, there is a notion that Christ himself was possessed with the belief that the world was coming to an end very soon, and that all his teaching was controlled by that belief — that it is the key to all his sayings. If that is so, whatever truth he uttered was an accidental result — a by-product — of his delusion. The notion itself is an example of the scientific method misapplied. It is of the same nature as the notion that all the content of the human mind may be explained as a more or less disguised expression of the sexual instinct. Both notions make of religion itself an illusion; they are part of the great assumption that all is illusion in the human mind except some quite primitive and valueless force. Whatever we value is a by-product of this force. Things never are what they seem to us when we hope and believe, but only what they seem to us when we are in the mood to talk scandal about the universe. Christ himself was a kind of dervish, possessed by some unconscious national or racial instinct which made him condemn the Roman world into which he was born. He inherited this instinct, and gave an accidentally beautiful and passionate expression to it. When he said that we are to take no thought for the morrow, he did not mean a real faith or a real philosophy; he meant only that there was not going to be any morrow — which was untrue.

Now the Modernists have taken notions of this kind too seriously; they

have not been able to explode them with the secure wit of faith. They have not clearly seen the difference between constructive and destructive criticism; they have not seen that the defect of modern Christianity, whether Roman or English Catholic, is that it has not enough dogma. They still cling to the notion that Christianity must be made acceptable by ridding itself of dogma. But if Christianity is to prevail now, it must do so, not by expressing a number of good intentions so vaguely that anyone can agree to them. It must convince us that the universe is of a certain nature, and that we have to live according to that nature. The Roman or the English Catholic now can be considered orthodox, and yet hold utterly unchristian beliefs about the nature of the universe and of man. For instance, an English Roman Catholic peer lately wrote to the *Times* to say that, since man was a fighting animal, it was absurd to dream of a league of nations. Yet, because he believes in the Virgin Birth and the infallibility of the Pope, he is held to be orthodox. His Church does not tell him that man is not a fighting animal, and that it is the duty of men, as Christians, to believe in a league of nations and to work for it. That is why I say that the churches have not enough dogmas, while many of the dogmas they cling to are irrelevant, since they do not prevent those who hold them from believing faithless nonsense about the nature of the universe and of man.

The Modernist has not seen this; he has been content to attack the doctrine of the Virgin Birth negatively, as being merely historically untrue — not as being philosophically or religiously untrue, or at least irrelevant. He has not a Christian faith of his own, more passionate and more precise, to offer instead of the part-obsolete and altogether too vague faith of the churches. So he too

fails to overcome the world, in spite of his learning, his sincerity, and his patience.

I do not know how it is with you in America, but in England all churches and sects fail to convince because not one of them can achieve a harmony between the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the educated, a harmony both of belief and of action. The Roman Church, as I have said, is often the church of the poor, and of those prosperous and educated people who have some weakness for which they seek a cure. But it is not the church of the great mass of the naturally religious, both rich and poor, because of its insistence on authority, and also because it offers no political hopes to the world. It tells men, or inclines them, to be content with the *status quo*, whatever it may be. Having always its own politics, it is not interested in the politics of mankind. They are, to it, secular; but Christianity will not be itself until it insists that no politics are secular, that the political aim of mankind is to establish Christ's Kingdom of Heaven here and now on earth, and in all human institutions. This it can do only by insisting that the universe and man are of a certain nature, which it must define and express both with precision and with passion. Early Christianity prevailed because it brought an immense hope into the world; Christianity can prevail now only if it renews that hope in the terms of our own time and in relation to our problems. At present no church and no sect does that.

There is the Salvation Army; but it is possible only for the poor. It is evangelical in the old sense, offering men individual salvation. It can, and does, cure them of drink, but there is no philosophy in it, no political hope. It talks of the Blood of Jesus, but not of the nature of the universe. Its one aim is immediate rescue — a noble aim, no

doubt, but altogether hand-to-mouth. It is concerned with what it shall do to comfort an overworked charwoman; it has no faith by which it can change the world so that charwomen shall not be overworked.

As for those Christian sects which we call Nonconformist, they have many merits, but they are, one and all, declining. They know, themselves, that the future is not with them. In England there is a social difference between them and the English and Roman churches, which does not exist in America. Because of that difference they are not Catholic; but they fail to be Catholic because the poor, no less than the rich, avoid them. They are altogether of the middle class; and the middle class, of all others, is now the least likely to produce a religion. It is conscientious, often intelligent, but ashamed of itself and afraid of other classes. It lacks beauty, passion, intellectual conviction; and its religion, in all its minute varieties, suffers from the same lack. The Nonconformist sects become more negative, more merely social, every day. They have been and still are political; but their politics is class and not religious politics. They are liberal in a mild way, but possessed by a fear of labor; their chief defect is that they are self-satisfied, and no one else is satisfied with them. They are, in fact, like the Church of Laodicea.

Lastly, there are the new sects, most of which we have got from America: Christian Science, Theosophists, New Thought, Spiritualists or Spiritists. Not one of these, of course, is Catholic; most of them, however full of good works, do not even try to appeal to the poor. A few of the poor are Spiritualists, or Spiritists, because they enjoy the notion of intercourse with the dead; but they have not enough time or energy to be Christian Scientists. That is a religion for those who have time

to make a good job of themselves, to turn themselves into works of art.

No one can doubt the achievements of Christian Science. It has a right to the word science, in that, unlike all the churches, even the Roman Catholic, it does teach a science, a technique, of life, and one that actually works. It says, 'Live thus and thus, not merely so that you may go to heaven, but so that you may live well here and now, judged by any actual standard.' It has, in fact, some understanding of Christ's doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven; but, for it, the Kingdom seems to be altogether within us. It would, of course, deny this; but in practice it does seem to be guilty of the heresy of mere immanence without transcendence. The Christian Scientist believes, like the follower of the New Thought, in the Christ in himself; and he tries to educate, to draw out, that Christ—a task for which he needs much leisure and pains. That is the weak point of his faith. I cannot imagine Michelangelo, or Beethoven, or Christ himself, as a Christian Scientist. They were too much absorbed in the Kingdom of Heaven outside themselves to be always thinking of it within themselves. Christian Science does provide a cure, but it is a self-cure. The great passionate lovers of the world, the great Catholics, might have lived more seemly lives if they had tried to cure themselves; but they would never have done what they did do. The Christian Scientists save, and do not spend themselves; their aim is to make beautiful works of art of themselves; but the great lovers make works of art of something else.

Perhaps Christian Science was born in too prosperous a society; anyhow it seems too prosperous and too satisfied a religion to prevail in England now. It is a kind of Salvation Army for the well-to-do who suffer from nerves. I would not sneer at them or at the faith that

cures them; but it is not and cannot be Catholic until it aims at working a change, not only on the inner minds of individuals, but on the whole order of society.

### III

'Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness; and all other things shall be added unto you.' That saying is the essence of Catholic religion, the religion never yet realized. Also, 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.' But these new faiths of technique are concerned, not so much with the Kingdom of Heaven, as with the very best of the things that shall be added. I read lately a tract, not of Christian Science, but of one of the New Thought sects. It began, well enough, by saying that we must try to find the Christ in ourselves. But then, suddenly, it let the cat, that is the self, out of the bag. If you find the Christ in yourself, it said, you can achieve whatever you wish to achieve—health, power, wealth. Trust the Christ in yourself, and you can do all things. It is one side of the doctrine of Christ, but only what he said in his passionate, exultant, humorous way. By faith you can move mountains; but the important thing is, not to move the mountains, but to have the faith; and if you try to have the faith so that you may move the mountains, you will not have it. You may hypnotize yourself, but you will not see the Kingdom of Heaven. You may be a success, but you will not be a Catholic. Besides, the people who do succeed thus are not attractive to others. We may wish for their success, but we do not wish to be like them. A Catholic faith would draw us through our desire to be like those who hold it.

As for the Theosophists: their doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and of Karma, has this defect, that it is devised to explain things, and to justify



the ways of God to man. Things are what they are — the very iniquities of the world are what they are — because we are paying, or being paid, for the past. The Theosophists profess to make their faith out of the best of all religions, to have reached, by an eclectic process, the permanent religion of mankind. But nothing could be more contrary to the most profound and surprising part of Christ's teaching than this doctrine of Karma. According to the doctrine of Karma, the essence of God is justice; he has devised a universe in which everything has to be paid for, in which the past rules the present, causation controlling spirit as it controls matter. But, according to Christ, God transcends justice, and spirit can free itself, can become part of the utter freedom of the Kingdom of Heaven. God is not a judge, nor has he made a fixed, rigid, systematic universe. He has given to man a creative power, by which he can free himself of the past and rise into the eternal life of the present. Christ did not preach a doctrine of Karma; He said, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee. Cease to trouble about them. Sin no more; be a new man.' And He told men to make a new world by forgiveness, which is forgetting the past in each other. He told them to judge not, so that they might be like God, who does not judge. But these sayings of his have not been taken seriously, because men have not seen the philosophy in them, the profound, difficult view of the nature of the universe and of life which they imply.

The effort of the Theosophists to find justice in the universe, as we see it, is based upon the conception of a static universe, with its future all involved in its past. In that conception there is no hope for the wicked, the weakling, the degenerate. As they have been, so they will be; the best they can do is to consent to their evil fate because it is the result of their own past. But Christ

says there is not justice in the universe, because its future is not involved in its past, because it is free and growing, because all life, in so far as it is life, shares in the spontaneity of God. Faith is seeing reality, not with the eyes or always, but at heaven-sent moments which rule the life of faith. And, in this reality seen by faith, there is no payment or punishment or law imposed from outside, but an infinite possibility for all men, because, having life, they have their share in the spontaneity of God. They are not what they have been, but what they are trying to become. The Grace of God, if we will to accept it, is supreme and omnipotent in us; and it comes to us, not as a reward for past virtue, but because we will to accept it now. Above all, we must not consent to the iniquities of this life as being part of the divine order. There is no divine order, in the old materialist sense of causation and law. What is divine is the creative power, which can give to man a new nature and a new world to live in — the power that is within him if he will see it without him.

Compared with this faith, Theosophy, like the old scientific determinism, is retrograde. Indeed, it does express the old scientific determinism in a religious form. It is a kind of Calvinism orientalized. But the religious effort of our time is to escape utterly from all kinds of determinism, to see the nature of man imaginatively, in terms of spirit, in terms of our highest values. And we are beginning to be aware that Christianity has maintained that effort for nearly two thousand years, with many failures and perversities, but not utterly in vain. In the nineteenth century the great advance in scientific knowledge seemed to cut the present mind of man off from its past. It was assumed that, before that knowledge came, men could not think rightly about anything.

Religion, and even art, belonged to the childhood of the human mind; philosophy was a vain effort to discover what could not be discovered. But now men were at last discovering what could be discovered; they saw a new earth, and no heaven, and were immensely complacent over their own disillusionment.

Well, the war has cured us of that complacency. The new earth is but the old one, the mind of man is as blind, as bloody, as superstitious, as ever. The Germans, whom we all hailed as the leaders of the new age, have reverted to a pre-Christian mythology. Their God is a tribal Jahveh, and they are the chosen people, though they assert it in a new scientific jargon.

There are some who say that Christianity has failed, as if it were likely to succeed when men did not believe in it. Certainly it has failed to make men believe in it; and that failure is absolute, if we hold that Christianity is something revealed once for all two thousand years ago. But to hold that, is to misunderstand Christ himself. He professed to be a visionary, that is to say, one who saw the truth, as other men see a cow in a field; and his aim was to make men see this truth. He could not reveal it in a series of statements, any more than one could reveal a cow to those who had not seen it. All that He said was an effort to make men see it, to give them his own vision. So we can now try to attain to his vision, undiscouraged by the failures of the past. For these very failures, implying as they do efforts constantly renewed, prove that for two thousand years men have not been able to escape from the

belief that Christ had a vision, that his Kingdom of Heaven was a fact which He really beheld with his inner sight, and that we can behold it also.

In England, now, faith means more and more faith in the Kingdom of Heaven, as a fact which can be seen, as an order to which man, by his own effort and the Grace of God, can belong. The words 'The Kingdom of Heaven' are constantly used by the religious as containing some meaning which has to be discovered. There is a great impatience with the churches because they have not discovered, or even tried much to discover, what those words mean. Their old dogmas say nothing about the Kingdom of Heaven, and therefore seem to be irrelevant. They are for the most part concerned with some state of being not our own; but Christ says that the Kingdom of Heaven can be seen, and we ourselves can become part of it here and now. In that doctrine is the missing element of Christianity, the reason why it has failed always to be itself. The Christian Scientists supply part of that doctrine; they tell us that the Kingdom of Heaven is within us; but the whole of it has not yet been grasped by them or by any church. The question remains, which no one yet can answer, whether any existing church has the energy to grasp it, to free itself from its own past, to proclaim the truth that Christianity is yet to be discovered by all the powers of man's mind, and to be practised by all the energy of his will. If not, we may dare to predict that a new Church will arise and destroy the old ones. But, in England, it certainly has not arisen yet.

# THE UGLY CITY

BY HENRY JUSTIN SMITH

## I

You are, perhaps, a traveler from the East. You find yourself, some gray afternoon, rounding that long blue tongue of lake that licks the sands of Indiana. Villages, farmhouses, ragged patches of woodland fly past the car-windows. Glimpses of the dunes, flashes of tossing water. Prairie.

Suddenly the country ends, and the gray meadows begin to be peopled by giants, silent but animate. They loom against the sky, swart and untidy. They push upward the snouts of chimneys. They wave black, misshapen arms; they put forth clumsy limbs, such as coal-chutes, levels of track, lifting-devices. Bursts of smoke, veils and cloaks of smoke, hover about these monsters. The soot is on their shoulders. They are whitened with dust; stained with acids. These giants have no time for toilet. It is the valley of factories.

The assemblage of them thickens as you go on. They stand in compact ranks, in whole regiments, amid the life exuded from them. They have given birth to hideous small houses, grouped roughly by streets. In these streets — alleys, rather — figures in drab, shapeless clothing, the figures of men, women, and children, pass slowly on the meagre errands of life. The architectural morass thickens — thickens and darkens. Street after street wheels past, below your train, revealing endless vistas of stores, saloons, street-cars, telegraph wires. You look out over

miles of smutty roofs. Thick, thick, thick lie the houses, sticking elbows into each other, their battered stairways intermingled, back doors leering into other back doors. A cathedral spire, with a cross on it, rises haughtily above the welter; so does the foolishly carved tower of an amusement place. They blink at each other across the smoky vale.

And you plunge into the city itself. You are aware of wider streets, larger and solider buildings. You pass melancholy congeries of freight-cars, tumble-down cottages, or plethoric tenements full of whooping negroes. A great hotel, brown stone with dirty white facings, climbs fifteen stories above the roofs. Some of its windows are twinkling, for now an impatient twilight is beginning to fall. At last you glide into a smother of freight-houses, and into a cave, roaring, smoking, and sweating. You join the dark-clad, determined procession going out into tumult.

You have arrived.

You are in the Ugly City.

Cities, like people, may grow ugly for various reasons, such as age, disease, or neglect. I have my theory about Chicago; but let it wait.

In the meantime, behold the 'loop.'

The 'loop' happened to us more than twenty years ago, when the masters of transportation built coils of elevated track around the central district. These tracks disfigure and overwhelm the heart of Chicago. Theirs is the diapason of an uproar that increases

from year to year. But worse: theirs is the profoundest contribution to ugliness. Squarely in the centre of four major streets stand the soot-stained up-rights, a forest of legs with feet sunken in the pavements. Overhead run the tracks and timbers, turning the space below into a level like a mine gallery. Overhead the trains thunder, jarring down showers of dirt, or casting into the wan light, where teams and cars proceed, baleful flashes. This foul and grim structure, all sweating iron, and gloomy platforms and dirty cars, monopolizes the four streets.

The four streets are discouraged. One of them, nearest the lake and parallel with it, tries to be gay with piano-stores and furniture-stores and book-stores. But even this thoroughfare has the anxious, slightly damaged aspect of a middle-aged person anticipating decay. As for the three others, they have given up attempting to be cheerful or progressive. For whole blocks they exhibit little besides the driftwood of city life. They are prolific of stool-and-counter restaurants, fly-blown fruiteries, saloons with tatterdemalion customers in plain view, battered stairways ascending to sweatshops, lodging-houses and detective agencies, or the rudely carved relics of what were once fine business buildings. Here you may pass mercantile places whose names are famous, clinging to the 'old location' despite all. A few hotels, railroad offices, and the like, hang on too. But every year some of them give it up. Every year the ancient stone entrances admit a few more bucket-shops, labor-union offices, and 'exhibition parlors' for artificial limbs. It is getting to be an ill-odored jumble of mismated buildings. Here in the 'loop' — that is, within the windows opening upon the 'L' — there is breeding a forlornness born of racket, darkness, and the feeling that nobody cares.

Within the square of tracks work thousands of people. Do they care? No, they escape. They work all day practically in twilight, sometimes in complete darkness, and you might think, to see them bending over desks or hurrying about amid the mess of tracks, teams, signboards, wires, that they are as forlorn as the buildings. But they escape. They do not care. The ugliness, the fact that hardly anybody cares — those are two keynotes of Chicago.

There is a river, two branches of which help to confine the business district, while another fork threads its way northward into regions that few visit or consider.

What a river!

To thousands of our people it may be a bright and glowing thing. Sometimes they stand and gaze at it. Sometimes an artist paints it. But the river is never beautiful save as some wistful glow may come upon it at evening. It is really a wretched little waterway that reflects, on its best days, mainly dreary, abandoned docks, or the back doors of rotting buildings, or ramparts of water-tanks. Hardly anybody cares. Under one of the principal bridges a shattered platform rises from the waters, black and unsightly. It has been there for years. Near that same spot there is a huge shapeless structure into which teams labor all day, carrying dumpings; and the dumpings are vomited into scows; and the scows float away drearily down the dreary stream. A little farther south, where a building has been razed, there is a hole. The hole is occupied by red and yellow posters of last month's plays, by piles of broken brick, by shaggy timbers. The hole has been there for years. A saloon next door to the ruin had to go out of business. Nobody could drink enough to be cheerful there.

All this graces one of Chicago's main streets. The multitude — rich and poor — pass such nightmares daily, unconscious of them. The people are used to our streets, which tend toward a certain fixed development. They begin, some of them, in the country, where birds and insects sing cheerful godspeed to the traveler. They march toward the city, gradually changing for the worse. Begin to appear the characteristic buildings, very likely to be made of tarnished red brick, having saloons below and 'rooms for rent' above; or of frame, extending to two or three stories, with tipsy steps and twisted iron railings. Begin to appear the mere skeletons of buildings, uninhabited, insulted by every Ishmael of the neighborhood, ghostly. They have a long story to tell, usually of their tenancy by a procession of races: first, thrifty beings from Northern Europe, then people of less and less stable sort, until they fall into the hands of races inherently transitory and destructive — and the buildings are doomed. They stand shamefacedly in the company of decent and thriving structures. Nobody will repair them. They become signboards for the landlords who will not repair them, and for the politicians who fatten on the landlords.

Continuing along one of these streets, you will observe that the builders have simply shoved themselves in, frantic with haste, and regardless of proportion or decency. It is a 'gold rush' for rentals. The better buildings are infected by the poorer, and dirt, the dirt of commerce and neglect, paints all the same color. No building restrictions — none at least that cannot be evaded by the powerful. That is one reason why it is the Ugly City. And hardly anybody cares.

West Madison Street is an endless immoral, cluttered lane that runs westward for miles; here defaced by cheap

lodging-houses, there blazing with the lights of cheap theatres, and emerging into beauty only where the city ends.

Halsted Street is a whole history of civilization, a gathering-place for all nations, a torrent boiling between hideous cliffs of houses and stores.

Milwaukee Avenue is another Halsted Street, but longer, crookeder, and uglier.

Cottage Grove Avenue winds its smutted, discouraged length at the edge of the lake, bordered by relics of happier days.

Washington Boulevard — another reminder of years when the city was more winsome — is fronted by whole blocks of stone buildings, once cheerful dwellings, now chipped, smeared, and 'for rent cheap.'

Ashland Avenue, 63rd Street, Belmont Avenue, 31st Street — name fifty others at random, and not one will evoke any picture except dreary utility, linear monotony. You can travel a whole day on some of our 'through lines,' and never have a glimpse of anything well-favored. You may walk miles, and not find a clean sidewalk or a green thing growing.

'Well,' say you, 'there must be another side to this. It can't be possible — But it is.'

Of course, Chicago has its rarely glimpsed beauties. It has a few natural charms, like the curve of the lake northward from Lincoln Park. It has Michigan Avenue on a summer night — that pageant of lights under the skyscrapers. It has the wooded island in Jackson Park. It has boulevards and suburbs. But these scattered and incidental beauties contend unsuccessfully against the awful whole. Isolated as they are, and provided usually with an offsetting ugliness near at hand, — such as that celebrated offset to Michigan Avenue, the Illinois Central Rail-



road, — they no more redeem the city than a few bright buttons, sewn haphazard upon a homely gown, beautify the gown. The areas of gloom are too enormous. The unclean, disordered excretions of a life desperately lived are piled too thickly.

I can take you for a ride of four miles, reaching from the last green traces of suburb clear to the 'loop,' and you will be amazed that people can live in that district contentedly. You will be astonished that they do not rise up and declare war on the factories, the gas-tanks, the breweries, which frown upon this region from all sides; which squat complacently among dwellings and 'flats.' Why are such enormities permitted? Because life is too short to struggle against them. And not only is there one such region, but there are scores. Two million people have rushed here to win bread, and in the turmoil of doing so have sought shelter, and no more. After the day's work they have not enough time or energy left for revolt. So they go on, year after year, poisoned by their environment, but scarcely aware of it. It is 'somebody's' business to cure these things. There ought not to be a factory over there, smoking away between a school and a two-flat building; but who is to take it away? The people are too busy to do anything except look to the authorities; and the authorities are too busy doing something less useful. So nothing gets done.

In other words, of the causes of ugliness I mentioned, — age, disease, and neglect, — it is neglect that is the trouble here.

That is what maddens one about Chicago's desolation: the casualness of it, the knowledge that Chicago could do better if it would. Chicago is the idiot child of cities. Most of the time its civic brains are dormant; the rest, they are uncoordinated. It has been from the first a genetic mistake; nature

never intended to have a city here in the swamp. And its upbringing has been in the hands, very largely, of hurried, greedy, unfastidious folk, who will continue, perhaps for many years, to ignore the fact that its face is caked with dirt, its clothes filthy and torn. It is tremendously vital, but it is an idiot. And the form of its idiocy is that caused by deprivation of one or more of the senses. To mention one: the sense of beauty.

## II

What does it mean to be born in Chicago — let us say, near the intersection of Western Avenue and West Madison Street? There are worse places than that to be born in, but the locality mentioned is fairly typical.

It means that, from the time of his first consciousness, up to the years when he is able to join skylarking gangs that roam the city in a heart-breaking search for 'something different,' the child sees scarcely anything that will tell him that beauty exists. His home is a 'flat' over a store. His front yard is the sidewalk. His world beyond — the world he sees from his 'little window' of the poem — is a plain on which has been piled a chaos of foundries, lumber-heaps, trackage, varied by rows of wretched little houses, whose cottage type has been repeated so often that it has become an established symbol of Chicago's poverty of imagination.

The child adapts himself to this forlornness. He has his pleasures, his adventures, among the slag-heaps. He is a being full of ambitions — such as they are. He grows up here, finds a job in one of the foundries, and raises a family of his own. They are all congenitally blind, like himself. They are 'used to it' — used to this terrible negation of beauty. Perhaps they revolt, some of them, from living like guinea-pigs in a cage. They undergo the tre-

mendous exertion and anxiety of making a home in a new subdivision, where real-estate speculators promise 'a house in the country; your own backyard; your own trees.' What is this paradise? Well, it often turns out to be only a collection of oblong boxes, floating in a morass of weeds, and with twig-like trees planted in stiff ranks. It is the end of the world. But the poor creatures from the region of factories think it the beginning of heaven. They are blind.

Because our children grow up in this way, learning nothing at home, and very little elsewhere, of the immense difference it makes to be in charming surroundings, we have a constantly increasing population of those who do not care. You cannot convince them that they should.

It does not help the situation that only a part — and probably a small part — of those who now make up our two millions and more were born here.

No statistician, I think, has computed the number of people who are natives of Chicago; but it is a fact which everyone knows that more people move to it than grow up in it. Chicago becomes every year more conspicuously the boarding-house of the midland. Ambitious, transient folk from a dozen states are drawn to it. Many of them frankly confess that they do not expect to stay; nay, they hope that they will not stay. (Nothing is more common than the remark, 'Well, I hope I shan't have to live here always.') Some of them count upon going back to Peoria, or Keokuk, or Kalamazoo, after their 'pile' has been made. Others look forward to New York, with ten thousand a year. They are dwelling from month to month in apartments, or in rented houses, or in hotels. They are a fugitive and half-alien population. They are quite as alien as the immigrants, and more fugitive. Fewer of the

immigrants leave us; more of them settle down and acquire civic pride than of the money-makers from the small towns.

Being a boarding-house, Chicago cannot expect much. If the house needs paint, and the front walk is slovenly, and the furniture is falling to pieces, Chicago need not look to these transient residents to feel any direct responsibility. They will stand it as long as they can, and then go elsewhere. What is it to them, who have come to Chicago only for what they can get out of it, if ill-smelling factories are built in residence districts, or if grass-plots are defaced by bill-boards? They do not feel it their duty to lynch the vandals.

Add to this element the extraordinary number of people who have fled to the suburbs, and there really are not enough good voters left. These suburbanites have escaped. In their new homes they are ardent believers in improvement; there they insist upon beauty and cleanliness. They have left Chicago behind, save as a place in which to work or shop.

Not enough good voters left — that is a fundamental reason for bad city government, which in turn is largely responsible for ugliness. By 'good voters' one, of course, means men and women who vote with their eyes open, their senses alert, and their understanding of the common welfare educated. The boarders do not vote that way. They know little about the significance of measures, or the past records of candidates. So they vote somewhat at random, snatching a hasty glance at the newspapers before they go to the polls, acquiescent in whatever issue they find served out to them, and never starting anything themselves. Between elections they rarely think about the City Hall or what the City Council is doing. Beyond an occasional growl at the dirt or the gloom, they do not ponder their

surroundings at all. When it comes time for them to vote, their ballots are too often cast with those of the imbeciles, the prejudiced, and the purchased. This is enough to turn the scale for bad government.

And bad government is what we have had.

Better not go into details about this. Let us say merely that our political history is a history of ignoble partisanship governing movements that should be nonpartisan, of a steady decrease in economic common sense, and of selfishness and sloth in high places. Faced with taxation burdens both monstrous and ridiculous; unable to keep in office men whom it esteemed, and unable to get rid of those whom it despised; watching the city grow darker and drearier, and knowing neither the causes nor the cure, Chicago — that is, the Chicago of the great masses who carry elections — has reached its 'don't-care' stage by natural process. It is too much discouraged, besides being too busy, to do much more than admire, or acquiesce in, the efforts of an organization like the Chicago Plan Commission.

Of this commission let no depreciative word be said. It represents the consummation of attempts, dating back almost to the World's Fair, to reshape our crazy-quilt city into a beautiful, symmetrical design. With powerful backing, and growing enthusiasm, the commission is striking some telling blows. It has overcome the apathy of the crowd so far as to obtain assent to several important bond issues; and at this moment an army of workmen is hammering a vital part of the plan into reality. No question, the commission is a brilliant gleam of idealism in the Ugly City. The names of D. H. Burnham, Charles H. Wacker, and others deserve the lustre they have. The commission is one reason why I say that 'hardly

anybody' cares, instead of 'nobody.' But my point is — and the commission itself will scarcely contest it — that the real awakening lies ahead. Is it not true that the masses, the floundering, discontented majority, are still blind to the promise of a 'city beautiful'? And what will awaken them? Not appeals at election time, not newspaper editorials, not even illustrated lectures.

The commission labors on, year after year, with most admirable optimism. No less hopefully, and with a sympathy for common folk not always laid to the credit of their profession, the architects labor, too. To the sagacious plans of the Illinois Chapter of the American Institute, headed by George W. Maher, I should like to give more than a paragraph. But if I gave them numberless paragraphs I should still insist that to the factory-worker, the shopkeeper in a small way, unquestionably to poor creatures lower in the scale, the Chicago Plan, indeed, all the pretty pictures and costly diagrams of a better city, must be like a mirage. To that sullen and toilworn swarm, would you dare offer a view of a Garden of the Gods, and expect them to believe they would ever live there? 'Not for us,' they sigh; 'these kind gentlemen don't mean it.'

Such improvements as are afoot resemble confections proffered to the many by the few. The process should and will be reversed: the many will be found offering progress to the few. It will take an æsthetic revolution to accomplish this reversal. Such a revolution will come.

The writer of these somewhat depressing impressions feels safe in making the prediction, for the same reason that he feels justified in recording the impressions — the reason that he is no mere casual observer of Chicago, but a native of it. After forty years of going about without realizing what was wrong with his home, he became sud-

denly enlightened — the city was ugly. But his eyes were opened to what it might be, and will be.

It happened one day that the writer had occasion to visit a home in one of the humbler residence districts. Not a slum this, but a place where respectable, hard-working people have lived for more than two generations. So shapeless, or so monotonous of shape, were the houses, so pitiful the little frontyards with their starveling plants, so dour and unsightly the background, where a smoking brewery rose like an affront and a threat, that life there suddenly seemed terrible. It was infuriating to realize that society, wealthy and resourceful, permitted stalwart workers, and plucky housewives, and gay children, to exist under such conditions.

Then came the thought: 'Why! Life is going on here. Despite all, life is going on, perhaps with as much light and shade as in most other places. There are pleasures — even ecstasies. Neglect has n't killed these people; they have it in them to survive.'

So one might speak, not merely of this humble neighborhood, but of the city as a whole. That people can exist and develop under such skies, and amid such a clutter, is thrilling. That they can also be good and happy — as at least half of them are — is more thrilling still. There is an illimitable future for such people as this. They are fighters. They will win.

To get the same impression in another way, go 'down town' on a Sunday afternoon, when some great musician is performing to 'capacity' at Orchestra Hall. See the throng that has been drawn there by a yearning for beauty. These devotees have paid for

their seats; they are safe from the political stupidities and inhibitions that cheat them of beauty elsewhere. There, while the *maestro* plays, one sees boiling up into the keen and tragic faces of these Chicagoans a poetry, a delight, that show of what our people are really made. They go out into the twilight, radiant, and merge with a human stream from the Art Institute. A passion they do not understand has been satisfied. And they return to ugly homes in ugly streets.

That there exists this deep-seated yearning for music and pictures is not inconsistent with what I maintained above — that the city's sense of beauty is still dormant. Discrimination, taste, the will to live better, we have not yet reached. We have only the beginnings of a vision. Something mighty is stirring under our complex surfaces. Hands are beginning to grope through the gloom and clamor. And Chicago, whose magnificent spirit is proved by its gayety, its wit, its *flair* in the face of cheerlessness and slovenliness, will some day flame out in revolt against niggardly property-owners, shiftless aldermen, and drowsy or venal municipal bureaus. Sooner or later, perhaps through the processes of education, perhaps through some event as profoundly moving as the war, it will be revealed to our people that they live in an ugly city, and that there is no need of it. They will make a clean sweep.

It is this prospect that makes life in Chicago not only interesting, but captivating. I would rather live in Chicago, where this is about to happen, than dwell among the perfected glories of Lake Leman.

# THE ADVENTURE OF THE MISSING FORTNIGHT

BY ALICE BACHE GOULD

## I

THIS is the story of a little adventure in the Spanish archives. It was an adventure, not so much in the writing of history proper, as in the humbler field of making tools for the historian's use; and the tool in this case was an Itinerary of the Emperor Charles V.

Itineraries, or time-tables, showing where important personages were at any given time, have proved their value again and again. They are especially useful in checking documents whose date or whose genuineness may be challenged. A really careful itinerary is an instrument of precision, like any other gauge, and it means much arduous laboring over facts in themselves as unimportant as any scratch upon a vernier scale.

The Emperor Charles V very nearly broke the record for royal travel. He was the heir of all four grandparents, some of whom did more than twofold balls and treble sceptres carry. To this was added the Holy Empire and the whole New World *plus ultra*. Small wonder that he moved from capital to capital, and that, even with the help of his secretary's journal and his own memoirs, it is hard to follow him exactly.

To make a complete and scientific itinerary of Charles V, from his cradle in Ghent to his coffin in San Yuste, — and indeed the book has finally exceeded a little at each extreme, — giving his whereabouts on every day of more than fifty-eight years, with reference to the ultimate authority for every state-

ment, was the task set for himself by a modern Spanish scholar. Don Manuel Foronda — now Marquis of that ilk and member of the Royal Academy of History, but then merely a well-born young Spanish lawyer and counselor of embassy — began in youth the accumulation of facts which he has recently published at the age of seventy-five. He published many small works on the way to the larger one, — Charles V in this place and Charles V in that place, Charles V considered as doing this, that, and the other, — and also a skeleton itinerary which we wish he would republish corrected for use by workers. His *magnum opus* is a magnificent thing; but ten pounds avoirdupois and three pounds sterling are a disheartening combination for ready reference.

Of course, three quarters of such compiling is straightforward drudgery with steady advance. Then come the disputed or ignored dates which require investigation, and the archives begin to yield their more uninteresting secrets. Finally, there remain some outposts of ignorance, some days when all that can be said is that we have no reason to suppose that the protagonist has gone anywhere or done anything. We have to leave him *in statu quo* — but with the mark of interrogation required by the modern scientific conscience.

Years rolled by, as the melodramas sum it up. Years rolled, and D. Manuel Foronda toiled, and at last the life was complete but for one single interval of



about a fortnight. One little group of hypocritic days refused to look straight and be classified. Under their solemn fillets they looked scorn at the historian.

See what is the conscience of the modern maker of 'scientific' history! For fifteen years Foronda held that book back — for fifteen years — and he, the author, was over sixty when at last it was ready except for the abhorred vacuum of that fortnight. In those fifteen years he became known as *el bou de los archiveros* — the bogy lying in wait for young archivists. I have heard it whispered that his later appeals met with little except courtesy — at least, not with solid work. 'Can we by searching find out what is not there? Pray try, señora; it is all open to you. But I, have I not tried? In years gone by, when Foronda wanted other dates, I found them for him. I tried long for that fortnight and now — I try no more.'

The days wanted were in 1538. On July 26, 1538, Charles leaves Barcelona for Valladolid. In early August he arrives — at least, in the latter part of that month he has been there for some time, and Foronda suggested the 9th for his arrival. The Secretary, Vandenesse, tells us he went to Valladolid, traveling *par ses journées*, to join the Empress. This contented the old-fashioned compilers; but a careful modern worker by the day notices at once, both that the number of days in the interval is too great, and that we know nothing of the route followed.

Many other times Charles crosses the Spains between those two places, and his progress is always traceable. So, when nothing can be found in 1538, one naturally looks for some unusual route. But when letters to the archives, whether of church or town, in every littlest hamlet that suggested itself had

yielded nothing, and reiterated search in the large deposits of state papers seemed to make it certain that Charles had transacted no business that required his signature, then the perturbed biographer began to ask himself strange questions. If other intervals had not been filled up at last, it would have been less disconcerting. But that over fifty-eight years should be traceable day by day, in peace and war, in rain and shine, in better and worse fortune, and yet one consecutive fortnight be baffling; that half a dozen transferences between the same two places should be readable long after, because of addresses by the loyal, largesses by the monarch, household accounts, letters, state papers, diaries, pardons; and yet that another journey should leave no trace at all — all this was certainly queer. On the negative evidence D. Manuel ventured only two opinions: that Charles had not passed through Lerida, nor yet through Saragossa. But there was growing in his mind a suspicion that more than met the eye might be shadowed here. Monarchs have wanted to disappear before now.

It was a suggestive time for a mystery, for Charles had just returned from a very important conference. There had been an attempt at a triple meeting of Pope and Emperor and French King; but although the Pope came to Nice and talked with Charles and talked with Francis, he never could inveigle his two sons-in-Christ into his presence at the same time. At last, he fairly gave it up and went home, escorted for some distance by the Emperor, who, having thus astutely got rid of the third party, turned back and overtook Francis at Aigues-Mortes. A dramatic moment of pause — and then the royal brothers-in-law seek each other's arms, and 'register' complete confidence and affection, so straitly embraced that Eleanor the Queen puts her arms about

the two at once. Chroniclers dwell with affectionate detail upon the precious vessels, the crystal and the napery of the splendid banquet that followed, at which Eleanor and her step-daughter, the French princess Marguerite, brought water to wash the imperial hands after eating, and offered the damask napkins. But Charles would accept no personal service from such noble ladies. With graceful courtesy, he elected to wipe his mouth on the tablecloth instead.

A treaty for a ten years' peace is drawn up; the monarchs embrace and part; and Charles sails across to the Spanish coast, landing at Barcelona. The Empress, his Regent, is at Valladolid, and for Valladolid he is to start on July 26. The rest is silence.

Now there are certainly possibilities in this situation. No reader of melodrama but guesses at once that Charles has crossed the Pyrenees and is secretly seeing Francis again — in an interview unknown to history. If not — why then one begins to think of that little affair of Hernani. Is there another Doña Sol in 1538? Where is Charles, and what is he doing? Apparently it is something that he preferred should not be known, and to the modern scientific historian that seems reason enough for trying to know it.

So for fifteen long years Foronda's book lay waiting, and D. Manuel himself wrote and searched and wondered. Then it seems to have been a chance comment by a friend that brought him to the sticking-place. Many friends had urged publication, and been told, 'Not yet.' But some well-intentioned person said to Foronda, — apropos of his being seventy-five years old, — 'Don Manuel, what a pity it would be if anything should happen to prevent your ever publishing at all!'

'He put it politely — but I knew perfectly well what the man meant.'

And the result of this crystallizing feather touch was the final publication of Foronda's weighty tome, with an appeal in the preface to all and sundry, and in the hope, as D. Manuel said, that the very fact of owing to ignorance of those few days would guarantee his trustworthiness about all other days.

## II

When I first saw Foronda's book, I was studying the discovery of America in one of the larger Spanish archives; and I was somewhat disheartened by the lack of answer to the broader questions I was putting to the dusty bundles. Was it that no answer could be given? or that I personally could not handle an archive? I wanted to test myself on something neatly asked. Spanish policies, streams of tendency, motives of legislators — all these are slippery matters; but 'Where was the Emperor on August 1, 1538?' — this is so definite and safe and clear an inquiry. Either you know the answer, or you don't.

Moreover, I was distinctly intrigued by the appeal in Foronda's introduction, and by the story of his unavailing persistence. Other people's affairs are so interesting. Of course, the real reason for their charm is that one sheds all responsibility when one strays into bypaths, and any primroses pulled by the path are pure gain. From the beginning, I think that I meant to try for those missing days, though I was half ashamed to confess it to myself, even with the excuse that a new eye on a problem is an advantage. I have often witnessed what the language of the moment would call the 'mobilization of ignorance,' which sends ignoramuses rushing in where scholars fear to tread. Sometimes they come out with surprisingly valuable results, just because of the naïve unexpectedness of their points

of view. I was at least free from all prejudice about Charles's doings in 1538.

It occurred to me at once that the uncertain date of arrival in Valladolid could be checked by the Empress's signatures as Regent. When did she stop signing? Most routine papers were executed by the Council, but certain things, mostly appointments and commissions, carry the royal *Yo el rey*. I sought the bundles where such papers were on file, and started a tabulation of signatures, and an hour or two gave me what I wanted.

Charles himself seemed to have signed none of the routine papers until quite late in the month; evidently he took things easily for some time after his arrival. As to the Empress Isabel — since I write without any of my own notes at hand, I cannot give exact numbers; but, speaking loosely, it was rare to find a day with no signature at all from her, and there were usually two or three daily, until August 11, when she suddenly took to signing more than a score of papers, and then she never signed again!

Evidently Foronda had put Charles's arrival too early, when he guessed it to be on the 9th, for the Regent would never have signed in Valladolid with the Emperor already present. Moreover, if human nature in the sixteenth century was my human nature to-day, that woman expected her lord on August 12. The score of signatures on the 11th meant that the Empress was cleaning up her desk.

This was not enough to send to Foronda, and it made the time Charles spent on the journey even longer than before. So, after struggling for some hours among the state papers of 1538, to the great amusement of an archivist who had already spent many a weary day among those bundles, I dropped the matter, with an inward vow that I would try again in Barcelona.

I was going to Barcelona for some weeks of early spring, partly on pleasure bent and partly to visit the Archivo de la Corona de Aragon. Besides more serious matters, I wanted to look there for a little freak of a fact reported fifty years ago by Bergenroth, who says that Ferdinand gave to the Venetian ambassador an island found by Columbus, together with the title in perpetuity of Count of the Cannibal Isle. This is pleasant enough, and an alternative name for the island, 'Of Cannibals or of Roses,' really adds another touch. The whole affair seemed to me deliciously improbable, and Bergenroth gives no reference; but the context showed in what papers he had been grubbing, and I wanted to grub a little on my own account. Let me in passing beg pardon of Bergenroth's most scholarly ghost, for I found the grant exactly as he says. It is a long paper in mediæval Latin, and the only doubt that remains to me is whether 'roses' should not be translated with reference to a man's name and not to a rose-bush, though one hates not to leave such a choice as that between cannibals and roses to the taste and fancy of the speller.

But all this is beside the mark. I was bound for the Archivo de la Corona de Aragon, and I was trying to keep it a secret from myself that, wherever I went, I meant to append to my own legitimate work a somewhat shamefaced inquiry after the year 1538.

### III

The Aragonese archive is beautifully arranged and excellently administered. But papers may be in Latin, Catalan, or Spanish, to say nothing of other languages. Secular and religious matters are kept apart, and the different kingdoms — Aragon, Sicily, Navarre, and so on — are all separately filed. More-

over, when one gets down to the ultimate divisions and the papers themselves, one finds that they have been bound into an order roughly chronological, but not always exact within the limits of any given month. I saw at once that it was no quick and easy thing to say surely whether any signature of a given date existed. To get out all the proper bundles, to find the place on the page where each document was dated, and then to see whether it was signed by council or by king, would mean a deal of drudgery, of fussy, nervously irritating, meticulous, what the Scotch call 'fikey' little labors, petty and persistent. To plod one's weary way through twenty or thirty pages in each of twenty or thirty books, would be so disagreeable that, if any of Foronda's searching had been done by copyists who search for a price, it was likely enough not to have been done thoroughly. With a certain furtiveness, telling myself that it was merely for amusement, I began to search a book or two a day, in odds and ends of time.

There followed the reward that sometimes falls to one through sheer luck. One morning, as I was languidly turning over successive documents without even trying to read more than the endings, I suddenly sat up electrified. I was staring at an ending plainly written, as plain as if it had been in print — *De Lerida, último de Julio de 1538. Yo el Rey.*

Lerida! Directly on the road to Saragossa, and just the reasonable time after leaving Barcelona! The document itself was perfectly uninteresting — a letter about the affairs of some obscure person who had appealed to Cæsar; but I dropped the search for the Count of the Cannibals, whose Latin title had not yet gladdened my eyes; I dropped Columbus and all his companions; I came forward more than forty years,

to 1538, and attacked the thing in earnest. A few days' livelier work yielded five signatures and three stopping-places, taking Charles as far as Saragossa on August 4. Here the trail was lost again. There was one straight road to Valladolid; but, if he arrived on the 12th, he was still taking too many days for the journey. Had he lingered in Saragossa? Was the key to the affair in that city?

The head of the archives, to whom I carried my trove, was very sympathetic and very much amused. From his professional point of view, the really funny thing was the emotion that would be felt by those who had assured Foronda that all the books had been thoroughly searched. He gave me the names of certain excellent investigators who had committed themselves to the non-existence of any such dates. One such person — of national reputation — was even then downstairs. 'Señora, he is not likely to think it as amusing as we think it!'

There was another person downstairs, a man who would take photostat prints, both good and cheap. This was luck, indeed, for such prints are not always to be had; and I promptly secured reproductions of all five documents.

Now for my own good reasons, connected with violets and blossoming groves of orange, with roses and the blue Mediterranean, I meant to go by Tarragona to Valencia, before turning north again. Valencia was much in my thoughts, and I instinctively noticed it whenever it came to the fore in my miscellaneous reading. I noticed for instance that just at this time, in July and August of 1538, the viceroy in Valencia was sore vexed by pirates off the coast making descents on little towns near by. It was not the famous pirate Barbarossa, whom Charles had himself chastised three years before; but just because of this recent fight with

Barbarossa, Charles was likely to take much interest in the havoc wrought, and Saragossa was the point nearest Valencia, if one stopped on the direct road from Barcelona to Valladolid. Could it be that the Emperor had paused to send couriers to the south? If so, there would be letters in the Archivo Regional of Valencia. I meant to look in there at any rate, because I wanted something about the Santangel family, whose persistent repetitions of a few Christian names (after christening began in that family) has confused many a good writer about Columbus's money affairs.

And in that archive I promptly found two other letters signed by Charles, both dated in Saragossa on August 4, with plenty of evidence of the anxiety of the Viceroy, the Duke of Calabria, who kept writing about those pirates both to Charles and to the Empress. Though the hearts of kings are bad guessing, I decided to adopt the theory that here we had at least one motive for a short delay in Saragossa, which would account for a lapse of days, and might be followed by travel at the ordinary speed.

Again my luck held. I received a call from a professor of history in the University of Valencia, who had run across my tracks so often that I had become a joke. 'La mís' had always just preceded him. No Spanish peasant could pronounce my name, but 'la mís,' as who should say, the señorita, or the fräulein, was identification enough; and my tastes, whether *in re* manuscripts or meringues, amateur bull-fights or library hours, were continually brought out for comparison with his own. Indeed it is not from him alone that I know how the village confectioner in a certain upland village still urges the local *azucarillo* and a particular kind of cake as favorites with 'la mís,' therefore proper for all and any of these

queer pilgrims of history who arrive from distant parts.

My caller had a keen sense of humor, as so many Spaniards have, and he invited me to consider my own existence dispassionately. I imagine he may have modified a first belief that there warn't no sich a person into an attempt to prove that 'la mís' was a sun-myth, or perhaps some modern incarnation of the visiting moon. And when finally he heard (I don't know how) that 'la mís' was actually in his own city, walking about his own library and university, it was too much for him. He presented himself at the desk of an archivist friend, and requested an immediate introduction to the mís-errant, who could even then be seen near the window, wrestling with the ramifications of the Santangel family.

When two writers-errant meet, they compare adventures. We were soon offering mutual sympathy on the way in which one finds all sorts of interesting things one does n't want, while the longed-for things elude all capture. I was pursuing Christopher Columbus; the professor's subject just then was the Marquis of Brandenburg, second husband of Germaine de Foix. As far as I could gather, he had been selected because nobody knew anything about him. He was therefore what in my student days was called a good subject for a Ph.D. His own biographer assured me that he never did anything worth mention, except marry Germaine and attend a chapter of the Golden Fleece, both these things in Barcelona, in 1519. Germaine de Foix, let me remind the reader, is the young princess whom Ferdinand married after Isabella's death; she was, incidentally, his own great-half-niece, — or half-great-niece, if that sounds any better, — and naturally she outlived him. The marquis was a cadet of the electoral house of Brandenburg; and Charles may have turned an eye on



the two Brandenburg votes of 1519, when he bestowed the hand of his step-grandmother and second-half-cousin on this one of his own young companions.

The marquis died early, and the Queen's third venture was a man of more importance, that very Duke of Calabria who was anxious about pirates in 1538. His tomb is one of the things to see in Valencia, though it is not the Queen, but a later duchess, who lies beside him. For my own satisfaction, I tried to formulate the connection between this last Duchess of Calabria and Isabella the Catholic. Spanish enables one to express neatly things like a brother's brother-in-law, or the other godfather of one's own godson, but Spanish saves me nothing if I want to say that one woman was the second wife of the third husband of the second wife of the only husband of the other. I might make the chain even longer, since the duchess too had been married before.

The professor had amassed a surprising amount of information about this so-frankly-uninteresting Brandenburg, husband *ad interim* of Queen Germaine; but queerly enough his marriage lines are not to be found, and even the exact day of the wedding is doubtful. We chatted on about this missing marriage record, and the many missing things I wanted, and the horrid probability that a little fact for which we toil and moil in vain may even then be lying, an unappreciated jewel, before some other scratcher-up of the heap. Bitterest of all, the little fact gets buried again, as if it had never come to the surface.

For my own part, I keep a collection of what I call staccato notes. For instance, is there anyone reading this who wishes to know that Isabella the Catholic bought an alarm-clock in 1496? Clocks are not in my line, but the books which I rather timidly consulted would

seem to place the invention of portable alarm-clocks distinctly later than that. If anybody wants this fact, let me present it. The exact date and price have escaped my memory, but I have them in my notes the other side of the ocean.

My new friend and I felt alike on the moral obligation of keeping tab on what other folk are doing, in order that labor may not be wasted. Upon this hint I spoke of my latest adventure. 'For instance,' said I, not expecting to throw a thunderbolt, but merely illustrating the conversation, — 'for instance, I have found documents signed by Charles in that interval for which Foronda has looked so long. Is it not whimsical in Fate to send them to me instead of to him?'

*Tableau!* My new-found professor was a personal friend of Foronda. I fancy he had himself pursued the hunt for those days in the same half-shamefaced way in which I had begun. At any rate, the effect upon him of this somewhat off-hand announcement was such as startled me.

'Señora!' he gasped after a speechless moment, 'am I to understand that you know where Charles was during those days?'

I indicated that, simple as I sat there, at the service of God and of himself, I had my own opinion concerning Charles's whereabouts. 'I have photographs of the documents,' I added, becoming almost frightened by the man's expression.

'Señora! have you communicated with Foronda?'

'Not yet — I wanted to try a little longer — the record was not complete.'

'Señora! for the love of God! Do you not know that Foronda takes his seat in the Academy of History within three weeks; that his inaugural discourse upon that itinerary must be printed beforehand! that he would rather have

this information *now*, this week, than ever again — *now*, *now*!’

Truly I should have known it, and I could only plead that I had regarded Charles as a luxury, while Columbus and his companions were necessary business. The professor was polite, but he looked at me as I should look at a child whom I found playing with priceless first editions. ‘*La mis*,’ indeed! He went away, after bidding me lose no time in writing to Madrid, and offering to come and correct any Spanish letter for me at the hotel — this in answer to a feeble excuse which I proffered for doing things so slowly.

Accordingly I arranged my photographic reproductions, pasted the loose leaves together, and sketched my letter to Foronda, which was nearly ready when, on my return from another morning in the archives, I found the Professor of History with a minor archivist holding up the door of the hotel like a pair of caryatides. He had been told that I was not at home, but to avoid any possible chance of missing me, he had taken the liberty of posting himself in the entrance, instead of going to the drawing-room and calling on the other ladies in my party. He had a letter from Foronda!

Whether he had telegraphed, or merely written, I do not know. At any rate, he was taking no chances, and if one compares the Yankee and the Spaniard concerned in this matter, the national characteristics have got themselves rather mixed. Foronda’s letter breathed amazement. For the love of God and his Holy Mother! is the classic exclamation — if he did not use those words, he meant them. If it were true that a person, an amateur, a foreigner, a Yankú — and a woman! — was wandering about Spain, with his long-sought dates in her pocket! then for the love of heaven, while this lady was within reach, let his friend find out

where she got them, how she knew! and *where* Charles was. Also, let him assure the lady that, if she would but share her knowledge, all glory and credit should be given her: he, Foronda, would — then followed, numbered (1), (2), (3), and so on, the things Foronda would do! He would announce it in print, he would proclaim it to the Academy; the name of that lady should, and so forth, and so forth.

The lady found herself inclined to laughter. Who was she, to be an accomplice, so long after the fact, in Charles’s celebrated disappearance? But the solemnity of the occasion overwhelmed all temptation to be flippant. She assured the waiting historian that her constant intention had been to put that minute bit of information where it would do the most good. Certainly it would do no good to her or to Christopher Columbus, and she was deeply grateful for having been saved from further delay, even though the material was still so incomplete.

We had begun the business in the portal, to the great edification of the concierge, but we adjourned to a more fitting spot, and I went to fetch the evidence. I brought the photographs of the Barcelona documents, I produced the numbers of the Valencia documents. But might he take these photographs and see if he could get them off *certificados* in this evening’s mail for Madrid? He might. He did. He returned to inspect and correct my own letter, and he declared — such was his agitation that it shook his judgment — that it was in faultless Spanish.

#### IV

I suppose I kept my rough draft of that letter, and I certainly have kept and treasured the answer to it, the first of many letters from my dear and honored friend the Marquis of Foronda.

But both are on the other side of the Atlantic now, and I can reproduce only from memory. I developed with painful accuracy the case of Aladdin's window. When Aladdin wished to give the greatest possible pleasure to his father-in-law — so I began; but a foreign language made my would-be gracefulness rather elephantine — 'on me,' as the Irish would say, with their excellent feeling for the ethical dative. I remember explaining, 'You, sir, must be Aladdin, and the public is in this case the father-in-law, and I' — here I found myself getting very much mixed as I proffered these few little inclosed gems to the detail of a jeweled pattern which even yet must be unfinished. I do not now remember how I managed to include myself in the compound father-in-law, but I do remember that I had no dictionary with me. I was traveling light, and I was supposed no longer to need a dictionary. At any rate, I know I ended with the reflection that, when the baffled sultan gave up the window, he had at least learned to appreciate the labor represented by the rest of the palace.

But where I flounder out of my depth in courtly tropes, a Spaniard glides serenely into port. The return letter addressed me by a combination of every title, French, English, and Spanish. 'Señora of my utmost admiration and respect. The Spanish language is universally acknowledged to be the richest since the Tower of Babel. Nevertheless, señora, it does not contain sufficient words to express my gratitude. What an honor for my poor book, — nay, what an honor for history, for Charles, and for Spain herself, — that ladies traveling in her borders should be moved to occupy themselves with such matters!' There followed a kind and cordial invitation to come to Madrid at the time when he was to enter the Academy of History.

I did not go to the Academy meeting. I think I was alarmed at the prospect of the honor-giving hand, *monstrante digito*, under circumstances which would make it impossible for me to protest that I knew the size of a grain of sand, and knew the difference between productive erudition and sheer good luck. But I forthwith decided again to make the audacious attempt to find something in the great Archives of Simancas where so many had looked before me; and on the way there, to travel for myself from village to village, over the road from Saragossa to Valladolid, and see for myself whether anything remained in church or town records. This I did, in the company of two thrilled Spanish companions. The three white elephants, we used to call ourselves, as we noted the surprise we left in our wake. And it profited us nothing at all. Never a trace remained, so far as I could see, of the passage of the Emperor Charles; although perhaps four centuries hence someone may come upon traces of the passage of the three elephants.

We had a very good time, and were very courteously entreated, except by a single snappy old blind priest, who informed us that no one short of a *grande de España* ought to be interested in the doings of Charles the Emperor. But the results for history were just exactly nothing at all — nothing externally, that is. Internally, I was revolving the question as never before, with the hope of taking it from some new angle.

And a new idea did come to me. The household accounts — expenses *de casa y boca* — have been a source of copious information, and if such royal accounts for 1538 had been extant, I believe that Foronda would not have experienced any difficulty. They are not to be found; but it occurred to me that there was a similar class of papers which had not been tried.

Some time before, when studying that very bundle in which I found the alarm-clock, I had noticed that couriers used to be paid by distance ridden, not by the time it took them to ride it. The bills used to state that they were sent from such a place to such a place, a distance of so many leagues, and they were then paid by the league. If this was true in 1538, and if Charles wrote to anybody about anything while on that journey; if, indeed, any of the secretaries accompanying him wrote any letters of importance, then, even though the letters themselves may have perished long ago, there is always the chance that the posting-bills are on file. Now I knew just where to call for such courier's accounts, although, indeed, anyone who has ventured on the vasty deep of archived papers feels like a Glendower calling for documents. Will they come? Would the postman's bills have gone where household bills go?

Reader, they had not gone! Perhaps because they were so totally uninteresting to anybody, there they were in duplicate, perfectly in order, absolutely easy to read. Heaven knows how long it was since anybody had opened that bundle, or 'book' as the inventories call it. A 'book' is distinguished by the simple and primitive binding process, which consists in punching a hole, putting a piece of string through it, and tying a looped knot. If you expect to be bound, you leave a little round blank spot in the upper left quarter of the page. If you fail to do this, a crescent cut is made, and the flap of each page is turned back. In years the round trap-door of course tears out, and little round bits of manuscript litter the shelves of every archive. Moreover, as the bundle is lifted by that string, of course it cuts through the paper in time. But so little had the couriers' books been touched that they were as if new.

And there — oh, triumph and delight! — I found exactly what I wanted. Charles's two principal secretaries, Los Cobos and Granvelle, were also crossing Spain, but farther to the north and slightly behind him, and from their three lines of route the couriers wove back and forth like shuttles, and then shot away for the courts of Hungary and Bohemia. Above all, Charles was sending forward to the Empress at Valladolid, to tell her of his progress, and the Empress was sending couriers to greet him on his way, and it was always a payment for bearing our royal letters from such a place to such a place, on such a date. The whole route was perfectly clear; nay, heaven vouchsafed me one final reward, for I actually found a paper at Simancas which had been overlooked. It was a secretary's rough draft of a letter, — what would be replaced to-day by a press copy or typewritten duplicate, — and because it was full of corrections and was a mere rough unsigned copy, and had, moreover, its date tucked into a corner, no one had bothered to read it through. But it was another letter to the Duke of Calabria, who was still troubled about those pirates; it was sent from Aranda de Duero, the last stage before Valladolid, and it mentioned that they had been making forced marches in order to make up for the time lost, and that (if it were God's will) they would enter Valladolid to-morrow, August 12. It was written on the 11th — the very day when I had felt so sure that the Empress was clearing her desk. Truly, it was like the answer that proves the sum. Aladdin's tower was finished, and his window framed and glazed.

And will the reader please notice that the point of this story lies in its utter pointlessness? Charles was not doing anything at all. There was no mystery. It was the merest chance that had

made those days recalcitrant; and if Foronda had published when he was only sixty, instead of waiting till he was seventy-five, his book would have served just as well for all historical purposes, but I should have missed one amusing episode of my life in Spain, and should have missed the friendship of the very most charming Spaniard whom I have known.

But what is the moral? Is it, 'Do your work thoroughly'? or is it, 'Scant your work sometimes'? Perhaps it is, 'Trust the public, and appeal to "Notes and Queries."' 'The thing that con-

cerns you not, meddle not with' — this is an excellent maxim, but it does n't seem to work out. 'Mind your own business' (*ma non troppo*), would be a good motto for my collection of staccato notes.

*Y así se escribe la historia* — thus is history written. The Spaniard uses this little catchword with a shrug, but in its literal sense it indicates whole romances of modern adventure, when Pentapolin *del arremangado brazo* — he of the rolled up sleeves — prepares to dig the dust enclosed in archive cupboards.

## IMPRESSIONS

BY WILLIAM McFEE

### I

THE villagers come walking down the road;  
 A funeral procession scuffles by;  
 The bearers bow bare heads beneath their load;  
 A woman scans my window on the sly.  
*On to the open grave! Grief is strange to me.*  
*I waste my years sailing along the sea.*

### II

I pass a neighbor's house in early morn;  
 The window silhouettes the doctor's head;  
 The tavern said some child was to be born,  
 And some old thing — bed-ridden years — was dead.  
*Up to the quiet room! Birth is nought to me.*  
*I waste my years sailing along the sea.*



## III

The old trees are falling one by one.

The sexton with his choleric blue eye .

And bushy beard — how his girls used to run

From me in the woods, pretending to be shy!

*They are married now, and have forgotten me.*

*I waste my years sailing along the sea.*

## IV

The old trees are falling. Parson's down,

Him with the long black cloak and humble gaze.

Making up poems with a gentle frown,

Walking alone in twilight, he had happy days.

*Now he walks with God. How does it fare with me?*

*I waste my years sailing along the sea.*

## V

The Squire, too. His sons are home from France,

Major and Captain. Now the place is theirs.

Out in the car all day, every night a dance.

They have seen death, and dodged. They are the heirs.

*Major and Captain. They think nought of me.*

*I waste my years sailing along the sea.*

## VI

Away to Brighton on a Friday night.

The train is full of Jews and men on leave,

Lusty and urgent, fortunate and bright,

With arrogant women whom nothing can bereave.

*They can enjoy their sins. But what of me?*

*I waste my years sailing along the sea.*

## IMPRESSIONS

## VII

The lamp-posts in the village street are dark;  
 A flapper titters sweetly as I pass.  
 She loves a uniform, the pictures, and a lark —  
 Something alive moves in the garden grass.  
*Something alive moves in the heart of me —*  
*I waste my years sailing along the sea.*

## VIII

Down in the valley where the stream in flood  
 Spreads round the choking growth of reeds and clay,  
 A soldier and a girl together stood.  
 She wore no ring. He kissed her fears away.  
*O virtue drear! No woman mourns for me.*  
*I waste my years sailing along the sea.*

## IX

Beneath the churchyard firs I stand alone:  
 'Dearly Beloved' — my father's name is dim,  
 The sides are burst. Green stains run down the stone.  
 'For those in peril' — that was carved for him.  
*O stanch old heart, who toiled so long for me!*  
*I waste my years sailing along the sea.*

MALTA, 1919.

## HIGH SCHOOLS AND CLASSICS

BY FREDERIC IRLAND

SOME gentlemen connected with one of Mr. Carnegie's firm foundations have been finding a good deal of fault with American schools. They have been saying the same things that Herbert Spencer and Thomas H. Huxley said sixty years ago, when school conditions were very different from what they are now. I am the father of children who will soon enter a high school, and so am interested in the question what they are to study there. Their time will be all too short. If some unpleasant ailment should take me prematurely from my enjoyable life, my children might be cheated of their chance to go to college. So they must make the most of the high school. But I am not a teacher, and Dr. Flexner says that I am not competent to judge what studies are best for my children; that all I may do is to ask why, why, why? Well, Dr. Flexner has said that my children must not study certain things. Let us see about it.

I live near a very large high school. It is an inspiring place. Often I look in upon it on my way to the office where I work. There is enthusiasm in the air of the breezy corridors, and sunshine in the pupils' faces. The building is an architectural joy. The assembly-hall will seat two thousand. A great gymnasium, a swimming-pool big enough to float a ship, lunch-rooms, a ten-minute dancing-class every noon, a biological laboratory, a chemical laboratory, an electrical department, a school of free-hand drawing, another of mechanical drawing, wood-working and

metal-working shops, a factory where halting stenographers and typists are produced, schools of domestic science, book-keeping, banking, commerce — these are some of the high-school activities of our town.

But there is a dark side to every picture. While a thousand just persons study pragmatics, another thousand misguided *pueri et puellæ* are so dead in trespasses and sins that they have studied forbidden things. As a famous monologist has told us, with the multiplied tongues of the gutta-percha record, the first six months in the high school these boys and girls studied, for forty minutes each day, 'I'm a beau, I'm a bass, I'm a bat.' Then they began to read a blood-and-thunder story by a man named Cæsar, about a country divided into three parts, of whom the bravest were the Belgians. That book has been said to be out of date. Perhaps. The next year they read some partisan speeches by an old lawyer called Cicero. Following that, they sang of arms and the man who had adventures on what is now spoken of as the Mediterranean littoral; finishing with the perishing odes of one who boasted that he had built himself a monument more durable than brass, and higher than the pyramids, which would not wet through or sag in its foundations; that not all of him would die, but that the most of him would live amid increasing praises as long as Senators ascended the steps of the Capitol accompanied by chatty girl-stenographers. Since printing was invented, there have

been more than seven hundred editions of his little book — a record that nearly equals some of our best-sellers, and is surely reason enough why it should now be suppressed.

But let us not overlook one thing. The instruction in our high school is carried on in a language of sinister lineage. Its genealogical tree grew straight enough in the forests of Central Europe; but about nine hundred years ago, as Norman Bob was riding home from hunting, he saw a young laundress with her skirts tucked up around her knees, and the water rippling about her white ankles. So the English language is as mixed as the family records of William the Conqueror. And strangely enough, when one thinks about intellectual and spiritual things, the words he must use are nearly all from Arletta's side of the family. Religion and politics, sociology and education, morality and government, science and progress, are all talked about in words that come *via* the left-hand branch. The battle of Hastings, and Domesday, certainly did things to the English language.

Dr. Eliot and Dr. Flexner and the Chairman of the Pineville School Board all agree that our sons and daughters must not study languages that have been dead more'n a thousand years. But even the Latin-haters admit that it is a good thing to be able to speak and write English. There are people who ridicule what they call 'specious glibness,' and 'meeting the verbalist in his own field,' but most men of any calibre agree that it is worth while to understand good books, to talk well, to have a large vocabulary. When the great Johns Hopkins University was dedicated, forty-one years ago, the star feature of the occasion was an address by Thomas H. Huxley, — surely no partisan of the classics, — in which he said: —

'Now, I have a very clear conviction as to what elementary education ought

to be; what it really may be when properly organized; and what I think it will be, before many years have passed over our heads, in England and America. Such education should enable an average boy of fifteen or sixteen to read and write his own language with ease and accuracy, and with a sense of literary excellence derived from the study of our classic writers; to have a general acquaintance with the history of his own country and with the great laws of social existence; to have acquired the rudiments of the physical and psychological sciences.'

Surely no one can quarrel with this, so far as it goes. Even those who revamp the arguments of half a century ago admit that it is a good thing to be able to read and write English in an intelligible way.

The average high-school graduate, who has studied no other language than English, cannot even understand literary English, much less use it. He does not know the meaning of the words, though they define themselves upon their faces to those who have a very little knowledge of the foundation tongues. I do not mean the nomenclature of botany and faunal naturalism and anatomy, of psychology and physical science, though these are easy to one who knows a little Greek. I mean ordinary words one floor above the street. I induced the teachers in our home high school to try their fourth-year pupils on some non-technical words. Those who had studied the Classics defined the words very well. The students of English pure and undefiled, who excelled even Shakespeare in that they knew no Latin and no Greek at all, presented papers so extraordinary as to be beyond belief without the documentary proof. The first one presented, written by an American-born boy who had studied English eleven years in school, contained the following amazing definitions: —

*Pomp* — a dancing slipper.  
*Genealogical* — gentle, kind.  
*Chronic* — a record.  
*Phosphorescent* — gaseous, bubbling.  
*Stamina* — an excuse.  
*Cynical* — circular.  
*Hypocrite* — one who talks religion continually.  
*Diaphanous* — strong-headed.  
*Hieroglyphic* — a hereditary gift.  
*Eugenics* — a study of etiquette.  
*Sycophant* — one-eyed.  
*Symposium* — sympathy in verse.  
*Phenomena* — reasons for not doing what should have been done.  
*Hierarchy* — hereditary rule.  
*Parable* — capable of being peeled.  
*Polynesia* — an island in the Indian-Ocean near Java.

As to six other words in a list of thirty-four in all, he had no views whatever. Thirteen he defined correctly.

This paper was not much worse than the others in English classes about to graduate from the high school. I wished to know if the pupils in other parts of the country knew as little about words they see every day. So the lists were multigraphed and sent to schools in widely separated parts of the United States. There is an amazing uniformity in the answers. Ten per cent of all American high-school pupils seventeen years old or over, when they see the word 'phenomena,' think of it as 'a disease of the lungs'; sixty per cent believe that the word means an unusual or miraculous happening; not one in a hundred recognizes it as in the plural number; and out of more than a thousand answers, not one defined it correctly — always excepting pupils who had studied Latin or Greek. The latter usually expressed themselves well, and understood the words.

Here are some of the definitions given in one small class by those pupils who had no knowledge of Latin; and I have more than twenty-five thousand just like them.

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*Arctic* —

High.

Anything which deals with coldness.

That part of the world which is covered with snow.

The arc around the North Pole.

The coldest region in the world.

An imaginary region on maps of the world, around both poles, for the aiding of navigation.

A large overshoe, worn over the regular shoe to keep out the cold.

A coast in Alaska.

The oldest part of the world.

Pertaining to a circle.

Of an arc form, that is, rounding in proportion.

Pertaining to a zone.

*Chronic* —

A malignant illness.

A disease.

Cranky.

Sudden or sporadic.

Growlsome or quarrelsome.

A skeptic.

Severe, acute.

A chronic person is a grouchy person.

Some kind of a disease.

Inherited.

Quick.

Long-lived.

Pertaining to the year.

Relating to the throat.

Pertaining to lungs.

Pertaining to the muscles, or muscular development.

*Cryptographic* —

A newly invented machine similar to a typewriter, but only has numbers, used for printing checks and bills.

Of a plain type, having no fancy curvatures or blandishments.

Pertaining to crypt.

A part of mathematics.

Relating to a phonograph.

Photographic.

Tomb-like.

*Cynical* —

Pertaining to the centre.

One who does not believe.

Pertaining to a moneyed man.

Conical.



Associated.  
 Round in form.  
 Relating to a cone.  
 Long and round.  
 Sometimes applied to geometry.  
 Smiling.

*Diabolical —*

Something offensive to one's five senses.  
 Pertaining to or like a certain thing.  
 Two-sided.  
 Pertaining to the Bible.  
 Foolish.  
 Standing for something.  
 Extraordinary.  
 Practically the same.  
 Having two aims.  
 Chief.  
 Insane.

*Doxology —*

A doctrine.  
 A science.  
 'Nearer My God to Thee.'  
 Part of the Methodist hymnal.  
 Creed.  
 The end.

*Diaphanous —*

Having to do with the diaphragm.  
 Voluminous.  
 Two-sided.  
 Shimmering.  
 Immaterial.  
 A new disease.  
 Slim, slender, snaky.

*Dynamo —*

A high explosive.  
 A shape.  
 An explosive powder.  
 Substance used for artificial electricity.  
 A number of electrons.  
 Anything full of life and action.  
 Mechanical instrument.  
 A great calamity or uprising, favorable or not.  
 A powder used in blasting.  
 Something powerful.

*Dynasty —*

Province ruled by a king.  
 Applied to kingdoms where hard rule is used, or sometimes in business where the rules are very sharp.  
 Destiny.

A ruler and his assistants.  
 A small kingdom.  
 God.  
 A large empire — usually alluded to when reading of olden times.  
 A principality.  
 An office in something.  
 Division of time.  
 Certain divisions in a country.  
 Referring to a person's character and ability.  
 Ten years.  
 A political organization.  
 Confusion in government.

*Episcopalian —*

A form of church half-way between Catholic and Protestant.  
 A branch of the Holy Catholic Church.  
 A member of the Episcopal Church.

(Not one paper in a thousand gives an intelligent definition of this word.)

*Eugenics —*

The cleanliness of anything.  
 A study taught in schools.  
 The study of mathematical works.  
 Genius.  
 One who is skilled.  
 A term used in psychology.  
 A study of food composition.  
 By a certain code.  
 Having to do with everyday work and life.

*Eulogize —*

To theorize.  
 To speak on a certain subject.  
 To preach.  
 To scorn a person.  
 To analyze a word as to its origin.  
 To express thoughts.  
 Criticize.  
 To make use of anything.  
 To tell the duration of anything.  
 To speak at length, usually of one's self.  
 To forgive.  
 To turn.  
 To make philosophical comments.

*Genealogical —*

The science or study of minerals.  
 Dealing with the formation of the earth.  
 Study of the body.

A person who is always speaking of what would happen under certain circumstances.

Familiarity or friendly.

Having to do with the surface of the earth.

In a general manner.

Pertaining to everything in general.

Pertaining to the beginning of time.

Relating to geography.

Almost impossible without the help of some extraordinary power.

To be genial or pleasant.

#### *Genesis* —

A person who knows in peculiar every point in one certain study, then he is a genesis in that study.

A wonder in art, music, etc.

Sort of turning point.

Brilliant, extraordinary person.

A chapter in the Bible.

Wondering.

Exception and an extraordinary character.

A person very skilled in some profession.

#### *Hierarchy* —

Hear-say.

A government ruled strictly by four persons.

A body of angels.

A double government; two kings who rule over a country.

Stars or moon, etc.

Government run by the heirs of one family.

The division of a dead person's property among his heirs.

A government controlled by one man.

Inherited kingdom.

An arch used for the hair.

Government by a few.

#### *Hypocrite* —

One who is hyped on any subject.

A person who always finds fault.

One who does not believe in the Bible.

A person who believes in God but does not care what he does.

A crazy person.

A selfish person.

A form of socialist.

One who is extreme in his religious views.

A many-sided man.

#### *Idiom* —

A chemical.

A false saying.

An example.

A point of view.

A fact to prove the truth.

Anything that may be substituted for something else.

#### *Iridescent* —

Not clear.

The power to be seen through.

Not respectful.

Dry.

Reborn.

Excitable, bad-tempered.

Not decent.

Not erasible.

A crescent turned away.

Kind of electric light.

You say an iridescent manner.

Not very respectable.

#### *Narcotic* —

An intoxicant such as alcohol.

Pertaining to narcotics.

A chemical solution.

A disinfectant.

Nourishable.

A stimulant used when a person is hurt.

#### *Paregoric* —

An act or story which teaches a moral.

Equally balanced.

Antiseptic.

Sick.

A poisonous acid.

Equal.

#### *Phenomena* —

A sickness which attacks the organs of breathing, stopping up the lung.

A heavenly body, star or moon.

Something seldom seen.

A sudden happening.

A delusion.

An illness like a bad cold, but more fatal.

Appearances contrary to nature.

Something inexplicable.

A genius.

Miracles.

A symptom.

Thing to take the place of something.

A sickness.

Unusual occurrence having uncanny appearance.

Extraordinary person.  
 An illness caused by a cold on the lungs.  
 A belief.  
 A disease which destroys the lungs.  
 A likeness of a face.  
 A biological term.  
 A warning of something which is to take place.  
 Something inanimate.  
 A vision.  
 Something beyond human comprehension.

*Polynesia* —

A disease.  
 A language used by the black race in olden times.  
 A country in Asia.  
 An island off the coast of Asia Minor.  
 A character in the movies.  
 Grecian peninsula.  
 Many-sided instrument.  
 A territory.

*Pomp* —

A way of wearing the hair.  
 A slipper used in dancing.  
 Cheerfulness.  
 New style of hair-dressing.  
 Affectiveness.  
 Directness.  
 A dignified person.

*Pseudonym* —

Something imaginary.  
 One word that can be used for another without change of meaning.  
 A biological term.  
 A kind of acid.  
 Unpolished literary expression.

*Sarcophagus* —

Part of the human body; also some animals has it.  
 An Egyptian bug.  
 A beetle.  
 An Egyptian seal.  
 A sarcastic person.  
 The throat.

*Semaphore* —

Meaning something before.  
 Something like a megaphone.  
 A horn for throwing the voice.  
 A musical figure.  
 An illustration, like something else.

*Stamina* —

A person who is critical.  
 Still, not moving; lazy, not industrial.

A part of a flower.  
 A blot on one's name.  
 An inducement.  
 A formed habit.  
 The central part of a flower.  
 Manner of speaking.  
 A disease of the eye.  
 Muddy water.  
 Energy.  
 The reproductive part of a plant.

*Sycophant* —

One who is always dancing.  
 A melody.  
 A fool or cynic.

*Sympathy* —

The imparture of self-feeling.  
 The power to feel your own sorrows or that of other people.  
 The expression, whether conveyed vocally or mentally, of the synchronous workings of the souls, minds and hearts of people.  
 A feeling of regret.

*Technical* —

Pertaining to technicalities, or the minute components of an article.  
 The art of well-fingering a composition in music.  
 A foul in basket-ball for running with the ball, or a double dribble.  
 Deep thort of anything.  
 A study of mathematics at a very high degree.  
 Technic in music means touch; technical the thought of others.  
 To go into particulars.  
 Pertaining to hand labor.  
 Dealing with everyday life.  
 Simple.  
 True meaning.  
 A mechanical point of view.  
 A small but important part.

Any teacher in any high school who wishes to try the experiment can get similar results. A little Latin and Greek gives a correct understanding of English. That is why the recent great increase in the number of Latin pupils in the high and grade schools of the United States is encouraging for the future of the English language.

If the classphobiacs want to know 'why, why, why' some of us believe the few hours spent in the study of foundations may be useful in the development of linguistic architecture, let them try any exclusively English class in any school, on a list of words derived from Latin or Greek, and compare the answers with those given by students of Cicero and Horace and Homer. They may mourn the fact that, as Freeman says, 'the tongue in which men sang the deeds of Beowulf while Englishmen

still dwelled in their old home — the tongue of Cædmon and Ælfred — has forever become the spoil of the enemy.' Some people do not bewail that fact, but think we are trebly fortunate in having the richest, the most flexible, the indivisible mixture of the best and most durable words ever coined by the human imagination. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but words shall not pass away; and the only easy way to learn their meaning is to study the roots from which they have sprung.

## THE VACATION OF CHARLIE FRENCH

BY HEARTY EARL BROWN

THE fall Doc' Burger had his shock Green Valley went without dental attention. For years the little dark waiting-room had been a kind of purgatory, and all Green Valley had had a nervous hand in pulling to pieces the one ancient willow chair which graced it, while they waited for the old doc' to finish his game of solitaire back in the office. Stop in the middle of his game he never did, not for the angriest molar or the most abusive tongue. He said a little solitaire steadied his hand; and true it was that, once his patient was clamped in the faded red-plush chair and choked with a vast expanse of rubber, the old doc' fell to with a kind of fierce glee, and dug, and drilled, and hammered as if he never would have done, paying no more attention to his wriggling victim than to the purring of his great Maltese cat.

But the old man's days of service had come to a sudden end, and the fact that Green Valley bore him no malice for

those racking hours was proved by the long line of slow-moving surreys which followed him to the cemetery.

After that, Green Valley elders went down to the city, if need was pressing; and Green Valley children were guilefully tied by their loosened members to a door which slammed shut, taking with it their cherished teeth, while they stood amazedly looking after. It was a species of parental deceit which got noised abroad after a time, however, and then there were no more takers. All in all, it was a makeshift time, and Green Valley heard with satisfaction that Charlie French was going to move down and set up in Doc' Burger's office.

Charlie French had been a Green Valley boy not so many years before but that middle-aged citizens remembered plucking him out of their apple trees; but he had done well in the city, which partially removed the curse of youth and undue familiarity. Green

Valley did not know where he had found his red-headed wife, but the impression was general that she, like all the other strange women their sons had married, had been some sort of stenographer and quite lacking a conventional family background.

It was in the spring that the family moved into a suite of rooms over Norton's hardware store on the main street, where, Mrs. French said, they could at least hear the 'bus going down to the train, and see the traveling men smoking on the Commercial House porch across the street.

Abbie Barnes and Isa Rann went to call at once, tiptoeing up the narrow dark stairs with their best silk dresses carefully hoisted, and knocking doubtfully at the half-open door. It was a startling call, beginning with the half-dressed little girl with the mop of red hair flaming aureole fashion about her face, who led them, chattering very fast, into a small room crowded with furniture, gilt chairs jostling heavy oak tables, which, in their turn, bumped into a large mahogany piano which seemed to fill half the room. Miss Abbie and Isa Rann removed a dish of fudge from a gay pink divan shaped like an S, and sat down looking at one another.

Over the piano hung a large copy of Taylor's Home-Keeping Hearts are Happiest, and Miss Isa pointed to it. 'I always did admire that picture,' she observed charitably.

'Humph!' said Miss Abbie.

Then Mrs. French came in. 'And if she did n't have a lavender chiffon dressing-jacket over her petticoat, and *that* at three o'clock in the afternoon!' Miss Abbie commented caustically afterward. At three o'clock, it is needless to say, all proper Green Valley women were neatly frizzed and buttoned, and sitting down to their crocheting in peace and quiet.

With her advent the ordinary stream-

let of talk became a wild mill-race, whirling the bewildered ladies past conversational timber at which they could only gasp. Wild strictures upon this dead little old town, which she *loathed*, ended in the same sentence with eulogies of the dear darling people inhabiting it. Gloomy references to marital unhappiness were mixed with apostrophes to her dear sweet little old Charlie, slaving his life away. And topics pursued only by Green Valley intimates, by candlelight, and then in the most cautious seclusion, were brought merrily forward into the light of day while a knowing-eyed little girl listened ob-servantly from a corner.

Her visitors became so confused that they entirely forgot the object of their call, which had been to invite Charlie French's wife to a lawn party in honor of Mary Sellers; and they had to send a little boy back with a note. 'Tickled to death to come,' Mrs. French scribbled back on lavender-bordered paper. 'If you do this often, you'll keep Charlie from being a widower.'

The little groups buzzing gayly away under the maple trees in Isa Rann's front yard a few days later grew frankly quiet as they caught sight of the new-comer swinging her purple umbrella far down the shady walk. Mary Sellers — who was now Mary Sellers Yeats, since she had married a rich Westerner after a violent courting which had left Green Valley gasping — grew pink with interest and put down her ice-cream saucer nervously. 'She doesn't *look* so queer,' she whispered to Abbie Barnes.

'You just wait,' Miss Abbie returned grimly.

A dozen pairs of eyes took mental note of the large black hat tilted over carefully marceled auburn locks, and the thin white dress cut to show plump shoulders. Then Mrs. French bore down on them, smiling. It was plain that Mary Sellers was the object of her



liveliest curiosity. 'Some people have all the luck,' she bemoaned herself, shaking Mary's hand and staring incredulously at the small quiet figure. 'I tell Charlie if I'd had a chance at money, why true love and a garret like ours would n't have had a chance.' Her high voice carried, and everyone edged nearer. 'Are n't you all proud of her?' she turned on them suddenly. 'You ought to be. Though I'll bet all you old maids are jealous,' she added, shaking her parasol gayly at Ella Flagg and Isa Rann who stood near. 'It's all right to pretend you like the single state,' she went on, 'but we know better. We know where the shoe pinches, don't we?' turning to Mary, who stood helpless, blushing to her hair.

'Have some ice-cream,' interrupted Abbie Barnes, roughly shoving a mound of vivid pink at her, and following with an immense plate of heavily iced cakes.

Supper-tables that night oozed excited comment. 'She was downright insulting,' more than one woman protested to her husband. 'Just as if Abbie and Isa and the others could n't have had their pick of a dozen men!' they insisted loyally.

The men laughed and vowed they would like to see the woman who could put it over Abbie Barnes, like that — Abbie, whose ready tongue was respected wherever it was known.

As the weeks passed, Charlie French's business prospered. The little office had been overhauled and painted white, and many bright steel instruments gleamed in neat rows from his new glass case. Green Valley could hardly accustom itself to the immaculate white jackets he wore, and the painstaking way in which he scrubbed his long thin delicate hands. His gentle manner contrasted surprisingly with the old doc's sharpness, and his low kind voice was of a quality to brace a whimpering child. He was devoted to his work, too, they

said, and his office light burned late many a warm night. But in spite of a growing business Charlie French's bank account remained always in an embryonic state, for Mrs. French drew out as fast as her husband could put in, at least, according to reports from the Green Valley State Bank. Skeptical anti-feminists smiled wisely and hinted that that was all you could expect when you were fool enough to let a woman draw her own checks. Indeed, the Woman's Suffrage League felt that Mrs. French was seriously injuring their cause.

A warm friendship sprang up between French and his second cousin, Nathan Flagg, so that it became no uncommon sight to see the dentist, slim and professional-looking in his gray suit and crisp straw hat, perched on the high wagon seat beside Nathan's stooped figure, driving over to salt the sheep on the west eighty. Behind them the church bells rang a chiming protest, and Sunday-shirted farmers in freshly washed buggies called jocose warning that they were headed the wrong way for church. There was a pleasant half hour when Charlie French was given the reins, and Nathan, with his bag of salt, strayed far out in the green pasture. Only the baa-ing sheep, crowding their master at the far edge by the stone fence, broke the Sabbath silence which hung like a benediction over the half-ploughed meadow and the ripening yellow fields beyond; and the far-off lazy progress of the flock and the occasional swoop of a hawk across the blue was all there was of movement. Driving back in the brooding warm sunshine, there were long silences broken by the briefest speeches.

'Women are queer,' said Charlie French one day.

'Yes,' responded Nathan, heartily, thinking of Mary Sellers, whom he had always thought to marry, before she

took an unfair advantage and became engaged to a stranger, 'they are.'

'But they're all we've got,' continued Charlie French; and Nathan again said, 'Yes.'

That fall the Green Valley *Herald* announced that Miss Eugenia French, who had had the benefit of the best instruction in 'vocal,' and æsthetic dancing, would direct a children's cantata to be given shortly in Barnes's Opera House, herself taking a leading rôle. Eugenia's mother corralled all the children in town between the ages of six and twelve, and for days after practice began they could be seen far down the street as they came from school, dipping grandly to right and left, clapping impassioned chubby fingers to their hearts, which in many cases proved to be on the wrong side, and waving a dramatic pencil in time to an unheard rhythm. Mothers complained that their children were too tired to sleep and too excited to eat, and the tide of popular opinion set in strong again, against Charlie French's wife. She and Eugenia buttonholed every man on the street, proffering pink tickets at twenty-five cents, and few had strength to resist.

'I just tell Charlie to skip along to the hotel for his meals,' she remarked airily, when Nellie Snyder said she had no time to make the cheesecloth robes for her two girls. 'I haven't time for meals now. Goodness, what do men think we're for? Not to slave over a hot stove for *them*. Charlie knows better,' she ended, with a toss of her head. 'I believe in the new woman, and he has to, too.'

September proved very warm, and the rooms over Norton's hardware store, in their dusty disorder, were particularly close. Charlie French's blond paleness seemed more pronounced, and he stooped over the bicycle bars as he rode back to the office, after a noisy meal in the mosquito-draped dining-

room of the Commercial House. But he made no protest, not even when he heard that Eugenia had been taken out of school until the performance should be over.

Barnes's Opera House was full the night of Eugenia's cantata. Her mother, in a lace dress with a drooping aigrette in her hair, flew wildly back and forth, from stage to audience, and from audience to stage. 'Your Bella is a dream, the way I've fixed her hair,' she would drop in a loud whisper, as she flew past some uneasy parent. The June-bugs from the opened windows whirled noisily about the great lamps, and now and then fell heavily on some woman's hair, while the band tuned their instruments and then tuned them again.

Meanwhile, the crowd looked for Charlie French, who had not appeared. 'He hates this fol-de-rol,' Nathan Flagg whispered to his sister. 'I know.'

At last the performance began, with a circle of children dressed in green, who were elves, and progressed to other children in rose, who sang loudly and long, and ended with children in yellow, who were twinkling stars on a background of black cambric.

In the midst of all moved Eugenia, who was the Sun, in an abbreviated orange costume, her fiery hair twisted into a Grecian knot. She ran, she leaped, she whirled wildly, she curved her bare arms to embrace the audience, she flung them scornfully from her, at intervals she sang breathlessly. At length the curtain came down on a cascade of pirouettes and kicks. Then the audience swarmed out of the stuffy room into the cool darkness. 'The fool-killers ain't all dead yet!' one old citizen grumbled to the crowd.

The next morning, just as Miss Abbie was finishing her sliced peaches and cream, and starting in on hot muffins and coffee, Ella Flagg came hurrying in without stopping to knock.

'Abbie,' she said, 'Charlie French is gone!'

Miss Abbie jumped. 'Gone! Not dead, Ella?'

'No — not — well, we don't know. May be. But he's gone, anyway. She telephoned Nathan early this morning. He never came home last night. They can't remember when they saw him last — probably not since morning yesterday.'

She sat down and began fanning herself nervously with a great palm-leaf fan.

'When's the last *anybody* saw him?' Miss Abbie asked practically.

'Well, we don't know. Old Jeb Norton thinks he saw him riding by to the office yesterday morning, but he can't be sure but what 't was the day before. Is n't it awful, Abbie? *She's* about distracted.'

'About what she deserves,' Miss Abbie disagreed. She had never forgiven the episode of the lawn party.

'I've got to go to see her — Charlie being a sort of cousin,' Ella went on, getting up; 'but I hate to so! She'll cry all over me.'

Miss Abbie followed her friend to the street, where little knots of people were already congregating. 'His wheel's gone,' one of them vouchsafed. 'And he was n't to the hotel to dinner yesterday noon,' put in another woman, hurrying up. Isa Rann began to cry, the slow tears trickling down her large, heavy cheeks. 'He was so good and kind,' she choked, 'and never hurt any more than he just had to.'

All day Charlie French's wife moaned hysterically on the pink divan, clutching at any friend who was handy; while Eugenia, scared and white, roamed about the little rooms, and ran nervously to the door whenever a sound was heard. Mrs. French had firmly and positively adopted the theory that her husband was dead. 'Only death could

keep him from me this long,' she sobbed. 'He was always a home body. Just see that.' And she pointed to the picture over the piano. 'He gave it to me on our wedding-day, and I chose the frame to match the chairs,' she moaned.

'It's real pretty,' Ella Flagg agreed honestly.

By night they were all speaking of Charlie in the past tense, with a grave impersonal kindness, rehearsing little anecdotes of his boyhood, and describing with hushed awe the last time they had laid eyes on him. A dozen men, under the direction of Nathan Flagg, started out with ropes and grappling-irons to drag the little lake, the only body of water near the town. The crescent moon came up and found them still working, pale but determined. 'I think he's here, all right,' Nathan Flagg said grimly. 'It's what I'd a' done myself if I'd got *her*.'

Careful search of Charlie French's office next day revealed a memorandum of personal property, and affixed to it the address of a dealer in second-hand office furniture. His little red account-book was carefully balanced up to date, and there was a slip with a small list of Green Valley citizens owing bills. There was also a certificate for some shares of stock, made out to his wife. Then the bank came forward with the statement that Charlie French had drawn twenty dollars the morning of the cantata. No one had seen him after that.

When these points were communicated to Mrs. French, she threw up her hands, and with one hysterical leap jumped to another settled conviction. 'He's deserted me for another woman!' she screamed, running her fingers through her uncombed hair until it stood out in wildest disarray. 'He's left me and his helpless child for another woman, and we without a cent. Men are brutes, brutes, brutes!' Her shrill voice ended in a scream.

Green Valley, though unconvinced, was mightily shocked. Business was practically at a standstill, and the conscientious farmer who went forth to distant fields each morning returned to civilization, asking, 'Any news of French?' People's walks took them strangely often past the old office, whose tightly closed door seemed to defy the curious glance; and children shivered, and looked behind when they ran home after dark.

'Do you suppose he's run off with another woman?' Isa Rann asked for the twentieth time in hushed tones, putting down her hemming and looking beseechingly at Miss Abbie.

'No, I don't, if you want the truth. Though we'll never know. There ain't a particle of evidence for or against.'

'Mrs. French found that lock of brown hair in his desk,' Isa Rann persevered with pathetic zeal.

'And it looks just like his dead sister's to me,' Miss Abbie interposed decisively. 'But if he has, I can't say I blame him.'

'Why-y-y, Abbie! You're as bad as that free-love woman.'

'Rot!' Miss Abbie bit off the exclamation sharply. 'But I think too much of Charlie French's good sense to accuse him of running to another woman after her. It's peace and quiet he's wanting.'

It was the general opinion in Green Valley. After a week the intensest excitement died out, although Mrs. French still babbled to the gentlemen of the press who came in numbers to Green Valley from the city. She said they were the most sympathetic friends she had. It was settled that Charlie French had cleared out, and scarcely

a tongue in Green Valley wagged in censure. 'Of course, we've got to look after her and the girl,' the men said, talking about things at the post-office. 'We'll all have to chip in.'

And then he came back. Jeb Norton saw him riding his wheel up to the store one early morning, and grew white under his old tan, as if he had seen a ghost.

'You — you — got back, Charlie?' the old man quavered.

'Yes, I got back, Uncle Jeb,' French returned quietly.

'Had a little vacation?' he persevered.

'Yes, a little vacation.'

The traveler was obviously tired and very dusty, and his face seemed thin, but his eyes wore a curious and baffling expression which Jeb Norton could not fathom. Then he vanished up the wooden stairway to his rooms.

That was all. The office-door stood open at the usual time, and the business of filling and pulling and polishing the teeth of Green Valley went on as usual. Green Valley knew no more, nor — it was suspected — did his family, although Mrs. French was accustomed thereafter to refer jocosely to the time Charlie tried to make a grass widow out of her.

There were the same silent Sunday morning rides with Nathan Flagg, down country roads, soft now with fallen yellow leaves, and bordered with outlying clumps of goldenrod.

'Funny how the year goes right on,' said Nathan one brisk cold morning. 'Can't nothing stop it — can't stop itself.'

'No funnier than the way we go right on,' said Charlie French.

# MAINTAINING ORDER IN A RUSSIAN VILLAGE

BY JOHN RICKMAN

Soon after my appointment as Resident at a county hospital in the district of Buzuluk in the government of Samara, I was honored by a visit from the chief of police of the neighborhood. He was very polite, and offered to assist me so far as he was able. If I got into trouble with the peasants, I had merely to call on the constables and everything would be put right. I was told that the police had genuine Tashkent horses worth six hundred roubles, and if I cared for riding he was sure everything could be arranged. Finally, he mentioned that his daughter was dying of heart-disease and would I see her?

During the frequent visits that that disease involved, I became acquainted with the family, and found the report true that the chief of police was as kindhearted as any man in the province. The peasants respected him and no one had a bad word for him. His usual price was three roubles, but any work which he did for the people involving extensive silence called for a higher rate. People said that they respected the way in which he took the money — he was friendly, easy, and gave confidence without 'stooping to the people' or lowering himself in any way.

One day the village postman burst into the out-patients' department with a notice. He said, with a meaning smile, that he had n't time to discuss it then, but there would be plenty of time later. It was an official manifesto from Nicholas the Second; with it, a circular that began, 'At last. It has happened!' and

went on to encourage the people by telling them that liberty lay in their hands, and that, if they used self-restraint, they would enjoy the privileges they had so long coveted.

I nailed the notice up on the wall, and proceeded with the work. The peasants came into the consulting-room beaming with delight. 'Well, so he's gone, just think of that! and he has been our Tsar for God knows how many years, and when he leaves us everything is the same as ever. I suppose he will go to manage his estates somewhere; he always liked farming' — and so on. Only an old woman cried, 'Poor man! he never did anyone any harm; why did they put him away?'

She was interrupted: 'Shut thy mouth, thou old fool! They are n't going to kill him; he's run away, that's all.'

'Oh, but he was our Tsar, and now we have *no one!*'

In the village street I met the chief of police; he forced a grim smile and said, 'Now I'm unemployed. Look at this.' And he slapped his left hip, 'Unarmed! And I, chief of police, this morning gave up my sword to a woman! In *Russia!*'

He turned, and we walked down the street to the square; but he would not go into the village Council-Room, as he still felt a little bit ridiculous in the presence of that woman. The person in question was a schoolteacher from a neighboring village who, because of her executive ability and public service in the past, had been chosen to fill the



post of Keeper of Public Order for the time being.

Several weeks passed without anything of note happening, till the time drew near for a local horse-fair which attracted thousands of people from outlying districts. In the Old Régime, this had always been a time of anxiety for the police, so we were anxious to see how the schoolmistress would cope with the situation. Going out to the fair, I noticed twelve old men, gray-beards, walking with long staves very like a Greek chorus, each wearing an armlet of white linen. I went up to one and asked him who they were.

He said, 'We are the militia. It is my first day out and I feel a bit foolish, but it will be all right in an hour or two when I get to talking with some of the people.'

I asked what his duties were.

'God knows. I'll just do what they all do.'

This militia was in force for several months. One or two old men, when appointed by their village councils to the duty, wrote to me asking for medical certificates that they were too old and feeble. The matter became so pressing that I paid a special visit to one village council to inquire what I had better do. The elders said that my sole criterion was to be real physical disease; they told me that they specially selected old men because they had tact and judgment and were of all people least likely to antagonize a young man if he was drunk or disorderly; they said that no one would dream of knocking down an old gray-beard, whereas, if they appointed a young man as militiaman, there would be trouble all the time. 'We don't need to be kept in order, we only need to be reminded.'

The deserting soldiers contributed with several other causes to produce a new militia. In my district I was told so many times that I should be shot if

I did not give certificates of exemption from army service, that I wrote to headquarters requesting that a military tribunal should settle the cases in the villages. The threatenings in Russia are as a rule much more serious than the shootings. After a few weeks such a tribunal was instituted, and a military militia came into the district. In the middle of the summer several men in our village took exception to me because I was a friend of the ex-policeman, and must therefore be a counter-revolutionary. I received 'warnings,' and anonymous notes telling me of my danger were slipped under my door in the early hours of the morning, one written by the daughter of the would-be murderer.

Of course, nothing happened. The friends of my critic told the military militia of the danger I was in, in order to get the militia to take sides and so divide the village sentiments. But the militia said that it was 'all nonsense,' and that the whole affair would blow over. About a week later the would-be murderer was admitted to the hospital for scalp-wounds because he had told the villagers that they were not revolutionary enough. Perhaps he was the first Bolshevik we had in our village. Everyone was sorry for him — they said he was a bit 'cracked.'

The militia went away in the fall, and the village elected constables of their own. Not old men this time, but middle-aged men who were serving on the council. On one occasion it was discovered that four men whom the village trusted had been robbing the public coffers. An enraged people, on hearing their confession, led them out into the public square and clubbed them to death. Next day they were buried at the public expense, and their families pensioned.

Some months after this, just before the snow melted, I was driving through the street, when a man who was drunk,

a rare condition at that time, clutched at the collar of my coat and told me that he had a headache and wanted immediate treatment. My driver said, 'Come on, *barin*, he is drunk; shake him off.' So we got away from him. Outside the village boundary we stopped, and the driver said in a solemn way, 'You will please remember, *barin*, that he does not live in our village, he is not one of us.' I promised to remember.

About a month later, a man came to the out-patient department and sat down, not able apparently to speak for some time. Then he said, 'Do you not recognize me?' 'No.' 'I am the man who insulted you.' 'When?' 'That night, that terrible night; and I want to apologize, and here's a letter.' The letter was a request from his village elders that, if I received his apology, I would please be good enough to write an acknowledgment of it to them. I gave the man a document: 'With this I certify that I am not aware that I have been insulted by —.' He was so grateful that I felt ashamed, as I if had committed some sin and had been discovered by a child.

Later, I went to his village elders to ask the meaning of their letter, and they told me the whole story. My driver had gone to them and told them of what one of their villagers had done. They regarded the matter as serious, affecting their honor, and agreed that action must be taken. So they waited a week and lived with the man as before; and when occasion arose, told him that he had not treated me in a brotherly way, that rough language and rough handling were not proper treatment for a man who had done no harm, and

that he ought to apologize. One day he saw this and agreed to come and apologize. 'Yes,' he said, 'I was wrong, I will go to apologize *now*.' 'No,' they replied, 'wait till we give you a letter, you must take our letter.'

I asked the elders why they waited about two weeks before they gave the man the letter. They replied, 'If a man in the heat of feeling goes to you and apologizes, it is good; but we wished to know if his heart was true. So we waited day after day, and we lived with him and saw him all day. And we saw that his heart was changed and he was cleansed. Then we knew that he could have the letter.'

Under the latter days of the Bolsheviks, a few of the Red Army were put in charge in the villages — poor frightened boys, armed and set against the trained fighters of the allied Czechs and Cossacks. When the writer left, the village was patrolled by Cossacks, and the villagers lived in terror. I asked the people why they were frightened and they said, 'Because they are Cossacks and we know them.'

When working for order in Russia, there are two opposing agents between which we must choose: the force of the police and Cossacks, and the influence of the village elders. A peasant said to me, explaining the police, 'When a Russian is armed by the government he is made into a brute. We do not use force in our villages because it stands between men; our way brings them together.' And judging from my own experience, the period when gray-beards were clothed in authority was the period of greatest security and of fullest development of political and domestic life.

# VICTORY IN OLIVE-GRAY

BY RUTH MURRAY UNDERHILL

ROME, *March 3.*

THE boys are coming home now, are n't they? It brings my heart to my throat to think of a long street flying the red, white, and blue, and marching ranks of khaki. But our men came home too, the other day, on the first day of spring, under sunshine and yellow mimosa blossoms, marching through the Gate of the People into the city of Rome.

That was a regal kindness that the sun and winds showed to Italy. They had withdrawn their kindnesses often enough when the rocks below Grappa thrust up their heads, month after month, into stinging clouds of unceasing snow. The men lived through it, those who could; and, mercifully, when other countries are still in the last cold stretches of winter, they march home on the first day of warm, real spring.

I had forgotten what it was to have spring without war; we had all forgotten. As natural as breathing had become that reaction when we at home were warm or rested or content. 'Yes — but what must it be in the trenches!' Is it true there are no trenches? When we are warm, our men are warm. When we see the flowers, they see them, too. It was on the first day of spring that Italy remembered it was true.

That was a royal home-coming. That was a home-coming such as a young boy, before ever he goes to war, must dream of. A home-coming of dreams should be to a land of sunshine; to a city of stately old palaces where velvets and tapestries hang from the windows;

where the violets and the hyacinths and the almond blossoms grow so thick that they shower like hail on the heads of conquerors. And it should be a city which knows how to be happy, which throws off sorrow like sleep on the first day of spring and the last of Carnival.

The placards were up for days during the last week of Carnival, signed by the Prefect of Rome and couched in stately chanting language.

'Citizens — Romans — a day of triumph — our heroes, eternally glorious!'

So Rome made holiday. A holiday in America means activity; in Rome it means quiet. It means that, hours before the parade, we step out on our balconies, not to secure the best places, but to enjoy the warm air. Almost everyone in Rome has a balcony — or a roof. It gives us an aerial city, diversified and beautiful, where we live during the months of summer. There are tiled roofs, like shelving brown barnacles; domes, topped with crosses; and the flat little hidden roofs that look out every which-way, over street and court and walled garden. And against the far sky, all opal blue, there is the biggest roof of all, St. Peter's dome, like an immense new hemisphere — blue water, unroughened by land.

On the roofs we stroll and look kindly into our neighbor's windows. He leaves open to view, on this friendly day, his floor of octagonal tiles; his portraits with the carved gold frames like wreathing tentacles; his crystal candlesticks and his leather chairs topped with gold coronets. Our neighbor's portières are

not in place to-day. They are, of course, of flowered crimson satin: no Roman house would be without them. And, like a loyal citizen, he has unhooked them from the draughty doorways and draped them every one from the house-windows, where his black-eyed children and his round-cheeked maids are leaning in a breathless row.

The mimosas are in flower in all the courts and gardens to-day, and the almond trees, branches like straight rods incrustated with pink blossoms. Our balconies are piled with them, and with tulips and myrtle and daffodils and roses. Spring without war!

'They will not get through down there,' tranquilly comments Clementina, the old Roman servant leaning by my side. For down there in the Corso, a street the width of a hall bedroom, the people are packed from wall to wall.

'Oh,' says Tonino the porter, on my other side, 'the soldiers will not be in a hurry.'

Not to-day. It is their day of triumph.

Up at the Place of the People, just beyond our balcony, there is a great shining emptiness. The carabineers, in long capes and black cocked hats, guard it in an immense solemn ring: officers sit waiting on horseback. It is the time. Clementina digs my ribs because I shall not see Italian soldiers as well as she.

'They come!'

Outside the Gate of the People there is a color like a rainstorm seen sheeting down over distant hills before its first drops touch us. Outside the Gate of the People there is, marking time, an endless column of men in olive-gray.

They come across the open place like the first thin gray streaks of rain, separating and gliding on. We lean over the balconies, but we do not shout. Can anyone, at the first glimpse of home-coming soldiers? Down there in the distance, with the silent breathless

houses all around them, they advance like shadow men. Lean, close-clad, tight-belted, all in rain-colored gray, they walk with strides which, seen from above, look like the hurrying sweep of shadows.

While we lean in breathless silence, they have been welcomed to the city, these men who, of all the nation, have fought longest and won most praise. It is for that that, when they leave the mountains once Austrian, it is to Rome itself that they come back. The rulers and the generals have welcomed them; now they turn their faces from the open place before the gate to the long straight street that has run for centuries through the heart of Rome. It is almost dark in here, with the high houses and the people crowded like flies; but no one would desire to enter Rome by any other street.

The Romans do not shout; I wonder if they ever did. There is a twittering in the air, and you can almost feel the smiles; there descends on the olive-gray ranks the rain of flowers. The branches of yellow mimosa, heavy as fruit, light in mounds on knapsack and saddle. The men, in slow march, stretch out a hand to catch them from the air; you see a dark face turned up and a gleaming smile under a black moustache, searching for the giver. The mimosas are fastened under a knapsack strap, they are thrust into a gunbarrel, behind an ear. Soon the olive-gray ranks are radiant and glowing with color: not a man who does not blossom as if his gray battle-sheathing were only the stalk of a flower. The horses have flowers in their bridles; the motor-cycles and the stretchers are covered. It becomes a game with us to find the man who has the fewest flowers and to pelt him.

'Here, comrade, catch! Hold up your gun!'

The baby next door aims a bunch of

white hyacinths to graze a sober red ear. We cheer and clap the baby from all the balconies about. The owner of the ear cannot pause in the step—he has missed it. The man next behind is alert: with a well-planned lunge he has swept up the hyacinths and placed them in his tunic. Very well, then; but a rose for the owner of the ear! He gets it at the next balcony.

Lurching along in single file, gray boxes rattling on their flanks, comes the string of army mules. 'The mule,' the men have told us, 'was one of the heroes of the Grappa.' There were no camions on those scrambling mountain-paths; and when the mule that carried the bread was shot, there was no bread. The mule was exhausted, chronically exhausted, like more than one man. And mules were never known for speed. The mule would crawl, according to his kind, up and down about his continual task—except when he came to the corners exposed to Austrian shells. Then the mule never looked to right or left, but he trotted—and the men say that no blooded steed could trot faster. But they ask with a little sadness whether mules will ever trot like that again, now that Austrian shells have gone.

Mimosa for the mules! They must have great branches, big enough to conceal the gray boxes and to cover their wagging backs. A red rose hits the muleteer, and he turns a laughing tanned face. The red rose he kisses, but he fixes it nodding between the ears of his mule. He knows enough to honor a hero.

Violets for the banners! They are old, worn banners, like those hung in cathedrals. Somehow, one had the idea that such banners would never be produced again, any more than gothic windows. Their red is turned to orange and their green to yellow. They are banners that have received the medals of bronze

and silver and gold, banners that have been concealed for years in German prison-camps by the men who would not give them up.

Roses for the cavalry! There are little purple streamers fluttering from the lances; the horses' heads twitch under the storm of confetti; here and there are the led horse and the covered saddle that mean a comrade gone. The men on horseback have child's play with the catching of flowers: an officer, riding alone, can make his horse leap sidewise across the road to intercept a rose that he knows is meant for him.

The horses go slowly, for ahead the crowd opens only step by step, like earth gradually cleaving to let the troops pass. 'American parades,' the Romans tell us, 'are so mathematical—the platoons in the street, the watchers on the pavement. Not human.' Here it is not mathematical. The citizens press against stirrup and gun-barrel, thrusting out nosegays. The children run to and fro, picking up blossoms that have missed their aim, and reaching them to a rough red hand. The gray-green troops pause, at times, to let the crowds press slowly past, and in the pause they, and we, let our eyes wander to the garden walls, where almond trees peep over, and toward the sky, faintly opalescent with a spring sunset.

They have passed, at last, even the motor-cycles, decked like triumphant cars. There is no pouring away of the crowds, only a tranquil leaning back to enjoy to the very last minute the orange sky behind the cypress trees; the golden light catching the tapestried houses; the streets that shine with flowers and streamers as in a fairy tale. And even when we wake to-morrow, we shall not think of war: we shall go out among the gardens to see the purple anemones.



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BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

### *Chronology*

#### FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD

Born in Churchville, New York, September 28, 1839;  
 Removed to Oberlin, Ohio, 1841;  
 Removed to Wisconsin, 1846;  
 At Milwaukee Female College, 1857;  
 At Northwestern Female College, 1858-1859;  
 Taught till 1874;  
 Entered Temperance Work, 1874;  
 President National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, 1879;  
 President World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, 1888;  
 Died February 17, 1898.

### I

SHE had the great West behind her, its sky and its distances, its fresh vigor and its unexampled joy. Her father carried his New England traditions and his infant children from New York in the early forties, first to Ohio, then to Wisconsin; and Frances and her brother and sister were fed full on corn, pork, farming, and religion. She herself cites with entire approval her mother's analysis of the child's fortunate heredity: 'The Thompson generosity, the Willard delicacy, the Hill purpose and steadfastness, the French element coming from the Lewis family, make an unique human amalgam.' Whatever her heredity, she had a sane and healthy childhood. She lived with the animals, and raced and romped and rioted; she

lived with the Bible and with high ideals and direct and pointed English; and she contracted an abhorrence of whiskey which supplied her for life with a more eager stimulant than whiskey could possibly have furnished her.

As a consequence of her breeding and surroundings, she had excellent health. Her mother said that in childhood Frances was the most delicate of all her children, and that she had an organism exceptionally susceptible to physical pain. She herself enlarges repeatedly upon the exquisite fineness of her sensibility. But fresh air, exercise, and ample sleep, maintained under even the greatest pressure of business, gave her a sound and vigorous body, and no doubt as much as anything else enabled her to say, near the very end of her career, 'The chief wonder of my life is that I dare to have so good a time, both physically, mentally, and religiously.' To have so good a time — remember it.

With the well-nourished body and the firm, sturdy muscles went an unfailing energy of purpose and of execution. She was no listless performer of household duty, no tame dishwasher or bedmaker, doing routine tasks from day to day, with no thought beyond them. Her mother says, 'I wonder sometimes that I had the wit to let her do what she preferred, instead of obliging her to take up housework as did all the other girls of our acquaintance.' Wit or not, it was a course admirably

sued to Frances. She dodged the dishpan, milked the cows instead, rode the horses, rode the cows, too, if the whim seized her, held the plough at need, and in the intervals roved the fields and pastures, and let her soul rove even more widely than her feet did. Routine of all sorts she hated always, and shunned it when she could. 'To be tied to a bell-rope,' she says, 'was an asphyxiating process from which I vainly sought escape, changing the spot only to keep the pain.'

Everything in her case, you see, favored the building up of a strong individuality, an ardent, independent will; and such was the result. She knew her own way and sought it, with tremendous persistence and astonishing success. She had a spice of temper, which she well recognized and fought and got the better of, but with immense struggle. When she was a schoolgirl, she had an amiable playmate whose amiability irritated her. She 'just stepped on Effie's toes at recess, to see if she would n't frown, and sure enough she did n't.' All through life she felt an inclination to step on such amiable toes. Her willfulness showed in the inclination, and her will in keeping it under.

Souls of this positive, individual temper are not always successful in their relations with others; do not always care to mingle with others, or to frame their lives in conjunction with their fellow men and women. Miss Willard's account of herself shows strong symptoms of this self-withdrawing disposition. She speaks of her painful shyness in youth, of her difficulties in meeting people and in adapting herself to them. She makes an interesting admission, also, which places her sharply in one of the two great classes into which social humanity is divided: 'I have an unconquerable aversion to intercourse with my superiors in position, age, or education.' Such an aver-

sion, like its opposite, is the key to many lives, and furnishes a great help for understanding Miss Willard's.

On the other hand, she had many striking social qualities. Her rush and furious abundance of spirits, her immense mental activity, naturally sought utterance with those who would understand her and appreciate her ardor. She had varied and sparkling wit, could tell excellent stories and did — stories that were remembered and repeated after her. She shone in conversation — real conversation apparently, that is, in which others did their part as well as she. Her comment upon Emerson's well-known saying, 'We descend to meet,' is curious. She thinks that Emerson lived too early to know what true meeting was, and that the intercourse of advanced, emancipated women almost realized the privileges of celestial society. Yet, in a milder moment, she herself admits that wholly successful conversation is possible only with the very limited number who are akin to us. If she, who had talked with thousands and thousands, could write the following words, surely there is some excuse for those who find life a spiritual solitude. 'I do not believe that six persons have ever heard me talk, and not more than three ever in private converse heard my *vox humana*, simply because they were not skilled musicians. . . . For myself, I know so little of perfect response, that only as a foretaste of heaven's companionship do I think of such beatitude at all.'

However unsatisfactory Miss Willard may have found general society, there is no question as to her deep tenderness for her intimate friends and fellow workers. In her *Autobiography*, she gives a curious analysis of the passionate affections of her girlhood. They were marked by all the sensitiveness, all the confidence, all the jealousy of woman's love for man.

Above all, from youth to age, Miss Willard felt this yearning, clinging affection for the members of her own family. Her father and brother were very dear to her. Her sister, Mary, whose brief life she commemorated in the little volume entitled *Nineteen Beautiful Years*, was even dearer. With her mother the relation was closest of all. Mrs. Willard reared her daughter to be a notable woman, made her worthy to be so, and lived to see her so, with infinite satisfaction. And Frances's admiration and adoration for her mother continued and increased through life.

And how about men? It is evident enough that such a vivid, passionate nature had treasures of affection to bestow, if circumstances had favored it. She had lovers, too. At least, she says so, and I believe her. In the bitter, slightly over-bitter, analysis which she makes of herself, she says that she is 'not beautiful, pretty, or even good-looking.' Others thought differently, and one enthusiast concludes from her appearance in age, that in youth she 'must have possessed a rare and exquisite beauty.' However this may be, I fancy she was liked even more for her words and spirit than for her looks. She implies that possibly, if the right man had wooed her, she might have been won. The right man never did. Meanwhile, her comments upon love and her own capacity for love and her rigid resistance to love are delicious. I wish I could quote the whole of them. 'I have never been in love, I have never shed a tear or dreamed a dream, or sighed, or had a sleepless hour for love. . . . I was too cautious, loved my own peace too well, valued myself too highly, remembered too frequently that I was made for something far more worthy than to spend a disconsolate life, wasting my heart, the richest gift I could bestow, upon a man who did not care for it.' This when she was little over

twenty. Many years later she adds, 'Of the real romance of my life, unguessed save by a trio of close friends, these pages may not tell.' Oh, but I wish they might have told. What would she have said of the love she had, when she writes so ardently of the love she had not.

But love in her career was a mere phantom, a drifting rose-cloud. She had other things to think of that were, or seemed to her, more important. And what apparatus and equipment had she for thinking of them? She had a good background of intelligence and thought behind her, came of New England stock that was accustomed to deal with the abstract problems of life, as well as with the practical. She had a substantial and fairly varied education. She read very widely, even in her younger days. When she was eighteen, she placidly informed her father that, being of age, she was going to read novels, though he disapproved of them. She did. The list of books on her desk, when she was twenty, is portentous: Watts's *On the Mind*, Kames's *Elements of Criticism*, Niebuhr's *Life and Letters*, etc. She was brought up on Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son, and tried to put his precepts into practice. She digested the disillusioned maxims of Chamfort, and quotes with approval one of the most disillusioned of them: 'In great matters men show themselves as they wish to be seen; in small matters, as they are.'

And she had the natural thinking power, without which books, even disillusioned, obscure the spirit's progress rather than help it. She made up her mind about things independently, made it up firmly, though she always recognized the possibility of change with a changing point of view. 'This is my opinion now; will it change? It may seem wrong to others. It is my way of thinking, and I have a right to it. That

right I will maintain.' She analyzed everything fearlessly, analyzed her own heart, analyzed nature and the world, analyzed the men and women about her. Her analysis may not always have been perfect or profound. It was at least sincere, and, on the whole, free from prejudice. She analyzed life, and especially, with curious force and bareness, she analyzed death. How simple and direct is the account in her Journal of her feelings at the bedside of her dying sister: 'I leaned on the railing at the foot of the bed and looked at my sister — my sister Mary — and knew that she was dead, knew that she was alive! Everything was far off; I was benumbed, and am but waking to the tingling agony.' How vivid and poignant are the reflections suggested by the same scene in regard to herself: 'Then, too, I am coming right straight on to the same doom: I, who sit here this bright morning, with carefully made toilet, attentive eyes, ears open to every sound; I, with my thousand thoughts, my steady-beating heart, shall lie there so still, so cold, and for so long!'

If she applied such analysis to everything, and from her early childhood, how was it with religion. When did it take hold of her, how fully, how genuinely, how deeply? Her sensibility was keen enough to be much stirred by its emotional side. She was sensitive to everything. Art, indeed, did not come within her youthful range, and in later life she was too busy for it. But music she loved and felt, and music as the expression of religious feeling had an almost overpowering effect on her. The sense of mystery was present with her, too, always, even in the midst of common things. 'I have the feeling of one who walks blindfold among scenes too awful for his nerves to bear, in the midst of which we eat and drink, wash our faces, and complain that the

fire won't burn in the grate, or that the tea-bell does n't ring in season.'

But in early days her analytical temper reacted against religion, as against other things. The letter of doubt and questioning which she wrote to her teacher in the midst of a revival, with its unconscious reproduction of a wicked jest of Voltaire, — 'O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul,' — is a curious document. Nevertheless, she later accepted the orthodox faith in full, and with complete, though always enlightened, abandonment. Only religion to her was action — doing something for somebody, not dreaming or theological speculation. Her creed was broad enough to take in the whole world, but its essence was practice. In other words, her religion was not a science, but an art — the art she meant when one of her friends complained, 'How can you think it right to give up your interest in literature and art?' and Miss Willard answered, 'What greater art than to try to restore the image of God to faces that have lost it?'

## II

For she was above all, and more than all, a worker for humanity, and it is as such that the study of her character becomes profoundly interesting. Let us first consider her work objectively, as it were, — that is, in its effect upon others, — and then in its even more curious effect upon herself. From a child she wanted to do something in the world to make men happier and better and fitter for this life and for another. She realized intensely the miseries of existence, those unavoidable and those that might so easily be avoided. She heard the cries of suffering that all might hear, and her vivid imagination pictured the cries that were heard of none. 'I wish my mission might be to those who make no sign, yet suffer most

intensely under their cold, impassive faces.' All through her youth she was restless, eager, longing, yet knew not what to do more than the daily task that came in her way. Then the temperance cause called her, with suffrage and the general advancement of women as adjuncts. She had found what she wanted, and she worked for it till death with every power that was in her. Thought of personal profit there was none; we may say it with absolute certainty. She liked comfort and she spent with freedom, but when she declares, 'I'll never lay up money, and I'll never be rich,' we know it is true.

And what admirable powers she had for the work! Energy? Her energy was inexhaustible, and as well directed as it was tireless. She herself tells us so. 'I have never been discouraged, but ready on the instant with my decision, and rejoicing in nothing so much as the taking of initiatives.' But we know it without her telling us. Labor? She can labor like a machine. 'What it would be to have an idle hour I find it hard to fancy.' She was careful as to sleep and regular as to exercise, but beyond that every minute was utilized. She traveled scores of thousands of miles, spoke often several times a day, answered every letter, some twenty thousand a year. She wasted no strength in worry or regret over lost opportunities. All the thought she gave to failure was to learn from it. 'If it be ambitious to have no fear of failure in any undertaking, to that I must plead guilty. . . . I frankly own that no position I have ever attained gave me a single perturbed or wakeful thought, nor could any that I would accept.'

Other gifts besides effort are needed, however, to ensure the triumph of a great cause. Whatever they may be, Miss Willard had them. There is the gift of organization, of combining great bodies of men and women together for

a clearly defined purpose, and making them work in unison till that purpose is achieved. When she was a child, she devised clubs and framed elaborate constitutions for them. When she became a woman, she did the same work efficiently, rapidly, and with eminent success.

And there is the gift of speech. So many great ideas and noble conceptions are lost in realization, because the initiators of them cannot put them into adequate words and fire the world. Just as a fluent and admirable power of the tongue is too often given to those who have nothing behind it. Miss Willard's tongue had assuredly something behind it. But her power of expression was always ample, adequate, and either seductive or commanding, as she wished. She herself knew well what this gift of eloquence was, and used it to the full, and cultivated it. 'The spoken word, with a life and character back of it, the spoken word, sped home by earnest voice, conversational tone, and punctuating gesture, is the final human factor in the progress of reform.' Yet all testimony shows that her speeches were not oratorical, not rhetorical, not stuffed with formal figures or pompous trumpery. She went right to the heart, spoke as if her hearers were friends or brothers and sisters, unveiled her own feelings and experiences as if she were chatting at the fireside. 'That was the most homey talk I ever heard,' said an old farmer, after listening to her with tears.

This quality of simplicity in her public utterance was immensely emphasized by her appearance and manner. There was nothing imposing or dominating about her, rather an impression of frankness, gentleness, sympathetic and insinuating grace. One of her admirers, in endeavoring to describe her, says that her features refused 'to be impressed separately in your memory.



Only her smile and voice abide. She envelopes you, permeates you, enfolds you.' The general suggestion of grace, of graciousness, recurs and is reiterated in all attempts to reproduce her charm.

For she did charm. She charmed multitudes from the platform, made them, for the time at least, anxious to carry out her ideas and do her bidding. She charmed individuals, took them into quiet corners and whispered to them some spell of conviction which sent them out into the world to try to make life over, as she would have it. She entered into other peoples' souls, put herself in their places, saw the world as they saw it. There was a certain amount of theory about this attitude on her part. Tact, adaptation, adjustment were all a matter of principle with her. For a child to have been brought up on the letters of Lord Chesterfield was no bad preparation for meeting the world, though one is rather surprised to find it on a Wisconsin farm. She preaches deference, courtesy, and consideration to everybody, no matter what their position in life. 'Who says a kind word to the man that blacks his boots, to the maid that makes his bed and sweeps his hearth? . . . Oh, we forget these things!' But with Miss Willard there was more to it than theory. She was interested in the lives of all men and women, curious about them. 'I am somewhat of a questioner,' she says. She questioned everybody and so got a peep into the heart. But back of the questioning were tenderness and sympathy and kindness, the desire not only to understand but to help, not only to analyze but to make over. And precisely in this combination of understanding with love lay her mighty power over men, the infinite tact which enabled her to identify other wills with her own, and so to persuade rather than to command, for the achievement of a great purpose.

Even in her early days of teaching, she formulated the method that later obtained such vast results. 'When you get them all to think alike and act alike by your command, you can do with them what you will.' But I prefer the testimony of a simple heart, which elucidates the whole point. 'A poor seamstress said the other day, "I go to sew at Miss Willard's sometimes. I see very little of her, scarcely hear her speak, but why is it I always leave there saying to myself, 'I must be a better woman, I must indeed'?"' So the world said, when Miss Willard had done with it.

This is not the place to attempt more than to summarize briefly what the fullness of Miss Willard's actual achievement was. It may be that her ardent admirers somewhat exaggerate it, as is natural. To say that in her work for American women 'she has done more to enlarge our sympathies, widen our outlook, and develop our gifts, than any man, or any other woman of her time' is making a broad claim, though perhaps not too broad. It is, at any rate, certain that, as head of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, she diminished almost incalculably the sum of human misery; and who would wish to have more said of her than that? One who knew her work well writes, 'There are countless men and women all over the world to-day living useful lives, filling positions of trust and responsibility, who owe to Frances Willard all that they are, because her word first aroused their dormant powers and gave them faith in themselves.' It is a just and noble eulogy.

Above all, in this year 1919, when, among a multitude of surprising and far-reaching events, few are more notable than the establishment of absolute prohibition in the United States of America, the name of Miss Willard deserves to be widely remembered and

commemorated by her countrymen and countrywomen.

### III

Yet I confess that I am even more, interested in what prohibition did for Miss Willard than in what Miss Willard did for prohibition. Here again, let us consider the external influences first, and then follow them to their spiritual results. To begin with, take the praise, the eulogy, the idolatry almost, which were necessarily and naturally poured upon her during the last years of her life. 'She has won a love and loyalty that no other woman, I think, has ever before possessed,' says her biographer. It was immense, in any case. Huge audiences screamed with enthusiasm over her mere presence. Princes and potentates welcomed her, high functionaries bowed down to her, precious souls rescued from destruction hailed her as their savior. Children were named after her — so many that her secretary has to keep the record: over one hundred, she says. No exuberance of praise seems excessive, and one adorer assures us that 'Frances Willard lived, literally, the Christ-life on earth.' That 'literally' is, I think, about as far as ecstasy can go. The mind that could not be affected by such treatment as this would indeed have something superhuman.

And besides the influence of unlimited applause, there is what I may call the platform habit, the peculiar and unavoidable effect of appearing constantly before multitudes of people and exhibiting one's personality, one's soul, to them, more or less unreservedly. Of course, every preacher is exposed to this to some extent, and few preachers wholly escape the consequences of it. But the ordinary preacher is limited in his audience and constrained to forget himself to some extent in his holy call-

ing. The lecturer, the political orator, and, most of all, the reformer and the revivalist, are almost always moulded by this habit of public appearance in ways most curious to consider, and few have been exposed to the influence more overwhelmingly than Miss Willard.

The platform instinct was born in her. At three or four years old she was set up on a chair to recite hymns, and enjoyed it. Of one favorite she says, 'Mother taught me how to speak it, where to put in the volume of sound and the soft, repressed utterance; and as for the pathos, I knew where to put that in myself.' She always knew. And this instinct is not one that loses anything with the process of time. As years went on, publicity became existence to her; she thought in public, as it were, and all her inner life was lived in the presence of her faithful followers. Do not take this as in any way contradicting what I have said above about her charm and about her simplicity. There is nothing incompatible here. It was just because life in public was so natural and easy to her, because she faced it without shrinking and without embarrassment, that she was able to convey herself, all her enthusiasms and ideals, so directly to others. The stimulus of a crowd roused her to intenser thought and feeling, just as one sympathetic auditor rouses others of a different temperament. To her, vast numbers were just one sympathetic auditor. Hear how shrewd and vivid is her own statement of this: 'To me, an audience is like a well-bred person, quiet, attentive, sympathetic, and, best of all, not in a position to answer back.'

And, as she felt the stimulus of an audience when it was before her, so she gradually came to carry one always in her mind, to feel that she was living before the vast audience of the world, and to put into every action the consciousness that it must be a lesson and

example. An amiable hostess thoughtlessly invites her to take a glass of wine, when much fatigued. 'The blood flushed in cheek and brow as I said to her, "Madam, two hundred thousand women would lose somewhat of their faith in humanity if I should drink a drop of wine."' Think what it must be to feel the eyes of two hundred thousand women fixed upon you from the time you wake till the time you sleep again! This is the way Miss Willard lived.

Perhaps the most curious illustration of the sense of exemplariness is her *Autobiography*. Here is a book of seven hundred closely printed pages, written by herself about herself, to be given to the world in her own lifetime, and the publishers inform us frankly that she originally wrote twelve hundred pages that had to be cut down. Assuredly no one ever turned themselves inside out more absolutely for the improvement of a hearkening world. And everywhere the necessity of setting an example is apparent. This becomes evident at once, when you compare the simple, natural journals of Miss Willard's youth with the carefully prepared matter of the later narrative. Of course nothing is false, nothing is misrepresented. Yet the consciousness of edification, the overwhelming nearness of the lecture platform, are everywhere present.

Now let us analyze a little more fully the effect of this curious life upon the woman's soul. To begin with, in the immense work she had undertaken of making over the world by the power of speech, did she experience alternations of hope and despair, enthusiasm and discouragement? Most men, and especially most women, one would think, would have had their hours of being exalted with the assured confidence of success, and hours again when blank depression would have made it seem as if they were fighting against a stone

wall. Symptoms of such depression may perhaps be detected in Miss Willard's *Autobiography*, but I have looked for them carefully, and I have found few indeed. She had splendid health, she had an even temper, and she had an unfailing faculty of hope. If she had dark moments, she concealed them, perhaps out of consideration for the two hundred thousand.

I have also enjoyed probing the personal motives that lay behind her tremendous and constant effort; for she herself, in these seven hundred close pages, has invited such probing too earnestly for anyone to resist it. We have already seen that she aimed to help mankind, set out to do a noble work in the world, no doubt mainly for the sake of doing it. Her one sole aim, says her enthusiastic biographer, 'has been to do the will of God as far as she knew it.' But to talk of the sole aim of anyone is perilous. We are not made so neatly of one piece. Besides her large philanthropy, Miss Willard had a lot of healthy human ambition, just plain common desire to be admired and spoken well of and generally famous. She admits this herself very freely. 'I have been called ambitious, and so I am, if to have had from childhood the sense of being born to a fate is an element of ambition.' She was keenly anxious to help on such fate also. In confessing her faults, she enumerates: 'My chief besetments were, as I thought, a speculative mind, a hasty temper, a too-ready tongue, and the purpose to be a celebrated person.' She even admits, with admirable frankness, that it hurt her to be excelled by others. 'I have odious little "inwardnesses" of discomfort when distanced.'

Her ambition was as wide as it was intense. Politics? Oh, yes, certainly politics. 'Next to a wish I had to be a saint some day,' she tells an audience, 'I really would like to be a politician.' Literature? In youth she feels an over-

powering desire to utter great thoughts and emotions, which she can never quite put into words. And all her life the same desire haunted her, so that the immense realized glory of her public achievement was never thoroughly satisfying. She would have liked to write something that the future would have read and read forever. One curious passage from her *Autobiography* is worth quoting at length, as an illustration of her mind and temper and also of her frankness of self-revelation.

'Just here I will say, though it is not usual to reveal one's highest literary ambition, especially when one has failed to attain it, that I am willing to admit that mine has been during the last thirty years to write for the *Atlantic Monthly*! . . . I have written for *Harper's* and had a letter in the *Century*, but I have never yet dared offer one to the *Atlantic*. Once I went so far as to send its admired editor, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, a printed article that I thought tolerably good, that is for me, asking him if he believed I could write anything the *Atlantic* would accept. I received in reply a courteous note, with the enigmatical statement that he was unable to say from the article forwarded whether I could or not. The question in my mind is now and ever shall be, "Is that a compliment to the article?" . . . But I give the cultured editor notice that, though I may never be lifted to the Olympian heights of his pages, I intend so to live that somebody who is shall yet write of me between those magic yellow covers of the *Queen of Monthlies*!' <sup>1</sup>

Though she wrote vastly, it is not to be supposed that Miss Willard's literary reputation is likely to be permanent. It was in the very different field of immediate personal triumph that she won

successes huge enough to satisfy any ambition that could be satisfied at all. It is of the nature of these triumphs that they caress and excite and stimulate the soul more than any others, and the study of their effect on Miss Willard is everywhere extremely curious.

In other words, all through the immense length of her *Autobiography* I think we may perceive, cannot deny, a growing self-consciousness, which I would call vanity, if the word were not misleading. Do not suppose that this is inconsistent with power. Cicero was an enormous power in the world, and was one of the vainest of men. It would be folly to speak of Miss Willard as vain in comparison with Cicero. Nor is the vanity inconsistent with an almost childlike simplicity. On the contrary, it seems to go with it naturally. It did with Cicero. It did with Miss Willard. Simplicity and a singular charm are not incompatible with vanity at all. Nevertheless, by force of endeavoring to live all one's life as an example, one runs a little risk of coming to regard one's life as exemplary, and this danger Miss Willard did not altogether escape. This it is which leads her to expose her soul in page after page with such extraordinary frankness. She meant to do good, no doubt she might do good, and did do good; but one cannot wholly escape the impression of a naturally modest lady undressing in public.

Of course, through all the exposure and the stress upon precept there is a constant insistence upon humility. And no one can question for a moment that the humility is genuine. When Miss Willard wrote in her youth, 'I think myself not good, not gifted in any way. I cannot see why I should be loved, why I should hope for myself a beautiful and useful life or a glorious immortality at its close,' she meant it. When she wrote in age, 'I love too well the good words of the good concern-

<sup>1</sup> It may be worth noting that, so far as the *Atlantic* is concerned, Miss Willard's ambition is now for the first time realized. — THE AUTHOR.

ing what I do; I have not the control of tongue and temper that I ought to have, . . . and the sweet south wind of love has not yet thawed out the ice-cake of selfishness from my breast,' she meant it also, though she might have preferred saying it herself to having anyone else say it. Yet even in the humility the subtle and pervading influence of the exemplary life does make itself felt. I know few things more profitable than Miss Willard's elaborate study of her own faults for the benefit of the public. After the most thorough and searching investigation, it would appear that she practically finds but two, and of those two, one runs eminent risk of finally turning out be a virtue.

I do not mean, however, to exaggerate this element of self-consciousness in Miss Willard, which was entirely natural and almost unavoidable in the life she led. But, no matter what may have been the effects of that life upon her character, there can be no question but that she enjoyed it. She herself tells us so. She had magnificent health, cherished by intelligent care and enduring through a long course of years. 'Painless, in a world of pain,' she says of herself; and what a qualification that is for hearty enjoyment! She adds further the notable sentence already quoted, 'The chief wonder of my life is that I dare to have so good a time, both physically, mentally, and religiously.' A good time she certainly did have. All the excitement of the ordinary public entertainer was hers — the actor, the singer, the performer to huge audiences generally. Everywhere she could count upon an attentive hearing, usually upon an enthusiastic one; and if she had to battle to make it so, the battle, to her temperament, was almost as delightful as the victory. But to the general excitement of the stage and the platform was added the far greater excite-

ment of conscious benevolent motive. You were stirring all these crowds, winning all these plaudits, not for yourself, not for your personal glory, but for a great cause, for the advancement of good in the world, to hasten the splendid coming of the kingdom of God. Perhaps the psychology of the philanthropist, of the reformer, of the evangelist, has yet to be written with minute and analytical care, and he will never be the one to write it himself. But Miss Willard has supplied more curious information on the subject than anyone else.

Take the impressive and delightful incident, described by her and by others, of the attack on the Pittsburg saloon by a group of women, all standing in earnest, awed attention along the curbstone, while 'a sorrowful old lady, whose only son had gone to ruin through that very death-trap, knelt on the cold, moist pavement and offered a broken-hearted prayer.' No doubt these are the things that move the world, but they also afford an interest beyond any other for those who take part in them. Miss Willard, with the best intentions, wished to deny to everybody the excitement of alcohol. But she herself lived on the fierce excitement of doing good, beside which all other stimulants are pale and watery.

#### IV

I have thus emphasized the vast and varied enjoyment of Miss Willard's life because so many of her admirers have called it a life of sacrifice. Of course she made sacrifices. Who does not? When she chose her philanthropic career, she gave up a prospect of assured ease and assured usefulness for a wild and stormy course which might lead nowhere. And at other times she gave up things which were hard to relinquish. But to call her life a life of sacrifice in comparison with



some other lives, would be absurd. How many women go daily about city streets, to relieve suffering, to comfort misery, to cherish fainting hope, without any thought of reward or any stimulus of glory, worn, weary, and discouraged, sacrificing everything to the sense of duty and the pressure of conscience? How many women in far country homes live long lives of utter monotony, drudging over ugly cares, with nothing but grumbling and fault-finding about them, their habit of existence so inwoven with sacrifice that they cannot even imagine the possibility of anything else? Beside these, how can anyone talk of sacrifice in connection with

Frances Elizabeth Willard? If she could have been convinced that she could bring the cause she served to immediate triumph by changing places with one of these women, I think so highly of her that I am sure she would have done it. But what ingenuity she would have shown in resisting the conviction!

Let me repeat, then, that she was a woman of noble character, of splendid and enduring power, one who left the world a legacy of accomplishment which is to-day maturing into the widest and most fruitful results; but she was neither a martyr nor a saint, and, heavens, how she did enjoy herself!

## TO OUR ELDEST HOPE

*On his assuming the Trouser Virilis*

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

BUT, Charles! have some compunctions! could you not

Progress a thought more slow?

Think how you dallied with a train of cars

Less than a year ago!

Forgive that rash reminder; but reflect,

Time's checkerboard is stern;

It freely grants the forward move, but not

The Prodigal return.

Ah! pretermite a little of your pride,

A little while, your joy;

To please the dotage of our two-score years,

Be twelve more hours a boy!

## LEAVES FROM A COBLENZ DIARY. I

BEING FRAGMENTS FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF HEINRICH  
SCHEINSTUTZEN, APOTHECARY

BY LOUIS GRAVES

*November 9, 1918.* — Tidings have come that our beloved Kaiser has gone to Holland, to visit one of his noble kinsmen. Some of his subjects have been unworthy enough to apply the word 'flight' to his departure, but in a little while they will have learned what fools they were, and will be seeking to deny that they ever uttered such a word. But we shall remember them, and they will hear from it some day!

*November 10.* — It appears from the newspapers that an armistice with the enemy is under consideration. What the terms are is not yet known, but we be may sure that our wise generals have guarded the Fatherland's interests well, while arranging a much-needed rest for the brave fellows who have defended us so long from the world's envy. No doubt we shall continue to occupy part of the conquered territory, making sure that the inhabitants provide what is needed for the support and comfort of our gallant soldiers.

There are those who talk of an occupation of part of the Fatherland by the foe, but this is not to be taken seriously. The alarmists even hint that the foreign troops may come as far as our dear city of Coblenz itself. But plainly that is nonsensical. I cannot imagine foreign soldiers daring to enter — except as prisoners, ha! ha! — a city which

boasts the possession of one of the Kaiser's most favored palaces and is privileged to call itself *Residenzstadt*.

It is most reprehensible that some of our own citizens (though there are not many such, God be thanked!) are talking of the Fatherland's present state as if it were a defeat, and of the possibility of hostile 'armies' taking possession of the Rhineland. Precious fine armies the enemy has, after the way our troops have been killing them off year after year!

*November 11.* — Something in my own household has come to be more and more disturbing to my peace of mind. And that something is my wife. She is not the same attentive and obedient Maria I used to know. For more than a year, ever since the news came that our Fritz had been killed fighting for his Kaiser, I have been conscious of the change taking place in her demeanor, but never admitted it to myself till now. At first it was moods of sadness and silence; but then it began to show itself in little flare-ups — sudden remarks not at all befitting a loyal German woman. It is as if she were nursing a grievance. One day I heard her muttering something that I am almost ashamed to write down, questioning the wisdom of our Government's 'taking her boy away to be slaughtered.' Of

course, women are not expected to know anything of statesmanship and the affairs of nations; but I cannot help being irritated at these unfortunate outbursts. I often say to myself: Can this be the same Maria who went out to the country with me on a holiday, three years ago, when our daring sailors sank the great merchant ship of our arch-enemies the English?

*November 12.* — The conditions of the Armistice have been published, and I confess I am stunned. The Allies are to occupy all the left bank of the Rhine, and a belt of thirty kilometres east of the river. And we are to deliver over quantities of locomotives and cars and trucks and aeroplanes, and part of our great fleet. I find it difficult to take this in, and have to take up the paper again and again to prove to myself that I am not dreaming. Ah, that the Fatherland should have ever come to this! But I suppress my first feeling of despair. Our leaders know best; they would not act but for the benefit of the Empire; and, even though this arrangement does not seem on its face advantageous to us, no doubt all will come out well in the end.

*November 15.* — Again I have found myself impatient with Maria. When it was reported to-day that the Americans might come to take charge of our city during the Armistice, she exclaimed with eyes positively flashing, —

‘Well, what of it! We could n’t be any worse off than we’ve been this last year, with our young men being killed every day. Probably better off we’ll be!’

I find it hard to maintain my accustomed dignity when she talks like this. She is becoming most unfeminine and rebellious. But I find comfort in the fact that most of our citizens retain their sanity and loyalty. After this dis-

play of Maria’s, which I properly received with silence, I went out to the Schloss Café, and there found a group of my friends. We sat around our favorite table in the corner and conversed for two or three hours.

It was a very agreeable evening, although the beer these days is of painfully inferior quality. So it has been for the last year or two, owing to the shortness of the hop yield in the absence of able-bodied workers at the front. This has indeed been one of the most regrettable aspects of the war. It takes ten or twelve mugs to quench a thirst that would have been satisfied formerly by half a dozen. But nevertheless, as I have said, the time passed pleasantly. Upon thoroughly discussing the Armistice, we concluded that things could have been much worse. It was comforting to reflect that, after all, our troops were still unconquered. They are withdrawing in perfect order before superior numbers, — not under compulsion, but by agreement, — and will soon pass triumphantly through our city.

We could not deny to ourselves that the Armistice would bring alleviation in many respects. Men would return to their occupations, such as farming and mining and manufacturing, and the hardships that we had been bearing so willingly would be considerably relieved. We agreed that not the least welcome of the changes for the better would be the return of the brave hop-workers to their former duties. Before we parted, the good Friedrich Schnitzel sat down at the piano, and we sang ‘Die Wacht am Rhein’ and ‘Dann fahren wir gegen Eng-e-land.’

*November 20.* — As for two or three weeks past, the government of our city is carried on under an organization called the Soldiers’ Council. This has a sound that suggests the less perfect

methods of other countries; but to us, who know so well the temper of our people, it brings no alarm. Though only an apothecary, I pride myself upon judging with creditable keenness the thoughts that are in men's minds, and I know how our citizens feel in their hearts toward the Kaiser and his generals and statesmen. Foolish folk may talk of the great change that has taken place; it is not what men are saying, however, but what they are thinking, that counts, and we loyal Germans are thinking much as we always did. Flighty women, and a few firebrands who are having their short day of glory, may make a big stir, but I can state proudly that in substance Germans have altered but little.

The proclamation of the great Field-Marshal Von Hindenburg, bidding the people to preserve discipline and order, was all that was needed to allay surface troubles in our city. The Soldiers' Council has recognized the excellence of our tested leadership by placing an officer of noble birth and long military experience in control, and he has matters well in hand.

*November 21.* — More news calculated to reconcile us to the Armistice came to-day. We cannot be sure yet, but it is reported that the Americans will ship us many thousands of tons of food, including the fats which we need so badly. While we have not suffered for food to the extent that our enemies imagined, still, there are many articles that have been sadly scarce, and naturally the Allies will be glad to send us the supplies in partial return for our agreeing to the Armistice.

*November 22.* — Our gallant troops, who crossed the border on their return to the Fatherland several days ago, are to enter the city day after to-morrow, and all our hearts are glowing with

pride at the prospect of receiving them. As one of our newspapers well says, 'Unconquered by a world of enemies, our heroes are now returning to their homes'; and the same paper reminds us that we are to greet them 'as if they were conquerors.' Flags are being brought out and displayed in great numbers.

*November 25.* — What a splendid day for Coblenz yesterday! The first elements of our returning soldiers marched through the streets. Flags flew from every house, the Government building was brilliantly decorated, and the streets were thronged with men, women, and children, cheering and throwing flowers to the home-comers. The officers, striding proudly ahead of their men, were tremendously admired.

A cable dispatch from Washington brings the definite announcement that the Americans are to come to Coblenz.

*December 2.* — The Americans reached the city of Trier yesterday in their march hitherward. There is much talk of how we Germans shall act when the foreigners come among us. I was discussing this matter with Heinrich Schnitzel and Johann Schmidt at the Schloss Café last evening, and we agreed that the only wise course was to be agreeable to the strangers. Johann has remarkably sensible ideas, considering that he is a grocer and spends most of each day rolling barrels about and weighing out potatoes and spinach for a rather low class of customers.

'They are going to have a big meeting in Paris to decide on peace terms,' he said, 'and we have got to look to somebody to stand for fair terms to the Fatherland. Can we look to the French? Surely not. And not to the English, after what our wonderful U-boats and airships have done. But the Americans — they have not suffered like the

others, and my cousin Gustav writes me that they are a soft and forgetful folk. So we must not offend them by unfriendliness, but must rather earn their good-will.'

'That is right,' I said; 'but of course we must not mix with them socially, as no doubt they will wish us to do.'

To which they all said yes.

And then Johann looked up at the ceiling while he puffed on that monster pipe of his.

'And do not forget that the Americans will bring much money with them; they are good purchasers, these Americans — we know that from the travelers before the war.'

A lady fellow, that Johann!

*December 4.* — Maria shows signs of fright when the talk is of the Americans' arrival.

'Will they harm us?' she asked to-day. 'I have heard they do not like some of the things that happened while our troops were in France and Belgium.'

'Our good soldiers did only what was proper in the conquered land,' I told her sternly. 'And do you think our generals have not provided well for our safety during the Armistice?'

I found my little niece Marguerita in tears when she was here to-day. Somebody had been telling her stories of what the foreign soldiers would do when they came, and she was all a-tremble. We had trouble in quieting the child.

*December 5.* — I find that it is not only the women and children who fear rough treatment from the American troops. Some of my friends suggest that they may be revengeful. Of course, the Germans did nothing in France and Belgium but what the conditions of war compelled; but our enemies are said to be emotional and to imagine all kinds of grievances.

'You know how all soldiers behave

when they have a civil population under foot,' said Heinrich last night, shaking his head as if he foresaw evil times.

In his gloomy moments Heinrich says the most disturbing things. But we must not let ourselves be a prey to fears. Certainly, I tell myself, our leaders have made sure that we shall not be harmed.

*December 7.* — The last of the German troops passed through our city to-day. The flags were still waving, and the soldiers were cheered, but there were not so many people on the streets as the day of the entry. With sorrow we saw the tail of the column cross the pontoon bridge, leaving the left bank of the Rhine free of the Kaiser's fighters. As soon as they were gone, the people began to take in the flags; for the Americans are to reach here soon. Our Oberbürgermeister has seen fit to request the American chiefs to put their troops in Coblenz as soon as possible after the last German detachment has left, in order to prevent any sort of disturbances that the absence of military force might encourage.

*December 9.* — So this is their army! We had a big laugh over it at the café last night. A few hundred troops came in by railroad about midday, and groups of three or four soldiers began to walk back and forth through the streets, assisting our worthy police. The whole foreign force here makes only a handful. No wonder that they are so few, after the carnage caused among them during the last few months. And their officers — they are mere innocent young boys. Two or three of us went to the station to see the Americans come in, and it was all we could do to restrain our merriment at the sight of a rosy-faced youth — a major in their army, he is, too! — in conversation with our general, with his fine gray whiskers.



They were arranging the transfer of certain barracks, warehouses, and so on. The general was thoroughly polite, but we knew what pity he must be feeling for the inexperience of this child-major.

*December 13.* — It seems that the American soldiers who entered the city last Sunday were not their army at all, but only a detachment sent on ahead, at the request of our Oberbürgermeister, to act as military police. Yesterday the first part of the army proper arrived — the First Division, they call it. It tramped through our streets a good part of the day, preparatory to crossing the Rhine this forenoon. There were thousands upon thousands of the soldiers, with cannon and machine-guns and rifles. Naturally they do not make the appearance to which we are accustomed in the Kaiser's troops. They wear brownish-yellow uniforms. They laugh a great deal, but some of our citizens remarked that when they were not laughing they had an unusually direct and serious gaze.

Their bands marched in front of the regiments, playing gay tunes, from one end of the city to the other, and they carried flying banners. Our people had been reminded by the newspapers that they must not show themselves gaping and curious; but one could see much by looking from behind window-curtains. How we hate to see foreign troops in our dear Residenzstadt! But we conceal our feelings, of course, and are outwardly friendly.

*December 14.* — I learn that the regiments passing through Coblenz were only part of those that have reached the Rhine. Farther down the river two more divisions are crossing, to occupy what they call the bridgehead, a semi-circular area extending 30 kilometres from here. And there are many other divisions that stop on this side of

the Rhine, disposing themselves in the district to the north and west and southwest, all the way back to the Luxembourg and French frontier. Altogether, there are a quarter of a million Americans in the Fatherland. The British are to the north and the French to the south, but of these I do not know the exact number.

When they are not in formation, the Americans, officers and soldiers both, spread throughout the city, entering the shops and buying every sort of article. I have heard of their high pay, but even at that I do not understand how they can spend so much. Their main thought when off duty seems to be to get rid of their money at once. They rarely question the price of anything. They are forbidden to buy food of any kind from civilians, but on other purchases there is no restriction. We sell to them gladly.

*December 17.* — What occurred this afternoon stirred me to the deepest anger. They have billeted two Americans on me; and not officers, but enlisted men! I should have thought at least that, if I had to submit to such a thing, only officers should be placed in my house. But no. Because I happen to dwell near the barracks, I am selected to accommodate a sergeant and corporal, who, it seems, must have special quarters. When the officer informed me of it, he must have seen my displeasure, for he turned gruff all of a sudden and told me to make haste and prepare the room. I forced myself to smile and speak pleasantly, but how I raged inside!

*December 18.* — I congratulate myself upon having had the good fortune to study English at school; that was many years ago, but it comes back to me, and I can understand what these people say. I pretend not to under-

stand, of course, and they talk freely around me. Thus I may learn something helpful to the Fatherland or the city.

*December 20.* — Maria has changed completely in the last day or two. Another one of her moods! It is almost humiliating to realize how little I know of my own wife. I used to think I knew her, but now there is always some new turn. It is troubling. A fortnight ago she was nervous, almost frightened; now she is smiling and content.

The American corporal knocked at our door a little while ago, and when Maria went and opened it, he took off his queer little hat and bowed and asked her for a candle. He could say only two words, 'candle' and 'please,' and when she fetched it, he said one word only: 'Thanks.' Maria smiled at him and bade him good-night.

'That is right, Maria,' I said to her when she sat down. 'It is our duty to be agreeable to these Americans. It is to them that we must look for help at the peace meeting.'

She sat up straight in her chair and looked hard at me.

'That was not why I smiled at him!' she exclaimed. 'I know nothing of your peace meetings! He is always polite to me, and kind. I am learning something.'

She said no more, but seemed to forget me and bent over her sewing again, and I could see her smiling to herself. Thus a woman speaks in riddles.

*December 21.* — I cannot keep that child Marguerita away from the house, though she used not to come often. I know — it is the Americans. I met her coming along the street hand-in-hand with the corporal to-day. She is only eight years old, and the top of her head reached hardly above his waist. She kept hopping and skipping along, to keep even with him, and looking up at

him, shouting and laughing the way children do. He would take her by both hands now and then, and lift her far off the ground, and they would both laugh aloud. They were so busy at this nonsense that they did n't see me as I passed.

The other, the sergeant, leaned out of the window and called, —

'Cut out that fraternizing, bo! The M.P.'s will run you in!'

One of these silly American jokes, I suppose. They are always going on in that fashion.

*December 22.* — We are beginning to hear tales of the Americans from all through the occupied district, on both sides of the Rhine. They are billeted in the towns and villages — sometimes one or two in a house, sometimes half a dozen or more. From everywhere one hears the same story of how they behave toward women and children, and of how the women and children are coming to like them. A truck-gardener from below Andernach told me that one or two of the women in his village had actually ventured to compare these strangers' bearing with that of German men, to the disadvantage of the latter! Sometimes I wonder what we are coming to, indeed, when things like that can be spoken aloud.

But the men of the Rhineland are not to be fooled. They keep their heads. They do not like the Americans. We may all seem to be friendly toward them, men and women alike, but it is for a different reason. With the women, this conduct springs from their foolishness: they have their silly heads turned because these downy-cheeked boys stand aside to let them pass and say 'please' and 'thank you,' and show them a sort of reverence. With the men, it is because we know what is best for the Fatherland; we know that there is nothing to be gained at present by

showing animosity, and probably much is to be gained by the opposite attitude; these men will write back home of the Germans, and their feeling will be transferred to their Congress and cabinet ministers, and will find itself reflected at the Peace meeting. Oh, we Germans are not fools!

*December 23.* — On the stairs this morning, I met the corporal coming up with a loaf of bread and a great lump of butter in his hands. Fine yellow butter! I had not had even a taste for days, and it made my mouth water. I could not resist the impulse to obtain some. I would not speak English to him, — he is not to know that I can speak it, — but I went quickly into the kitchen and brought back two eggs a friend from the country had given me. When he opened the door to my knock, I pointed to the butter on the table, then to the eggs in my hand, and smiled so that he could not miss my meaning.

‘Nothing doing, Fritzie,’ he said, talking in his own language just as if he thought I could understand. ‘Against Army Regulations. But I’ll tell you what I’ll do.’

Thereupon he seized the bread and butter, took me by the elbow, and before I could understand what he was about had piloted me downstairs and into the room where Maria was cleaning the floor. With a knife which he drew from his pocket he cut a thick slice from the loaf of bread, spread butter on it, and handed it to Maria. He pushed her gently into a chair and said, —

‘Eat that.’

The impudent fellow then locked his arm in mine, and we stood there together looking down at Maria munching the bread and butter.

‘Now, ain’t that fine?’ he asked, looking at me. ‘The very best quality your Uncle Samuel carries.’

I made a move to break away from him, but a sudden severe pressure of his arm prevented; and so we stood there until Maria had finished the last mouthful. Then he loosed me, bounded out of the room with the rest of the bread and butter, and ran up the stairs guffawing at the top of his lungs. Maria might well have looked ashamed, but she did not. She got up from her chair and went ahead with her cleaning as if nothing had happened.

*December 24.* — After luncheon to-day I found Maria and the child Marguerita putting up a small Christmas tree, all decorated with beads and tinsel and colored candles, in the room of the two Americans.

*December 27.* — These Americans are soft. It is easy to see that they could not be fighters, with their mild and bashful ways. It was their luck to reach the battlefield when our men had become tired after years of war, and when our leaders had already decided it was wisest to make peace. Naturally they cannot be resisted in any manner here. It would not be prudent to cause any ill-feeling under present circumstances; besides, all the Germans have had their arms taken away from them. But what short work we could make of them if we had a fair chance!

*December 28.* — There is much talk of the Republic, as if it were surely a permanent affair. We are to have an election to choose delegates to a National Assembly. This is all very well. We have to go on with it and make the best of it, *for a time*. But one would think, to hear some of these young radicals talk, that all eternity was embraced in a half-year. They do not seem to realize that time brings great changes. Our schoolmasters have taught us how Prussia, a short while after being under

the heel of Napoleon, had trained an army and was again in the field. The peace will come; the armed forces now gathered will scatter; all the nations of the world will not necessarily be always leagued against us, as they are now. At this moment our armies are out of action, and our Kaiser is in exile; but who knows — there is much speech-making, and issuing of manifestoes, and such like. But there are several million Germans who are saying little, and thinking, and — waiting. They may be enrolling in this or that party, Majority Socialist, or People's Democratic Party, or what not; but they are, first of all, Germans.

*December 29.* — This being Sunday, I remained at home. In the afternoon, while the two American soldiers sat on the front steps, in the fine weather, I was in my armchair just inside the window. After talking a few minutes about their desire to return home (in their ignorance not valuing the privilege of spending several months in such a city as ours), the sergeant remarked, —

'The fat Fritz we live with is a great old stiff, ain't he?'

'You know he's in the window there and can hear every word we say,' replied the corporal, whose name is Tanner.

'What's the odds? He can't understand English. We can say what we like.'

'That's right; we can call the old pig all the names in the dictionary.'

I chuckled to myself at this, and the satisfaction at outwitting these foreigners outweighed the natural discomfort I felt at hearing uncomplimentary things about myself.

'Ain't he the selfishest one you ever saw?' agreed the sergeant.

'Looks out for number one every minute, you bet.'

'You ought to've seen him the other day when I made him stand and watch his wife eat that bread and butter. He pretty near foamed at the mouth.'

'Never looks so happy as when he starts out after supper every night to guzzle beer with those other Heinies in the café up the street.'

'Treats his wife like a dog.'

'She's a nice sort of woman. Hard luck to be hooked up to a thing like him, eh?'

'If we could stay here and train the children, there would n't be any left like him after about fifty years.'

'You're right. And Germany'll never be any good till they get rid of his kind.'

They paused a moment, and I could hear them laugh.

'Now, let him have it, corporal,' said the sergeant.

'And the funniest thing about him,' said the corporal, raising his voice, 'is how he thinks he's fooling us about not understanding English. We caught on to the way he was listening the first day we were here, and yet he thinks he's kept us in the dark. And now he sits there right behind us in the window, listening to all the names we've been calling him, and thinking how clever he is. Ain't it the funniest —'

In my indignation, I shut the window with a bang at this point. As I went upstairs I could hear the two creatures shouting with laughter. I would not write down this stupid talk, except as an illustration of the brutal manners of these Americans.

*(To be concluded)*

# THE MORAL ISSUE IN RUSSIA

BY WILLIAM ADAMS BROWN, JR.

MUCH has been written in criticism and condemnation of the American policy in Russia and Siberia. Many pages of pure propaganda, written, from one point of view or another, to help definite parties and factions, and much honest discussion, especially in liberal papers, in which theory has tended to become divorced from facts, and in which American standards and measures and American psychology are too often applied to Russian affairs, have tended to becloud the real issues of the struggle in Russia, and to leave the inquirer confused and disheartened in the face of a situation so far away, so terrible, and so complex. The tragedy and suffering throughout the length and breadth of Russia, which seem so useless, and which the ever-ready generosity of Americans longs to relieve, make many people impatient that no way has yet been found to end this terrible situation; and this very eagerness to help, this heartfelt sympathy for Russia, withheld by the nature of the case from its natural expression, render a cool and reasoned view of the situation tenfold more difficult.

The present article, based on continued residence in Soviet Russia and Siberia since the first day of the October Revolution (1917), when the Bolsheviks first came into power, may, it is sincerely hoped, serve to bring the discussion up to date, and to set forth clearly and simply the main outlines of the situation as it exists to-day.

To speak first in general terms — the situation is hopeful. Constant asso-

ciation with Russians of all sorts and classes indelibly impresses on one's mind the fact that Russia is fundamentally democratic. Through all its failure, its misery and oppression, its mistakes and factional strife, bound down by the deadening ignorance of its masses and the incapacity for true self-government of those who should be its natural leaders, due largely to their lifelong training in conspiracy and plotting under the iron rule of their Tsars, the Russian people are reaching out for some sort of free government, some purely Russian expression of their national life. They have done forever with the old tyranny of which all the world knows, and they are weary and in revolt against the new tyranny of Lenin and Trotsky, and will in time, by their own force, overthrow it. It is a strange thing that, while they recognize their community of interest in the destruction of liberal forces everywhere, and, in a very real sense, their community of method, many Russian monarchists have been, and still are, able to work in utmost harmony with the Bolsheviks.

For those who have read the official words of Bolshevik leaders and of their supporters and apologists in America, and who are comparatively uninformed as to the manner in which Bolshevik rule actually works out in practice, it is natural to regard the Bolsheviks as a political party entitled to consideration equally with other parties. For those who have lived only in advanced self-governing countries, it



is easy to say, 'The Bolsheviks control most of Russia — they must have wide popular support, otherwise the people would overthrow them.' For those wholly unacquainted with conditions in Siberia it will be equally easy to misinterpret the nature of the opposition to the Bolsheviks and glibly to say that it consists of a group of reactionaries little better than the Bolsheviks themselves. To all such persons the presence of American troops in Russia and Siberia must seem a wrong and uncalled-for interference in other people's affairs; and the suggestion that all Russians cease fighting and agree upon a general armistice will seem only reasonable and right.

To meet these widely entertained points of view it is necessary to show — First, that the Soviet government is in no sense a popular or democratic government, and that it does not represent the majority of the people, or even a majority of the working-class. Second, that the political system developed under the Bolsheviks is not a natural outgrowth of established institutions. Third, that the Omsk government is not a reactionary government, and cannot be lightly swept aside as a mere political faction. Fourth, that an armistice among the Russians now contending for supremacy is both impossible and undesirable, because of the nature of the struggle.

After careful consideration of facts which can be adduced in support of these propositions it will be easier to estimate the value of the work now being done by the United States in Siberia, the necessity of the retention of American soldiers in Russia, and the significance of recent events there.

# I

Lenin himself would be surprised to hear that Soviet government has found

defenders in America or anywhere else on the ground that it is in any sense a popular or democratic form of government. The writer has been assured in Russia, not once, but many times, by Bolshevik officials and supporters, that Soviet government is something higher and better than democratic government; that Soviet Russia has passed through and beyond the elementary stage of democracy in which the United States, poor benighted country, is still enmeshed. The theory that elections to the Soviets are based upon an occupational franchise, in which every citizen is classified under a certain head, either as a hand-worker or as a brain-worker, and votes with his economic group, excluding only the non-productive elements, is on the face of it attractive to those who are intensely conscious of the evils of our present system.

There is, however, in the Bolshevik philosophy one cardinal doctrine, which changes the whole character of Soviet rule. It is not a chance doctrine, but one which has repeatedly been enunciated by Lenin, and which makes perfectly plain and logical many acts that Americans who desire to escape from the old system are apt to regard as altogether apart from the idea of Soviet rule as such, and as only the arbitrary acts of individuals. This doctrine is simply this: first, that the proletariat does not know what is good for its own welfare; second, that there is a small minority group which does know what is best for the proletariat, and, fully justified by this knowledge, not only ought, but is bound as a sacred duty, to act by force against the will of the majority of the workers if such will is, in their opinion, contrary to their best interests.

This doctrine is well summarized in a conversation between an American friend of the writer and a Bolshevik

commissar<sup>1</sup> from Kazan, in which the American propounded this hypothetical question:—

‘If there were a Constituent Assembly elected under Bolshevist military control, but composed of three hundred and ninety-nine Social-Revolutionist delegates and one Bolshevist delegate, and the one Bolshevist were armed, would the latter be justified in dissolving the Assembly by force of arms, and thus constituting himself the whole Assembly?’

The commissar replied, ‘It would not only be his right but his duty, as he would be the only one of all those present who was a real friend of the proletariat.’

It is this doctrine of a Bolshevist ‘divine right,’ in essence no different from the ancient divine right of kings, which constitutes the Bolsheviki the only judges as to who is a friend of the people, who shall be elected to the Soviets, and who shall constitute the electorate; which doctrine, carried out in practice to its ultimate conclusion, has resulted in so complete an identification of the Soviets and the Bolsheviki as to destroy any validity in the view taken by many Americans, that they are two very different things. This distinction is not *now* made in Russia at all.

Three instances may serve to illustrate the way in which the above doctrine works out in practice. The first was the dissolution by force of arms of the Constituent Assembly elected in November, 1917, for the sole and simple reason that, although the elections had been held under complete Bolshevist control, an overwhelming majority of Social-Revolutionist candidates was elected.

The second was the following. In

<sup>1</sup> *Commissar*, or commissioner, is the usual term applied to the higher Bolshevist officials of all classes.

March, 1918, the writer attended the Congress of All-Russian Soviets of Workmen’s, Soldiers’, and Peasants’ Deputies in Moscow. After the ratification of the Brest-Litovsk treaty, the election of the Central Executive Committee, the administrative body which was to carry on the government for the next year, was carried out according to a prearranged plan. This body was to elect the People’s Commissars. After all this had been accomplished, a Social-Revolutionist delegate, Martov, — one of the seventy-five or so admitted for the sake of form, the controlled Bolshevist representation amounting to not less than 600, — rose to speak. He made the suggestion that, inasmuch as the Congress was the representative of all Russian Soviets, — the body in which the ultimate sovereignty of the Russian proletarian government was supposed to be lodged, — it would be well that the People’s Commissars, elected by its Executive Committee, should be required to present monthly accounts of the vast sums of the people’s money they handled — at least, to the Executive Committee. Martov pointed out that this was merely a continuation of the practice followed when the Bolsheviki were represented in Kerensky’s cabinet, and that now they were in full power, he did not see why it should be abolished. At a signal from the Bolshevist leaders a storm of protest arose. The speaker was howled down, branded as a counter-revolutionist, and was not allowed to finish his speech. In other words, the Bolshevist leaders acted upon the doctrine set forth above, namely, that the self-constituted minority group in power must be free from any control whatsoever, even from those very members of the proletariat who they had decided were entitled to vote. Democratic principles, even in so purely formal and elementary a form as that suggested by

Martov, were not to be tolerated for a moment.

The third instance is taken from a typical small provincial town and serves to show that the same doctrine was acted upon in all parts of the country. The writer attended, in May, 1918, an election to the local Soviet in Krasnoyarsk, Siberia. The occupational group taking part in the election was that of clerks and office-workers. At the meeting held to elect the twelve representatives allotted to this group in the Soviet, not one person who was not a humble wage-earner was present. It was in every respect a proletarian meeting. Early in the proceedings it became evident that the Social-Revolutionists were in the majority. A test vote was taken on a question of credentials and the Bolsheviks were defeated three to one.

As is always the case when the Bolsheviks are outvoted, they refused to abide by the decision. Their leaders called upon all Bolshevik sympathizers to leave the room immediately, branding the Social-Revolutionists as enemies of the people. After all the Bolsheviks had left the hall, it was found that a quorum still remained, and twelve Social-Revolutionist members were elected to the Soviet. The next morning the election was declared illegal, a new meeting was held, from which all anti-Bolshevik members were excluded, and twelve Bolshevik members were elected and seated in the Soviet.

Such methods can be successfully carried out by the Bolsheviks for the simple reason that might is stronger than right. They have possession of all the arms and ammunition, having come into control in the beginning by cleverly capitalizing the longing of the people for land and peace, and having then organized a highly paid, mercenary Red army.

In accordance with this doctrine, then, and in this manner, the Soviet in Russia has become an instrument of political tyranny.

## II

The preceding paragraphs will serve to show that it is rather a stretch of the imagination to regard Soviet government, as found in Russia to-day, as a natural outgrowth of that fundamental ancient Russian institution, the village council, or Mir. Let us analyze the Soviet government of Siberia at the time of its overthrow by the Czechs in June, 1918. It was modeled by Bolshevik emissaries from Moscow closely on the Soviet organization of European Russia. At the centre of the government, as supreme administrative, and in practice also as supreme legislative body, there was a small permanent committee known as Centro Sibir. This committee elected the People's Commissars for Foreign Affairs, the Interior, etc., for Siberia, and was itself elected by a general Siberian convention of Soviets — a large body meeting for a few days at rare intervals, to act on carefully prepared agenda. This convention was composed of delegates from three different types of political organizations — the Soviets, or Councils, of certain independent industrial groups, such as the workmen in large factories, and in isolated industries, etc.; the city Soviets, representing the proletariat of the cities; and the county congresses of Soviets, representing the country districts.

These three types of Soviet were about equally represented at the General Siberian Convention, giving the cities a two-to-one majority over the peasants. But the county congresses of Soviets were not the direct representatives of the peasants: they were composed of delegates from the cantonal or

district congresses of Soviets. And not even the cantonal congresses were the direct representatives of the peasants, but were composed in turn of delegates from the village councils, or Soviets, which, in the last analysis, did directly represent the peasants. By an ingenious provision in the constitution of this Soviet republic, each of these Soviets, from the bottom up, was given the 'privilege' of electing one or more outsiders as advisers, on the theory that the peasants were not competent to understand the way in which a Soviet should be run and were not sufficiently conversant with the principles of the economic revolution. This, of course, meant that the Bolsheviks of the central organization had their own representative in control of every Soviet in the whole step-ladder.

We have, then, a structure in which the working-class, in Russia an exceedingly small percentage of the people, is given overwhelming representation in the (so-called) general legislative body, and is directly represented therein, while the peasants, the great mass of the people, have only a minority representation, diluted through two extra elections. The peasants and the workers, without participation in the administrative power, are represented in the central government only in a body whose function is confined to meeting a few days in the year to act as a rubber stamp.

Such a scheme of government can by no means be explained as a natural outgrowth of the old village Soviet, which was first introduced into Russia to give the peasants some chance to express their grievances. The city Soviets, — representing a small minority of the people, — which are given such preponderance in the scheme of government analyzed above, are adaptations of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils which sprang up here and there after

the 1905 Revolution. This great super-structure, grafted upon and submerging the original village Soviet, was so far from being a natural evolution of an already established Russian institution that the Bolshevik leaders were obliged to establish schools for agitators, to teach their own agents what it was all about, so as to fit them for the work of instructing the people. This agitation, based entirely on the well-known principle of advertising, that a thing repeated often enough and categorically enough will come to be believed, has always been the chief instrument of the spread of Bolshevism throughout Russia, if we leave out of the account the more forcible arguments used by the Red Army and the committees of Poverty.

In Perm the writer noticed the prospectus of one of the Bolshevik schools for agitators, offering courses in Soviet government, the Red Army, the World-Revolution, and the like. A regular diploma was offered, as in any other institution of learning. Such a method as this would not be necessary if this form of government were natural to Russia.

In a captured box-car used as an office by the Bolsheviks, and taken by the Siberian army, the writer found last December, a printed questionnaire for the use of Bolshevik agitators sent out to convert the villages. Prominent among the questions to be answered were the following: —

'Is there a Soviet in this village?' 'Is there any sentiment in favor of a Soviet?' 'Do the people understand how to organize a Soviet?' 'Do you recommend sending organizers from Perm to organize a Soviet here?' 'Who are the men who might be used in a Soviet organization here?' 'Who are the rich peasants in the village?' and so forth.

Such questions show clearly that the

Soviet form of government was not a universal or natural one in Russian villages; and the fact that it was necessary for the Bolsheviki to send out their organizers from the city to the villages themselves, to form Soviets there, implies very strongly that the Soviet system as it actually exists was built from the top down, and not from the bottom up.

Such is the highly autocratic political weapon which the Bolsheviki have forged for themselves, which they have used and are using in conjunction with the Red Army for the destruction, root and branch, of the modern economic system of production and distribution, and of the entire class representing that system, including the people who represent such truly Russian and democratic institutions as the City Councils and Zemstvos.

### III

Opposing the Soviet government by force of arms in Siberia there is the All-Russian government, headed by Admiral Kolchak, with its seat in Omsk. The history of the development of this government is as follows. After the dispersal by the Bolsheviki of the November (1917) Constituent Assembly in Moscow, many of the members found their way into Siberia, and maintained their organization secretly under the Bolshevik régime. On the liberation of Central Siberia by the Czechs, in May and June, 1918, this group elected an Executive Council of Ministers, set up a government known as the Temporary Siberian Government, and immediately set about organizing a Russian anti-Bolshevist army. Delegates from this group managed to reach Vladivostock, and on the overthrow of the Bolsheviki there, declared themselves to be the representatives in the Far East of the Temporary Siberian Government, deriving their authority

from the undeniable fact that they were the only duly elected representatives of the people on the scene. Coördination between this group and the Temporary Siberian Government in Central Siberia, under the leadership of Vologodski, was rendered almost impossible by the total lack of direct communication due to the existence of three separate military fronts between Vladivostock and Central Siberia: the front between Semeonov and the Bolsheviki and Germans on the Western Manchurian border; the front between Kalmikov and the Bolsheviki and Germans on the Eastern Siberian border; and the front between the Czechs and the Bolsheviki and Germans near Nikolsk.

Late in July, 1918, the capture of Nikolsk by the Czechs and the consequent liquidation of the Kalmikov front opened up communication, through Manchuria, with the Semeonov front. This was followed at once by the proclamation of General Horvat, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Chinese Eastern Railroad and, in effect, dictator of Manchuria, setting himself up as supreme ruler of Russia. This proclamation, coming shortly before the joint Allied declarations on intervention, aside from being an interesting incident, created an *impasse* between the Temporary Siberian Government representatives and General Horvat on the question who represented the legitimate power in Eastern Siberia.

Early in September the heroic Czechs, advancing eastward on the Trans-Siberian line after capturing Chita, took the Bolshevik forces opposing Semeonov from behind. The Germans and Austrians, deserted by the Russian part of the Red Army, were forced to give way, and on September 6, 1918, communication was at last established between Vladivostock and



the Urals, when Gaida and Semeonov effected a junction.

Then for the first time it became generally known that there was in Omsk a Russian government, based on liberal principles, and commanding a growing army, which was gradually beginning to lend real help to the Czechs, and around which, although slowly, a real national sentiment was forming. The sphere of direct influence of the Vologodski government at Omsk was at first not great, and a more radical governmental group was formed, first at Ekaterinburg and then at Ufa, in which the radical Avksentiev was the leading figure. In the meantime, Semeonov had moved out to Chita, and had established himself there.

In October, 1918, there had emerged from the complete economic and mental confusion left by the Bolsheviks in Siberia four major governmental groups, all strongly anti-Bolshevist, but inspired by radically different ideas, and separated physically by immense distances and very slow communications. These groups were: 1. The Temporary Siberian Government at Omsk; 2. The Ufa Convention under Avksentiev; 3. General Horvat in the Far East; 4. Semeonov in Chita. The problem of reconciling and unifying these four groups, hopeless as it seemed at first, has been met and solved in very large measure. The magnificent constancy of the Czechs held things together at the front and along the railroad line, until the shattered Russian forces could be gathered together under unified leadership. Four months ago the last Czech forces left the Ural front, and the Russians themselves assumed the full burden of the war of liberation.

The political and economic unification of the vast and varied territories between Krasnoyarsk and Vladivostok has not yet been thoroughly carried out. Especially is this true of the

Far East, where tremendous outside world-forces are constantly at play, preventing anything like a normal development. The steadying influences of the Czech army and the Allied forces in this territory is still an important factor. It is true, however, that immediately on the liberation of Siberia by the Czechs, the real Russian organs of local government, the City Councils and Zemstvo Unions, everywhere resumed their legitimate essential and constructive work. In every city and town from Vladivostok to the Urals we have now functioning purely Russian institutions, whose parallel is not found in other countries, which have grown up to fill the needs of Russian life, and which are carrying on the work of local government in which they were interrupted by the autocratic power of the Moscow Council of the People's Commissars. Newspapers of every shade of political opinion, except out-and-out Bolshevik papers, are published everywhere, in strong contrast to the complete destruction of freedom of speech in Bolshevik Russia.

The process of unification of the sane elements of Russia against the Bolshevik tyranny has not been accomplished without many arbitrary acts, many heart-burnings, bitter recriminations, and disappointed personal and party hopes. From these has sprung much of that unfortunate division of opinion among anti-Bolshevist Russians, both in Siberia and in the United States, which has tended to confuse the issues and perplex the onlooker.

The steps by which this unification was finally achieved were as follows. After prolonged negotiation, an arrangement was reached between the Ufa Convention and the Temporary Siberian Government in Omsk, by virtue of which a directorate of five, including both Avksentiev and Vologodski, was formed at Omsk, and the

Ufa government was liquidated. This was from the first a makeshift. On November 18, 1918, the Directorate was overthrown by a *coup d'état*, and the Ufa elements in it, headed by Avksentiev, were arrested and exiled, and a new government, under Admiral Kolchak as supreme ruler, was set up in its place. Kolchak, as head of the government, was made responsible to a Council of Ministers, with Vologodski — the man who had been through so many months a guiding power in holding together the organization of the dispersed members of the Constituent Assembly and then in organizing the first Russian anti-Bolshevist army — still at its head. Every order of Kolchak must be countersigned by the secretary of this Council of Ministers.

The *coup d'état* of November 18 was defended as absolutely necessary to avoid a Bolshevik military victory at the front, as the Avksentiev group was pursuing a strictly partisan and extremely radical policy, hampering the work of reconstruction and impairing the morale of the army. This view was first expressed to the writer the morning after the *coup d'état* by the editor of *Zarya* (in Omsk), the most important coöperative paper now published in Russia, and was afterwards repeated many times by independent Russian sources.

A competent American officer, after a trip to Ufa at this time, told the writer that in his personal opinion, based upon a purely military point of view, the extreme radicalism of the Ufa government had been largely responsible for the loss of that city to the Bolsheviks. The desertion to the Bolsheviks of Chernov, who, while not a member of the Directorate, had been closely identified with the Ufa group, tends to bear out this assertion. At any rate, it was obvious that an irreconcilable breach existed in the Directorate, and that a

strong man was needed to hold things together.

On assuming power, Admiral Kolchak pledged himself to call a Constituent Assembly at the first possible moment, for the determination of the future government of Russia. From this determination he has never wavered. In personal conversation with Russians Kolchak has repeatedly said that he is primarily an officer in the navy, and has taken up the immense burden laid upon him only in order to hold things together until an opportunity is found to call a Constituent Assembly through the military defeat of the Bolsheviks; and that after that he intends to resign. That Kolchak is not, and never has been, in favor of the old régime has been admitted to the writer by some of the bitterest opponents of his government in Vladivostock; and this fact is abundantly testified to by his unpopularity among those in power in the navy under the Tsar, who consistently opposed his promotion and blocked his progress, on the ground that he was too radical.

However, to gain the support of the older officers, whose professional services were essential to the success of the army, and to obtain the allegiance of Horvat, the *de facto* power in the Far East, Kolchak made certain concessions to the reactionary elements, which alienated many liberal and patriotic persons. Especially is this true of the appointment of certain military governors in interior cities, whose disregard of local institutions and whose arbitrary acts, especially those of General Ivanov-Rinov (since removed from power by Kolchak) in Vladivostock, have done much to foster the impression that the Omsk government is a thoroughly reactionary one. But the monarchists have been far from satisfied, and it is established on the very best authority that there have been two, or

perhaps three, serious attempts to capture the Omsk government for the monarchists. Kolchak has successfully resisted them all, and recently the radical Socialist groups in Siberia, the central organs of all the Siberian coöperators, and the Central Union of the Zemstvos have united in a public declaration of support of the Kolchak government so long as it holds true to its pledge to summon a freely elected Constituent Assembly. This declaration was followed by a very noticeable consolidation of Russian Socialist groups in the United States and in Paris, including the coöperators and Babushka Breshkovskaya. This latter development, which took place early in May, 1919, very materially strengthens the hands of the liberals in the Omsk government and shows the growth of popular belief that Kolchak, strengthened and confirmed in his position as a national and not a purely local or regional leader by the allegiance of the governments of Deniken and Tschaikowski, will carry out his pledge in this essential matter.

Semeonov in the meantime has descended to the level of a mere irresponsible bandit, playing the game of organized speculation and exploitation of his country's misery as long as he can safely and profitably play it.

#### IV

The Omsk government, many as its defects are admitted to be, is one in which liberal and decent elements in Russian life are struggling, not only against the Bolsheviks at the front, but also against the reactionaries in their own midst. The liberal elements have thus far kept control. They feel that they are waging a war of liberation of their country from a hideous tyranny. They are having their first fruits of success. They stand for the idea of nation-

ality, while the Bolsheviks's fundamental principle denies the validity of the idea of nationality and scoffs at patriotism as a scheme of capitalism to oppress the poor. They stand for the payment of Russia's foreign debt; the Bolsheviks openly repudiate that debt, but are willing to use the promise to honor it as a bribe to other countries. They stand for a government that will give the whole nation freedom to express its will and continue its natural national development; the Bolsheviks stand for the old principle of government by the knout. They believe the Siberian army to be an army of liberation, destined to free the common people from intolerable economic oppression, and to rescue the last remnants of the educated, the intelligent, and the cultivated from annihilation under the heel of ruthless and cruel despotism; while the Bolsheviks are obliged by the inexorable logic of their position to refuse the offer made by neutral countries to feed the hungry and the suffering in the great cities; for they cannot feed and strengthen those whom they are pledged to destroy, and still retain their power.

That the Siberian army is, in fact, regarded as an army of liberation was brought home to the writer most impressively when he entered the city of Perm three days after its capture from the Bolsheviks by the Siberian troops. The empty streets, the closed stores, the empty markets, the hungry and hunted faces of the people, the joy they expressed at being spoken to as friends, and at the hope of getting bread and something to read other than constant and venomous abuse of all that decent people hold sacred and honorable, their stories of the brutal execution of their friends and their anxious inquiries as to the fate of the hostages, all tended to produce an impression that here were people freed from slavery and given the chance to live anew. Is it to be won-

dered at that the suggestion, heard so often in America, that all Russian 'factions' should conclude a general armistice, comes to such men as a shock and an insult, born of an almost unbelievable misunderstanding of the situation? For both sides it is civil war, war to the death. A just estimate of Russian reaction to American policies requires an appreciation of the fact that the psychology of the conflict in Russia is a psychology of civil war. It is, furthermore, a civil war toward which it is not honorable to preserve a neutral attitude. There is a tremendous moral obligation upon the Allies not to desert Russia, on account of her five million dead in the war. Nearly every decent man admits this, but says, 'Alas, there is little choice between the factions. Where does that obligation lie?' To one who knows the facts, there is little doubt as to where the choice of a truly liberal man should fall.

America has openly recognized this obligation, and in giving practical encouragement to those who are struggling to re-create a Russian state on a liberal and sound basis, she has recognized the fact that in this struggle in Russia one side is right and the other wrong. The most important of all the methods by which America, in conjunction with her allies, is trying to discharge her obligation to Russia is in the rehabilitation of the Trans-Siberian Railway. On the successful carrying out of this work depends the economic reestablishment of Russia. The conclusion of the international agreement and the beginning of actual work on the railway by the Stevens Commission brought joy and hope to thousands of the disheartened and discouraged among the patriotic liberal elements of Russia. Any American along the Trans-Siberian road can to-day answer in the affirmative the oft-repeated question, 'Have the Americans started to restore

the railroad?' asked anxiously by all classes of men, and will receive in return a smile of relief and pleasure which will make him proud that America has undertaken this great work.

To protect this railroad against organized and semi-official bandits like Semeonov at Chita, and against wandering bands of Bolshevik sympathizers, it is necessary to have troops. The Czechs are doing much of this policing work, and the other Allies have some part in it. America is doing her share. Every American in uniform who has traveled over the Trans-Siberian Railway can testify to the eagerness with which the people crowded about him and asked if at last the long-awaited American soldiers were coming; and he will not easily forget the disappointment in their faces when he had to say that they were not. This eagerness to see the American soldiers is due to the fact that in them is seen a guaranty that the country will not again be given over to Bolshevism, that the actual work of rehabilitation of the railroad is begun, that the day of Semeonov and the other semi-independent Cossack *hetmans* is over, and that the normal flow of goods will be resumed. The writer can confidently testify to the desire on the part of all classes, except monarchists, to have the Americans come to help them in their fight for liberation, if not at the front, at least in economic and police duties at the rear. The monarchists know that they look in vain for any help from American sources.

There is, however, a reason more self-ish than the carrying out of our obligation toward the sane and liberal elements in Russia why it is necessary and justifiable to have American troops in Russia. This grows out of the very nature of Bolshevism. The great hope of the Bolsheviki has always rested in the world-revolution. The Spartacus

outbreak and the Communist revolution in Hungary gave hope and life to the Bolsheviks. Lenin has said that Bolshevism cannot live in Russia alone. Unless the Bolshevik world-revolution follows, his 'great experiment' fails. Therefore the Bolsheviks cannot stop their foreign propaganda for the overthrow of foreign governments, and they hate the American government as much as the German Imperial government, for in weakening it and in weakening France, Italy, and Great Britain lies their only hope.

When we went to war with Germany, Germany did not threaten us directly as she threatened France, but we knew that a German-controlled Europe would be a terrible menace to American democracy. Bolshevism does not threaten us directly, as it threatens Central Europe, Germany, France, and Italy, but we know that a Bolshevik-controlled Europe would be a great menace to American institutions and principles. By retaining our soldiers in Russia and Siberia and by sending there our Red Cross and our engineers, we are not only in part liquidating our debt to loyal and patriotic Russians by assisting them in their effort to save their country, and carrying out the obliga-

tion we have entered into with our allies: we are also, by forming part of the iron ring which has been drawn about the Russian Soviet government, contending against a highly organized force which, from the nature of the peculiar philosophy underlying it, cannot cease to wage relentless war upon the very institutions which are the hope of a self-determining and free Russia. These institutions are the agencies of local self-government which have their roots in Russian history and meet Russian needs. They are institutions which can develop in harmony and coördination with the development of liberal institutions elsewhere, and add their own peculiar Russian contribution to the general progress of mankind toward a better and more perfectly organized world-society. As the Siberian army advances, in one freed town after another the City Councils and Zemstvos, Coöperators, and other real Russian political and economic organizations take up anew their interrupted work. By opposing the Bolsheviks with armed force, therefore, we are helping in a very fundamental way in the liberation of Russia and bringing nearer the lasting peace which cannot come to pass until that country is powerful and free.



# GERMANY IN REVOLUTION

BY VICTOR S. CLARK

## I

THE German revolution was long preparing, and, like other great events, it cast its shadow far before. In one of several peace appeals which Russia addressed to the Central Powers before the abdication of the Tsar, the government at Petrograd cautioned: 'Every day that peace is postponed contains an added threat to the security of the European dynasties.' Count Czernin, Foreign Minister of Austria-Hungary, said in a memorandum to Emperor Charles in April, 1917:—

'I cannot pass over a topic which gives its supreme emphasis to my whole argument. This is the danger of revolution, which is lowering over the horizon of all Europe. Five monarchs already have lost their thrones in this war, and the appalling ease with which the most powerful monarch in the world has been overthrown may encourage people to ponder the proverb, *Exempla trahunt*. It is not enough to say that conditions are different in Germany and Austria-Hungary. . . . The war has opened a new era in history. It has no previous examples and recognizes no precedents. The world is no longer the same world that it was three years ago, and we seek in vain for analogies in past history for events that have now become everyday occurrences. Any statesman who is not blind or deaf must appreciate that the stupid despair of the people is growing daily. He must hear the deep growl of dissatisfaction among the masses, and if he has any sense of responsibility

he must take this situation into account. . . . I am thoroughly impressed with the conviction that, if Germany should try to conduct another winter campaign, revolutionary disturbances would occur in that country.'

The last prediction came true; for the first overt acts of revolution were the political strikes in Austria, Hungary, and Germany the following winter. The Bolshevik overturn in Russia, and the withdrawal of that country from the war, had encouraged the common people of the Central Powers to hope for speedy peace. When this hope was disappointed by the interruption of negotiations at Brest-Litovsk, late in December, 1917, popular protest expressed itself by acts. Strikes started in Vienna on January 16, spread over Austria and to Budapest within forty-eight hours, and came to a head in Berlin and throughout Germany ten days later. Work ceased in all industries; the fires of furnaces died down; the wheels of munitions works were still; newspapers could not appear; hotels and restaurants were without service. These demonstrations were political rather than economic, and were planned to last but a few days.

Radical Socialists were the prime movers, while government Socialists and trade-union leaders held aloof. Evidences of Russian Bolshevik propaganda were already apparent. The governments promised reforms until their people returned to work, and then used conventional reactionary methods to punish the principal agitators.

Spring came, bringing formal peace with Russia, warmth and sunshine, and the promise of a successful offensive in the West. But deep in the hearts of the common people were bitterness and discontent. Subsequent military reverses merely released the flood. The Kaiser's September speech at Essen was the frightened plea of a monarch already cowering before the rising tide of popular wrath, which had withdrawn for a moment, only to return with overwhelming force.

## II

While revolutionary sentiment was diffused throughout the Central Powers, the acute foci were in industrial centres and the army and navy. Army disaffection was particularly strong among replacement troops and reserves in garrisons. As early as 1915, furloughed soldiers from manufacturing towns employed their excursions into the country for provisions to spread revolutionary propaganda among the peasants. Convalescents returning to duty were disaffected; for revolutionary teaching found fertile soil in army hospitals and other centres of discouragement and morbidity. Thousands of former prisoners who came back from Russia after the treaty of Brest-Litovsk poured a stream of Bolshevik doctrine into the Western trenches. Replacement troops of the later classes were young men who had attained maturity during the past four years. They had grown up in an atmosphere of war demoralization. Many of them had earned high wages and led undisciplined lives in crowded cities. They had no stomach for the hardships and dangers of the front.

Consequently, soldiers courted sentences to the guard-house, organized secret societies, with such names as 'We want to live,' in order to assist each

other in evading duty, and established underground railways to facilitate desertion.

Germany's officer losses were very heavy. In proportion to the number in service, three times as many Prussian commissioned officers as privates were killed and five times as many wounded. The result was a dearth of competent leaders. Inferior and immature men — 'boys from the school-bench' — were placed in command of veteran troops. Their incompetence destroyed the confidence and undermined the loyalty of the rank and file. Distrust of the government spread apace. A growing fraction of the army felt that it had been intentionally deceived as to the true causes and issues of the war, and a sense of moral betrayal weakened its devotion to duty.

The spreading spirit of resentment and revolt was carried from the navy to the army by the practice of sentencing mutinous sailors to the trenches. It was conveyed from industrial centres to the army by the custom of sentencing strikers and labor-agitators to service at the front. Last summer, furloughed navy men flocked to the lines behind the battle-area, ostensibly to visit relatives, but really — according to present reports — to promote a revolutionary understanding between the army and the fleet.

In the navy itself disaffection was more acute and of longer standing than among the land forces. It began before the war, and was fostered by abuses peculiar to naval conditions. The men resented the harsh discipline and overbearing manner of their officers. They saw the latter enjoy relatively sumptuous fare, while common soldiers were confined to a monotonous and limited war-diet. 'One abuse that aroused great bitterness,' according to Captain Persius, 'was the fact that officers appropriated food for their families that

was intended for the men, and sent considerable quantities off the vessels.' While on shore duty and leave, enlisted men associated in port cities and naval bases with shipyard workers, who are among the most radical revolutionary elements in Germany. On board vessels favorable opportunities for conspiracy existed, and discontent was communicated rapidly from man to man. Possibly, also, propaganda drifted down the Baltic from the Bolshevik stronghold at Kronstadt.

Nevertheless, most of the complaints of the army and navy concerned service grievances. They would not have infected an empire if the whole body politic had not been feverish with the toxins of the old régime. Political discontent was universal.

Meanwhile, a deliberate and long-planned scheme of revolt was promoted at Berlin. The censorship, the state-of-siege law, the suspension of regulations protecting workers, were specific grievances. The failure of the government to liberalize the Prussian franchise, and the stupid resistance of the Junkers to every move toward popular government, embittered, not only the Socialists, but also Liberals of the middle class. Insensibly the whole nation was drifting toward radicalism. Directly as the pressure of the popular will upon the shell of the old system increased, the autocrats added new weights to the safety-valve. Professional revolutionists, with trained fingers on the pulse of the people, stood alert to utilize the crisis.

In former years the Socialist party in Germany financed revolution in Russia. Now the Bolsheviks could return the favor. Lenin's note-presses were reeling off paper roubles, with which he established credits abroad for propaganda. Sums equivalent to millions of dollars found their way from Petrograd and Moscow to the Radical Socialists

in Berlin, and were quietly used to prepare the public mind for events whose shadow already lay athwart the heavens, and to arm the proletariat.

By this time, the ruling powers of Germany were trying to parry the lightning of revolution with the foil of parliamentary reform. Here an interesting Nemesis appears. For years, not only German Conservatives, but influential Socialists, had preached the doctrine that workers could better their condition more quickly under a monarchy than under a democracy. They compared the backward labor legislation of England and America with the advanced laws and their excellent enforcement in Germany, and asked the people, 'Do you prefer the enlightened paternalism of the Hohenzollerns or the brutal exploitation of Manchester and Wall Street plutocrats?' Thus they created distrust in constitutional democracy, by representing it as but 'a new machine for pumping blood from the veins of the workers.' But they did not succeed in their prime object of making monarchy the only alternative. The masses conceived a dictatorship of the proletariat as a third exit from their difficulties.

However, during the pause before the plunge into revolution, a responsible ministry was formed under Prince Max of Baden, with Social Democrats of the safe and sane school in the administration. This cabinet, supported by a panicky Reichstag and by a Prussian legislature bedazzled by the light of a new and unwelcome era, hastened to liberalize the old constitution so as to concede overnight what progressives had sought in vain for decades. These changes gave Germany a government as liberal in form as that of England, but not confirmed by practice and parliamentary habit. It had, in the popular eye, the dubious aspect of a death-bed repentance. Four years ago such a

reconstruction might have stabilized the Empire for decades. Now it came too late.

### III

This marks the limit of the bourgeois revolution, which lasted from the appointment of Prince Max as Chancellor, on October 3, until the abdication of the Kaiser on November 9. Then began the Social Democratic revolution, which is still in progress. Bourgeois revolution meant remodeling and modernizing the old government plant. Social revolution means tearing down the old plant and building anew. Social Democrats do not agree among themselves upon the new design; but they are unanimous that it must differ fundamentally in form and functions from the old one.

When the war broke out, the Social Democratic executive, partly convinced that Germany was being wantonly attacked, partly inspired by traditional hatred of the Tsar, partly fearing to sacrifice concrete legislative attainments by incurring political unpopularity in a period of war hysteria, and partly narcotized by long indulgence in nationalist visions, voted credits for the war and supported the government in its policy of aggression.

But from the first some dissented. As early as December, 1914, Karl Liebknecht handed the following statement to the President of the Reichstag, though he was prevented by disorders in the house from making it orally, and by the officers of the Reichstag from inserting it in the minutes:—

‘This war, which no one of the nations participating in it desired, was not started for the welfare of the German nation or of any other nation. It is a strictly imperialistic war, and a war for the capitalist control of world-markets; for the political subjugation of important areas of colonization which can be dominated by our industrial and

banking capital. It is, viewed from the standpoint of world-armament, a “preventive” war, caused by the German and Austrian war-parties acting together in the obscure paths of semi-absolutism and secret diplomacy. It is a typical Bonapartist campaign to demoralize and ruin the rising labor movement. The recent months have shown these facts with increasing clearness, in spite of the ruthless campaign to confuse the public mind.

‘The German battle-cry, “Against Tsarism,” serves in the same way as the present English and French battle-cry, “Against Militarism,” to mobilize the noblest instincts and the revolutionary aspirations and traditions of the people in the service of international hatred. Germany, which is the accomplice of Tsarism and the typical representative of political backwardness, is not called to be a liberator of nations. The liberation of Russia, like the liberation of Germany, must be the work of its own people. The war is not a German defensive war. Its historical character and its course up to the present moment prevent our believing a capitalistic government when it states that the purpose for which it demands the present credit is the defense of the Fatherland.’

No formal break occurred in the Social-Democratic Reichstag delegation till March 24, 1916, when Hugo Haase, with a score or more followers, refused to vote for the war-budget. The caucus then expelled the bolters, and the latter formed what is now the Independent Socialist party. Coincident with the outbreak of the revolution, a third more radical body was formed. Its members called themselves Spartacans, from the pseudonym signed by their leader, Karl Liebknecht, to a series of sensational revolutionary letters which he secretly issued early in the war. The Spartacans are affiliated in doctrine and organiza-

tion with the Russian Bolsheviks. Sporadic or local groups still more extreme have appeared here and there, and have been inaccurately dubbed 'Communists' and 'syndicalists.' They are more properly chaos parties.

## IV

On November 2, when service grievances in the navy flashed a spark into the powder magazine of popular discontent, Germany seemed well started toward orderly liberal reform. The conservative Social Democrats of Prince Max's Cabinet did not lead their followers into revolution. They evidently were not fully aware of its imminence. They probably wished to avoid an overturn which would play into the hands of their more radical rivals. When the country drifted irresistibly into the rapids of political revolt, they merely tried to steer clear of the boulders in the channel. They were not an impelling force in revolution, and therefore they sacrificed the prestige that goes to men of action in a crisis.

On the November Saturday when the Kiel sailors started a navy strike, a grievance committee was appointed to present their demands to their superiors. These demands were rather radical, — such as equal rations for men and officers, and abolition of saluting except on duty, — and they contained one political request, the abdication of the Kaiser. Almost immediately, however, Social Democrats — mostly of the independent wing — took control of the situation. They turned the navy strike into a revolution, by substituting for the petitions of the sailors, whose eyes were still mainly on such things as mess-reforms, the single demand that a sailors' and soldiers' council should approve all orders of the officers. Here this institution first entered German political life.

Soldiers' Councils were organized during the Russian Revolution of 1905, and are said to have been modeled by the professional conspirators of that country upon similar bodies formed in 1647 among Cromwell's troops. Each regiment of the Roundhead army elected a committee of privates and lower officers, who became for a time the mouthpiece of the English Revolution in civil as well as military matters. Their members were known as 'agitators,' a term quite suggestive of their functions.

Such councils may be organized by soldiers, by sailors, by workingmen, or by peasants. Transplanted from Russia to Kiel, they propagated themselves throughout Germany almost overnight. The Berlin authorities tried to isolate the Kiel revolt focus by stopping railway communication; but the mutineers sent torpedo-boats and small cruisers to the port towns and Hansa cities, and speedily outflanked the government forces. Resistance collapsed, because the old régime had lost moral self-confidence, and authority fell into the hands of soldiers' and workers' councils, because they are the spontaneous organs of proletarian revolution. They are the simple and obvious tools for overthrowing an existing order where the new order to be created professes to be based on the will of the people. At the time of the Kiel revolt, a great part of the adult male population of Germany belonged to troop formations — regiments, batteries, and similar units — which had common interests during a period of upheaval. Another large fraction of the people was already crystallized into occupational groups, at factories, mines, mercantile establishments, banks, and government offices, where they had common interests and were accustomed to act together.

The sailors on a naval vessel were in a similar position. Indeed, the peasants



of a village or countryside were the only workers of Germany who lived under conditions similar to those almost universal in America when our township government arose, and peasants' councils are boards of selectmen. It was the vocational community of interest, as much as neighborhood grouping of New England farmers, which created our township system; it is the vocational community of interest of modern industrial workers which has made trade divisions and factory walls supersede precinct boundaries in the electoral system of the Soviets. A workers' council is a shop committee with political functions and authority.

The Soviet stage of the revolution lasted from the abdication of the Kaiser and the resignation of Prince Max until the assembling of the Constitutional Convention at Weimar on February 6. Parenthetically, the Kaiser's abdication and the renunciation of the throne by the Crown Prince were regarded in Germany as minor incidents in the great flow of events. They were not excitedly discussed, and even sturdy monarchists hastened to distinguish between their loyalty to the institution and to individuals. *Simplicissimus* pictured the common sentiment in a cartoon representing a desolate 'No-Man's Land,' stretching under gray clouds to a remote horizon. In the far distance was the minute departing figure of the Kaiser, and in the foreground were the German people, represented by widows, orphans, and war-cripples, staring after him with seared faces and corpse-like fixity. The legend was, 'We shed no tears for him, for he has left us no tears to shed.'

During the Soviet period, Germany was ruled by a central government appointed by the Soldiers' and Workers' Councils of Greater Berlin and the Empire, through their central committees and congresses. Cabinets similarly set

up and accredited took the place of the former hereditary rulers and ministries of the Federal States. Not a crowned head remained between the North Sea and the Adriatic, though the heads that had worn crowns were unharmed.

Hardly was the project for a constitutional convention under way, when civil dissension started anew in Germany. This was not a struggle between reaction and revolution, but within the ranks of revolution itself. Both Majority Socialists and Independents served in the first Cabinet after the abdication; but at holiday time the Independents withdrew, and since then have remained outside of and hostile to the government. The Workers' Councils, although their congress indorsed, and indeed created, the convention, do not want to relinquish their own authority. Majority Socialists support the convention; Independent Socialists trim between the convention and the councils; while the Spartacans tried to prevent an election, and now repudiate constitutional democracy and advocate a dictatorship of the proletariat. In their effort to accomplish their purpose the Spartacans have instigated revolts and political strikes throughout Germany, which culminated in three periods of heavy fighting at Berlin, late in December, early in January, and early in March. Each successive attempt was more desperate and more nearly successful than its predecessor.

The Constitutional Convention has met and organized a government. It has adopted a temporary constitution and is debating a permanent constitution. A majority of the German nation have given it a legitimate title to authority by their votes. But the status of this government is still insecure.

No useful purpose would be served by recounting the ebb and flow of Spartacan revolt, which is a European rather than a specifically German phe-

nomenon. Neither would it be fruitful to detail the controversies among the Socialist factions. The radicals want to socialize industry at once; the moderates want to do so gradually. The radicals want a dictatorship of the proletariat, which would exclude all but manual or mental workers from political rights, and a government similar to that of Russia; to the moderates, Russia's example is anathema, and a dictatorship of the proletariat is treason to democracy. Efforts to unite upon a middle ground have so far failed. The legitimate government is trying to incorporate the Workers' Councils in the parliamentary system. Coal-mining is being socialized, and insurance and deep-sea fishing, as well as all local public utilities not already owned by state and municipal governments, are destined speedily to undergo the same treatment. But mere political mechanics cannot control the forces of upheaval.

# v

One reason why Germany seemed to have a machine-made revolution was that its proletariat was so well disciplined. Tammany Hall in its palmiest days, or the Republican Party in 1906, was not so efficiently organized as the Social Democratic party and its trade-union shadow, with their hierarchy of salaried managers, secretaries, and propagandists. The party had its own schools and training system to teach socialist theory and political tactics to youths and field-workers of both sexes. Therefore, Germany was as well organized for revolt at home as it was for war abroad. The result is that the revolution continues in a sense under the constellation of the old régime. The party bureaucracy still holds the reins. The government has been revolutionized, but not the party itself. The leaders sincerely desire social and political re-

form; but their uninspiring professionalism checks spontaneity, and makes the common followers distrustful. The revolution in its Weimar manifestation resembles a great, advanced political renaissance in America, controlled by machine politicians. In addition, the Social-Democratic party originated and matured as a party of opposition. The rank and file conceive government only as something to be fought. Their own champions become objects of suspicion when they don the robes of state.

Furthermore, the ordinary machinery of government has not changed. No spoils-to-the-victors policy was adopted. The old civil servants moil over their desks, and the old judges dispense justice. Even higher bureaucrats remain in office; and occasionally some Bourbon local dignitary intones a subdued hymn of regretful praise for the departed Hohenzollerns. The Prussian Minister of Education was recently compelled to issue an order forbidding the ceremonious reinstallation of royal portraits and busts in certain schools and government offices, whence they were removed in the early days of the revolution. Whenever the Junker spirit thus raises itself to view, it inspires the commons with a momentary spasm of enraged distrust.

However, even the bourgeoisie accepts the revolution as an accomplished fact, and faces with comparative resignation the economic consequences of Socialism. An Austrian observer writes from Berlin, —

'Germany's substantial burgers regard the approaching Socialist order as inevitable; and the so-called middle class, including the bureaucracy, seems gradually to grow friendly to Socialism. . . . In the nightly street debates in Potsdam Place I recently heard a student with duel-scarred features, who probably was a devoted follower of Treitschke a year ago, shout to a Spar-

tacan street orator, "Go read your Kautsky and learn sense." Another time an elegantly dressed gentleman in a silk hat interrupted a similar speaker with, "You are preaching revolution against a real Socialist government, which is utter madness."

At times such support of the present authorities may only add to the distrust of the populace. In any case, one must distinguish between the revolution as a political formality and as a social revolt.

Spartacus draws its vitality from this distinction. 'Its agitation uses the methods of a hypnotizer monotonously repeating one idea—"Everything must be torn down before we can begin to build anew." That thought works with a magic charm on the hysterical public mind, thrown off its balance by the nerve-killing strain of war and revolution.' How well the artificial hunger of the protracted food-blockade fostered such ideas is suggested by a recent declaration of the Spartacan leader, Schumacher: 'We hope that conditions will become worse in Germany than in Russia. Our factories should be put entirely out of commission. When the people are half-starved, we then shall be ready to rebuild upon the ruins of the old.'

This seems madness, but it is a madness that should be pondered. We regard the recent war as differing only quantitatively from other wars; to Europeans still panting under its incubus, it is different in kind as well as in extent. We regard revolution as an outcome of war. Millions of Europeans regard the war as but an episode in revolution. If they are right, those who deal with revolution as only an aftermath of war may see their covenants and settlements and paper-adjustments swept into the waste-basket of history, with the other archives of human error. In dealing with new eras the practical wisdom of older eras is often folly.

In its larger sense the revolution represents iconoclasm toward revered social forms. It would uproot, not only property rights, but religious and moral standards. A great sign on the municipal building of Moscow reads: 'Religion is a narcotic for the masses.' The war was such a conspicuous repudiation of Christian teaching that it has wrecked spiritual faith. A German priest writes in a clerical paper, confirming abundant testimony from other sources, 'By 1917, furloughed soldiers, who in the earlier years of the war almost invariably came to take the sacrament before returning to the front, entirely ceased to do so.' God lost prestige in Germany from his association with the Kaiser; and the church is regarded a Junker institution.'

Patriotism and loyalty are sentiments almost as suspect as piety. They, too, are regarded as narcotics for the masses, to stupefy the commons while privilege picks their pockets. The great war-fortunes, the passion for luxury and pleasure, and the conspicuous prodigality that accompanied war-inflation justify such skepticism in the eyes of the suffering people. Little or no moral stigma attaches to disloyalty. Deserters hold public meetings, organize special councils to defend their interests, hold dances and entertainments, and rate their act good service against militarism. A sign on a government building in a Berlin suburb recently read: 'Information office for furloughed soldiers, deserters, and discharged soldiers.' The man who preaches patriotism is suspected of drawing a herring across the trail of social progress to divert people from pursuing their true interests. In a word, revolution teaches atheism in respect to current social faiths, and its leaders live, mentally, in a fourth dimension inconceivable to the average American.

Moral chaos in high places started the war; moral chaos at the base of

society impels the revolution. This is not revolt against morality *per se*, but against the traditional forms of morality that permitted the appalling catastrophe of the war. This ethical repulsion assumes futurist aspects which reflect themselves in manners as well as conduct. The press of the revolution outdoes the slums in despising conventional courtesies of language. A collector of current idiosyncracies discovered that the Berlin organ of the Spartacans, *The Red Flag*, in forty-two consecutive issues used the word 'murderer' 318 times, 'bloodhound' 221 times, 'traitor' 461 times, 'capitalist hireling' 305 times and 'henchman of the money-power' 250 times.

A legion of new revolutionary periodicals has sprung up in every city of importance. These wild-opinioned and usually ephemeral publications bear names that suggest the tenor of their contents. One in Budapest is known as *The Dunghill*; and another in Berlin is printed on red paper and bears the title, *The Red Gallows*. The editor of the latter signs his leaders 'The Hangman.' Cool-headed Germans ascribe these phenomena to war-neurosis complicated by revolution and undernourishment; and indeed there is more or less physiological reason for many of the manifestations now occurring.

If we consider the physical basis of society, not only has material civilization drifted backward; not only have homes, factories, farms, forests, mines, and railways been destroyed or wasted, so that large populations are now existing on previous accumulations, — lessened as these already are, — because they are not producing as much as they consume; but the despair in Europe inhibits production itself. Behind the social superficialities with which parliaments and constitutional conventions and peace congresses have been tinkering is, in the last analysis, the individual man, who

has been demoralized. A generation of young people has grown up without the discipline and restraint which older prudence imposed upon future citizens during their immaturity. Families have been broken up. Sexual morality has declined. Habits of industry have been undermined. Men are unwilling to return to useful labor. Patience to endure toil was destroyed upon the battlefield. The factory output per operative has fallen off; coal-miners produce hardly a third as much per shift as before the war. Germany's farms are calling for nearly a million laborers. More than a million men are idle in the cities, but they refuse to heed that call. Budapest is overcrowded with peasants from the great estates, who have flocked in from the country because they refuse longer to till land which is not their own.

Only a crowded metropolis can satisfy the craving of the discharged soldiers for excitement. There the dangerous, ever latent blood-lust of the brute in man, aroused by four years of legalized killing, incites to homicide. Murders have multiplied, and street battles are the matinées of the populace.

A dozen Spartacans start to storm a police office. A flock of criminals swarms to the scene of disorder and begins to loot. A detachment of marines arrives, and captures the looters, whom it lines up against a wall and shoots. The order is, "Shoot on the spot anyone caught plundering." Then suddenly the marines begin to direct their fire against the police office itself. They have found an unpopular rival military organization garrisoning the place. . . .

Meanwhile, the general public crowds around. Everyone must be right on hand, women as well as men. They gather in dense groups behind the nearest corner that affords protection from the flying bullets. There they start lively debates. . . . So eager are they in their discussions, that the police have

difficulty in getting them farther back, out of the direct line of the fire. . . . Then come people who want to cross the street where the fighting is going on. They make a great complaint because they have no time to make a *détour*. So they crouch down and scurry across the street, with the bullets and shells whistling past them.'

The deaths come with tragic suddenness, but, like those of an epidemic, they affect but little the callous public. A young girl steps out of the conservatory from her music lesson, and a bullet crashes through her forehead. The public gathers for a moment as it would after an automobile accident; the corpse is carried into the nearest drug-store, and the people hasten away on their daily errands. While the battle is raging in one street, the public is promenading unconcerned along a neighboring thoroughfare. Hand-organs are grinding, and newsboys calling their papers.

'While I write this, not only do I hear the rattle of machine-guns, but at the same time I hear the orchestra playing in the gorgeous salon of our sumptuous hotel, where many a daintily clad foot is tripping carelessly at a tea dance.'

Indeed, the people of Berlin resumed dancing with such extraordinary enthusiasm after the relaxation of war-restraints, that the police have interfered to enforce moderation.

Death and dancing side by side — that is one aspect of the revolution. Another aspect is ever-reappearing Nemesis. Incidents of the Belgian invasion, for instance, are visited with almost startling identity upon the German people themselves. Their cities, spared by war, are ravaged by the air-bombs and shells of their own aviators and artillery. A rifle accidentally discharged in a crowd creates a false alarm; and a peaceful home is invaded and the inmates are killed, because the excited

mob fancies that counter-revolutionists have fired from its windows. Two women had their throats cut under such circumstances at Hamburg. A crowd of hungry children gathered around the field-kitchen of a detachment of government troops in a Berlin suburb last spring, begging for food. They did not disperse when told, and an angry soldier 'dropped' a fog-bomb in their midst. In addition to those burned, four little girls and one little boy were carried, seriously wounded, to a hospital. A timid old merchant, an aged invalid, was accustomed to keep a small revolver on the table at the head of his bed at night. It was discovered by a lieutenant and soldiers searching for forbidden arms; and the old man was forthwith led into the court of his building and shot.

These incidents are not peculiar to Germany. The horrors of the Bolshevik foray across the territories evacuated by the German troops in Russia belittle all that has occurred at any time since August 1, 1914, farther West. The recent pogroms in Poland and in Galicia; the excesses of the Roumanian irregular troops in Transylvania, — where Count Karolyi charges them with cutting off the arms of Hungarian peasants and rubbing salt on the stumps, — and the brutalities in Budapest itself, are but part of the long record of war-degeneration. Bela Kun, the Bolshevik dictator of Hungary, was himself beaten nearly to death by angry police in his cell last February; and it is typical of the sudden changes of fortune of these abnormal times that he was taken directly from prison to his luxurious official quarters in the royal palace.

Surely there was never a more unpromising introduction to the millennium. And yet a millennium is precisely what the common people of Europe await expectantly. Will their faith be



strong enough to urge them upwards toward this goal; or will their despair precipitate them into still darker depths?

In some respects the war has brought the common people of all lands closer together. This has not occurred mainly through political alliances and military coöperation, which in the long run may engender discord and dislike rather than harmony and friendship, but by intensifying their consciousness of common suffering. The 'solidarity of the proletariat,' though seriously shaken by animosities of the moment, has really grown stronger, because war has made the rank and file of every country more class-conscious. Where the birth-pains of a new age are most intense, comprehension of that age is likely to come most quickly.

Germans hope that their country may emerge from its present bitter experience with a clarity of political vision and a moral conviction of new social truths that will make her a leader of the new civilization. We ourselves may pause a moment to consider whether, if social betterment through the state and internationalism are to be the guiding principles of the future, the relative position of America and Europe in regard to liberalism may not be reversed during the present century. When the League of Nations Covenant was published, *Vorwärts*, which represents majority opinion in Germany on such subjects, likened its purely hortatory clauses on international labor-protection to the action of a Liberal meeting in London fifty years ago, which limited its response to a plea for some positive political move in behalf of labor by rising and standing for a moment as a token of its respect for the merits of the toilers.

Yet what seems fifty years behind the times to Germany, presents novel, if not radical, aspects to Americans. Revolutionary Europe is striving to-

ward extreme liberalism in regard to tariffs, immigration, control of capital, international highways and commerce, and all similar matters that may contain the germs of future war. Meanwhile, Germany is dreaming dreams that may be hunger hallucinations, or visions of beatitude like those that sometimes come to men whom the hope of more substantial felicity has deserted. But dreams there are, in the midst of Germany's humiliation and distress, of her brutalization by foreign and civil war, of her cynical rejection of venerable moral symbols; and from these dreams the people derive something of comfort and inspiration. The following words from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, put in the mouth, not of a German, but of a friendly neutral, voice these visions: —

'Germany must point the way to a better future for the working classes. The French Revolution brought political freedom. The German Revolution must bring economic freedom. Keep your attention on this. Do not become absorbed in worn-out games of high politics. Your armies and your fleets have disappeared. Propaganda in other countries will do no good. Diplomatic manœuvres will lead to nothing. Germany's influence in the world must be restored by creating higher social forms at home. Then your country will exercise an irresistible influence upon the proletariat of every country.'

But this vision is clouded with doubt; for, as the same friendly observer says, —

'I do not yet see the creative force; but the German Revolution is far from terminated. I miss the attitude of devotion which, at the high point of the French Revolution, inspired the upper classes to a joyous surrender of their privileges. How would a similar step be contemplated by the capitalists of Germany? We shall not create a new society by bitter controversy, but

by sacrifice for the community. We shall succeed, not by Philistinism, but by inspiration.'

'Poised upon the knife-edge,' is a description of Germany's political condition common in the papers of that country. But the people will not yield to Bolshevism without resistance, as did the people of Hungary. Spring sunshine, the passing of the physical discomfort of winter's cold and darkness, the call to summer labor on the farms, and the partial lifting of the

food-blockade, are helping to stabilize conditions. Moreover a nation may become revolution-weary, as it becomes war-weary. Possibly the flood of radicalism is ebbing somewhat and the slow process of social convalescence has begun. But it is too early to make confident predictions; and not until the revolution emerges from the convulsive stage of physical violence and moral chaos, will the real depth of the chasms it has left in the old order be fully revealed.

## DEVELOPMENT OF BRITISH INDUSTRIAL THOUGHT

BY ARTHUR GREENWOOD

### I

ONE of the most significant developments of the war in Great Britain was the growth of a new attitude toward industrial problems — an attitude which was far removed from that which obtained before the war. It is true that, in the generation before the outbreak of the world-war, there had been a gradual change in outlook upon industrial life and conditions. The public conscience had been aroused by the more obvious industrial evils, and action was taken to meet them: as for example in the Trade Boards Act of 1909 and the Act of 1911 establishing a system of unemployment insurance in certain industries; while the history of our factory and mines acts is a long story of a revolt against inhuman conditions. But the remedies of pre-war days appear ludicrously small compared with the much more generous programme which an increasing body of the general pub-

lic now regards as essential to national well-being.

Employers themselves have been driven to take a much wider view of the state of industry and the conditions it offers to the workers; and as Sir Allan Smith, the Secretary of the Engineering Employers' Federation told the Industrial Conference convened by the Prime Minister,<sup>1</sup> 'Many of the employers are prepared to go very much further in the amelioration of the conditions under which you work, than some of you have any idea of.' The general attitude of employers, however, is one of reform within the existing system. It would appear that they do not realize the extent to which public opinion as a whole has swung forward. The significant

<sup>1</sup> This Conference, which met in London on February 27, 1919, consisted of representatives of employers and trade-unionists from practically all the industries in the country. It was convened for the purpose of discussing the industrial situation. — THE AUTHOR.

feature of the time is the rapid change which has taken place in the minds of people outside the industrial field, among those not directly engaged in the struggle between Capital and Labor.

But before proceeding to illustrate the growth of the new social conscience, we may perhaps consider the revised attitude of employers toward industrial problems. It is to be seen in the fuller recognition of trade-unions and in the acceptance of the right of organized labor to participate in the determination of industrial policy. When the British Government adopted the proposals of the Whitley Report, there were many employers who regarded them with a certain diffidence; and there has been more than one struggle over the scope of the problems which industrial councils should consider. The crux of the question was whether the functions of industrial councils should include the discussion of other than purely labor problems. Many employers maintain that commercial, financial, and similar questions are matters with which the workers are not concerned.

There are at the present time industrial councils in thirty-two industries.<sup>1</sup> In addition, the Ministry of Reconstruction took the initiative in establishing interim industrial reconstruction committees, composed equally of representatives of employers' associations and of trade-unions, in those industries where, for one reason or another, industrial councils were not likely to be established in the very near future. There

are now over thirty such committees.

The functions of industrial councils and interim industrial reconstruction committees vary, but in most cases they are sufficiently wide to cover the discussion of any problem affecting the particular industry. Broadly speaking, though there are, of course, numerous individual exceptions, employers regard industrial councils as an instrument compatible with the existing order, while trade-unionists conceive them as a means of education in the problems of industrial administration and an experiment in the direction of what is called 'industrial control.'

Though there are few, if any, cases on record of employers' organizations spontaneously offering improved conditions to workmen in the post-war period, yet since the armistice agreements have been negotiated between employers' associations and trade-unions, or by industrial councils, which provide wages and conditions far superior to those current before the war; and these agreements have for the most part been carried through without a stoppage of work. It may be concluded, therefore, that employers are prepared to accept new and higher standards, and realize the futility of attempting to return to standards which were operative in pre-war days.

Groups of employers have formulated the conditions under which industry should in the future be conducted. The employers participating in discussions of this kind will naturally tend to be the most public-spirited and those who realize most keenly their responsibilities. The views laid down by them, therefore, are perhaps not representative of the general body of employers. Nevertheless, they indicate the extent to which the ferment is working, even among the employing classes.

In April, 1918, a conference of employers was held, chiefly members of

<sup>1</sup> Asbestos, Baking, Bedsteads, Bobbins, Building, Chemical Trade, China Clay, Coir Matting, Elastic Webbing, Electrical Contracting, Heating and Domestic Engineering, Furniture, Gold, Silver, Horological and allied trades, Hosiery, Leather Goods, Matches, Packing-Case-Making, Paint and Varnish, Pottery, Commercial Road Transport, Rubber, Sawmilling, Silk, Surgical Instruments, Tin-Mining, Tinsplate, Vehicle Building, Wall-Paper-Making, Waterworks, Woollen and Worsted. — THE AUTHOR.

the Society of Friends. The proceedings of the Conference have been published in a volume, under the title of *Quakerism and Industry*. As in the case of the Archbishops' Committee, to whose report reference is made later, the religious element enters, and therefore the views expressed do not rest merely upon economic considerations. What is important is, that a body of employers deliberately met together in an attempt to square their economic actions with their religious professions.

Their report 'is an attempt to see how the Christian conception of the divine worth of all life affects our modern industrial life, and in particular the relationship between employers and employed.' Though it was not found possible to discuss any fundamental reorganization of society's economic arrangements, the Quaker employers recognize that they should work toward the alteration of the industrial system in so far as they regard it as inconsistent with the principles of their religion; but, 'in the meantime,' they say, 'we cannot afford to neglect the urgent needs and the outstanding opportunities which confront us in our own factories.' The report pays attention to questions of wages, security of employment, and working conditions. Of particular interest, however, are the views of the conference concerning the status of the workers and the appropriation of surplus profits, for it is on these questions more particularly that the change in industrial thought is most significant.

The portion of the report dealing with the status of the workers states clearly and succinctly what may be called the new view of industrial relationships. 'The worker asks to-day for more than an improvement in his economic position. He claims from employers and managers the clear recognition of his rights as a person. The justice of this

claim our religion compels us to admit. We cannot regard human beings as if they were merely so many units of brain-power, so many of nervous or muscular energy. We must coöperate with them, and treat them as we ourselves should wish to be treated. This position involves the surrender by capital of its supposed right to dictate to labor the conditions under which work shall be carried on. It involves more: the frank avowal that all matters affecting the workers should be decided in consultation with them, when once they are recognized as members of an all-embracing human brotherhood.'

How are these principles to be applied? The reply of the Quaker employers is that 'with the financial and commercial aspects of the business and the general policy connected therewith the worker is not at present so directly concerned, although indirectly they affect him vitally. But in the industrial policy of the business he is directly and continuously interested, and he is capable of helping to determine it.' The report accordingly suggests that 'as an initial step, any existing Shop Committees, such as that of the Shop Stewards in engineering works, should be formally recognized. But, in the absence of such bodies, we recommend the establishment of Committees or Works Councils, in which the chosen representatives of the workers should discuss matters which concern them, first alone, but secondly, and at frequent intervals, with the management. In this connection it would be essential to secure the coöperation of Trade Unions, and make it certain that their position would not be prejudiced by the existence of such Councils.'

There might be referred to these Councils 'questions affecting the individual workers, such as wages, rates, discipline, and shop-rules, the engagement and dismissal of workers, the time

and duration of factory holidays, adjustments of working hours and number of staff to meet shortage of work, health, canteen, and other social work. It is fully realized that experience on Works Councils may and should train the members for greater participation in the control of the business, and enable them ultimately to take part in the commercial and financial administration.' Questions affecting the whole industry should be settled on the same principles of consultation and coöperation, through the National and District Industrial Councils recommended by the Whitley Report.

On the question of profits the conference suggests 'the desirability of giving full information as to wages, average costs, and average profits in the industry, as a basis for effectual collective bargaining, and as a recognition of the public character of our industrial functions.' The appropriation of surplus profits was discussed; and by surplus profits the conference meant any surplus which may remain over when labor has received adequate wages, and managers and directors have been remunerated according to the market-value of their services; when capital has received the rate of interest necessary to ensure an adequate supply, having regard to the risk involved; and when necessary reserves have been made for the security and development of the business.

'We cannot believe,' say the Quaker employers, 'that either the proprietors or the workers are entitled to the whole of the surplus profits of a business, though they might reasonably ask for such a share as would give them an interest in its financial prosperity. . . . The consumer should never be exploited. The price charged to him should always be reasonable, having in view the average cost of production and distribution; and the State should be asked to interfere to protect his interests,

when they are threatened by monopoly. We believe that in future the community will claim a greater part of surplus profits in the form of taxation, and we believe that such a development would be right.'

During the war a number of conferences of employers took place, as well as joint conferences of employers and workers. With the latter we are not specially concerned. Of the former one of the most interesting was a meeting of pottery manufacturers extending over a week-end. Many suggestions were put forward, among them some of considerable importance. The pottery manufacturers urged the 'full recognition of and coöperation with the operatives' unions,' and refer to two points emphasized in the report outlined above. In the first place, the conference suggested that 'through joint committees and conferences of a representative character, it would be possible to meet the growing demand of the operatives for a share in the control of industry, since in this way they could take an equal part in settling the conditions and imposing the common rules under which the industry would be carried on.' In the second place, it is laid down that 'employers must treat the operatives as men, not merely as hands; they must respect and try to understand their point of view, and suppress all domineering or bullying by members of the management.'

## II

Perhaps more significant are the expressions of opinion coming from non-industrial sources. One of the most striking statements on industrial problems is the outcome of the National Mission of Repentance and Hope, conducted by the Church of England. One of its activities was the appointment, in 1917, of five committees. It is with



the fifth only that we are concerned. This was a strong committee of clerics and laymen, men and women, industrialists and non-industrialists, set up by the archbishops to consider Christianity and industrial problems. Its report, moderate in its language and dignified in tone, supplies an effective criticism of the modern economic system, from the point of view of the Church. Its acute analysis of the evils of our industrial economy, and its courageous application of the principles of Christian teaching, must make a deep impression upon those who read the report. The industrial system, says the committee, is 'defective, not merely in the sense that industrial relations are embittered by faults of temper and lack of generosity on the part of the employer, of the employed, and of the general public alike, but because the system itself makes it exceedingly difficult to carry into practice the principles of Christianity. Its faults are not the accidental or occasional maladjustments of a social order, the general spirit and tendency of which can be accepted as satisfactory by Christians. They are the expressions of certain deficiencies deeply rooted in the nature of that order itself. They appear in one form or another, not in this place or in that, but in every country which has been touched by the spirit, and has adopted the institutions, of modern industrialism. To remove them it is necessary to be prepared for such changes as will remove the deeper causes of which they are the result.'

The committee combats the view that takes for granted the general economic arrangements of society, and would confine attention to 'supplementing incidental shortcomings and relieving industrial distress. The solution of the industrial problem involves . . . not merely the improvement of individuals, but a fundamental change

in the spirit of the industrial system itself.' 'What is on trial,' says the committee in another section of its report, 'is, not only the shortcomings of individuals, but also the quality of a system.'

The Archbishops' Committee, when it comes to consider the changes that are necessary, finds them in the acceptance of two principles. 'The first is, that industry is a social function, and is carried on to serve the community. The second is, that the relations between the different parties engaged in it should be determined by considerations of right and justice, not merely by economic expediency or economic power.' The industrial system should, in short, 'be *social* in purpose and *co-operative* in spirit.'

Expressed in terms of actual reforms, this means the establishment of a living wage, reduction of the hours of labor, prevention of and provision for unemployment, and the further protection of children and young persons. But though these proposals would prevent the degradation of the workers, they would not realize the ideals of the Archbishops' Committee. The reforms suggested might be adopted and yet leave the main framework of the industrial system intact. The test of the sincerity of the Committee is to be found in its further proposals, which strike at the roots of the existing economic organization of society.

In the first place, industry is dominated by the motive of economic self-interest. It is admitted that the increase of productive power which is the most conspicuous achievement of the past century and a half has taken place largely under the stimulus of private gain; though it is equally true that some of the most important economic improvements have been the work of scientists or inventors whose interest in their financial result was small. 'But,'

it is argued in the report, 'while it is evident that the economic stimulus of personal profit is one cause which has elicited the increased production of wealth required by the community, it is also evident that it is not by itself a guaranty that, when the interests of any group of producers are at variance with those of the public, the greater interest will be preferred to the less. Economic motives are good servants, but bad masters; and the danger of a society which exalts them unduly is that it may evoke a spirit which it cannot control.' 'What alternative is there,' asks the committee, 'to the struggle of groups for riches and advancement except their common subordination to the principle of public service?'

Later in its report, the committee remarks that 'the principle of coöperative service has to contend with a rival principle, which too often overpowers it. That rival is the idea that the end of industry is the personal profit of those by whom it is carried on; that the measure of its success is the financial return which it yields them; and that, provided they do not infringe the law, any method of organization or economic policy, by which that return is increased, possesses, at any rate, a *prima-facie* justification.'

The remedy is to be found, the committee urges, in a new attitude toward profits. There has been in England during the war a strong agitation against 'profiteering,' and the suspicion in the public mind against the profit-maker has been deepened by the elusive nature of profits and the difficulty of ascertaining the truth about them. The committee feels it important that 'steps should be taken by the Board of Trade, or by some other department concerned with industry, to place at the disposal of the public the fullest information which it can obtain with regard to the profits of different industries. In particular, if in

future, as seems not impossible, the State should encourage the formation of combinations, it would be reasonable . . . to require that their profits should be checked by an extension of the costing system adopted during the war, and by a public audit of their accounts.' But this in itself is not sufficient. There is a 'principle for which Christian men and women should stand' — the principle that 'there is no moral justification for profits which exceed the amount needed to pay adequate salaries to the management, a fair rate of interest on the capital invested, and such reserves as are needed to ensure and maintain the highest efficiency of production and the development and growth of the industry.' It clearly follows from this that, 'since industry is a public function, no persons are entitled to an income for which no service is rendered; and that it is the duty of those engaged in it to offer the community the best service technically possible at the lowest price compatible with adequate payment to those who provide it and with the growth and extension of the industry itself.' The proposal of the committee is that, after the necessary charges upon industry have been met, 'any surplus should be applied to the benefit of the whole community.'

The second outstanding feature of the report is its attitude with regard to the workers. Attention is called, not merely to low wages, insecurity of employment, long hours, and evil industrial conditions, but to the 'unjustifiable position of subordination in which many wage-earners are placed by the organization of modern industry, except in so far as it has been modified by law or by voluntary combination.'

'What we have in mind,' says the committee, 'is the position of economic inferiority in which, unless he has emancipated himself from it by concerted

action with his fellows, the worker is liable to be placed by his dependence for his livelihood upon an undertaking whose general policy and organization he is powerless, as an individual, to control, or sometimes even to influence. . . . We think that the common description of workers as "hands" summarizes aptly an aspect of their economic position which is not the less degrading because it has hitherto met with too general acquiescence. The suggestion is that the worker is an accessory to industry, rather than a partner in it; that his physical strength and manual dexterity are required to perform its operations, but that he has neither a mind which requires to be consulted as to its policy nor a personality which demands consideration; that he is a hired servant whose duty ends with implicit obedience, not a citizen of industry whose virtue is in initiative and intelligence.'

This is the human as opposed to the economic view of the worker. As the committee says, 'large numbers of working-people are at the present time employed on terms which suggest that they are means to the production of wealth rather than themselves the human end for whom wealth is produced. They too often have cause to feel that they are directed by an industrial autocracy, which is sometimes, indeed, both kindly and capable, but which is repugnant to them precisely because it is an autocracy, and because, in so far as it controls their means of livelihood, it also, not the less certainly because often unconsciously, controls their lives.'

What is the line of advance? The answer of the committee is that 'Christians cannot acquiesce in the undue subordination of human beings to the exigencies of any mechanical or economic system.' Some way must be found of determining industrial policy

and conditions in consultation with the work-people. The committee therefore proposes that 'it should be the normal practice in organized trades for representatives of employers and workers to confer at regular intervals, not merely upon wages and working conditions, but upon all such questions affecting the trade as may be suitable for common discussion.' Moreover, 'representatives of the workers in different workshops should be normally and permanently associated with the management in matters affecting their livelihood and comfort, and the welfare of the business, such as the fixing and alteration of piece-rates, the improvement of processes and machinery, and the settlement of the terms upon which they are to be introduced, workshop discipline, and the establishment of the maximum possible security of employment.'

### III

Such are the pronouncements of a committee appointed by the Archbishops of the Church of England. We may now turn to a series of proposals emanating from a different source. The Committee of the Ministry of Reconstruction on Adult Education,<sup>1</sup> in its first report, deals with industrial and social conditions in relation to adult education. The committee points out that it 'found it impossible to consider adult education apart from those social and industrial conditions which determine to a large degree the educational opportunities, the interests, and the general outlook of men and women.'

<sup>1</sup> This Committee, under the chairmanship of the Master of Balliol, was appointed 'to consider the provision for, and possibilities of, Adult Education (other than technical or vocational) in Great Britain and to make recommendations.' There is in England a considerable amount of educational activity carried on by such organizations as the Workers' Educational Association.  
— THE AUTHOR.

It recommends measures which would ensure a reasonable leisure to work-people, by a reduction in the working day, the limitation of overtime, and the establishment of a statutory annual holiday with pay. It urges that the insecurity of the worker's life should be remedied by steps to deal with unemployment. It desires to see in operation conditions which will reduce to a minimum monotonous work, and heavy and exhausting work.

The Adult Education Committee adopts much the same attitude toward the fundamental problems of industry as the Archbishops' Committee, whose views have already been set forth. The former refers to 'the long evolution which has subjected man to mechanism. It is true that men control machines; but those who control are few as compared with the many who are controlled. . . . There can be no doubt that the degradation of human beings to the position of mere "hands," and the treatment of labor as a commodity to be bought and sold, has created a revolt in the minds of a large section of the community. The conditions of industrial life have only too often outraged human personality.'

The committee then proceeds to an analysis of the revolt referred to above. 'There is undoubtedly a growing feeling of dissatisfaction on the part of work-people with what they regard as their position of inferiority. This inferiority, it is urged, is due to a forced submission to undesirable conditions, to the subjection of the worker, both to the machine, and to the will of others who are vested with an authority in which the workers have no share. The new currents of thought, which during the past few years have increasingly agitated Labor, are a sign of a deep-seated reaction against the dehumanizing influences surrounding industrial life. One of the most insistent demands

made by the rising generation of workers is for what is called "industrial control." The view which they hold is that the subordination of the worker to an industrial policy and to regulations for which they are not themselves directly responsible is unjustifiable, because it is inconsistent with the rights and obligations which ought to be inherent in membership of any organized group in society. They believe that industrial democracy is as essential to individual freedom as political democracy. . . . From the point of view of both the individual and the community, it is desirable that the new claims should somehow be met.' The guiding principle of the committee is that 'industry exists for man, not man for industry.' From this it follows that 'material progress is of value only in so far as it assists toward the realization of human possibilities. Industry and commerce, and the social conditions which are in a large degree dependent upon them, must in our opinion be regarded from this point of view, and if they cramp the life of the individual, no amount of economic argument will suffice to justify them.'

The committee boldly admits that it has taken up its stand 'on moral grounds,' and goes on to say: 'We do not think, however, that there is of necessity a fundamental antagonism between ethics and economics. Adequate pay, reasonable hours of labor, the supersession of heavy, degrading, and monotonous forms of manual labor by machinery and improved processes, the provision of holidays, the introduction of human relations and of the social motive into industry, healthy homes and a cheerful environment — these are the indispensable conditions of economic efficiency; they are also among the elementary rights to which the citizen, as such, and in virtue of his responsibilities, is entitled.' The committee

pleads that 'adult education and, indeed, good citizenship, depend in no small degree . . . upon a new orientation of our industrial outlook and activities.'

Running through these various reports we find two interwoven threads — regard for the personality of the worker and the social motive in industry. Prior to the war, these views were already stirring in the minds of the younger workmen and their intellectual sympathizers. There was a movement away from the consideration of the interests of the consumer, and toward the vindication of the importance of the producer; or, to use labels which may, however, be misinterpreted, from collectivism toward syndicalism and guild-socialism, from the consideration of questions of ownership and the external regulation of industry by the State toward the sympathetic discussion of the internal government and administration of industry. The articulate workers were arguing in moral rather than economic terms.

During the war these new currents of thought have made very remarkable headway in the British Labor movement; but what is particularly significant is the trend of thought in these directions among the general public. The conception of industry as a public service governed by a social motive, which is emphasized in the reports already quoted, has gradually worked its way into the public mind. The human rights and needs of the worker have been fully recognized by the people of Great Britain. These changes in outlook have taken place with a swiftness and thoroughness which few people would have dared to expect before the war.

The new attitude may be illustrated by reference to the Coal Industry Commission. The Miners' Federation of Great Britain formulated a series of demands, including the nationalization of

coal mines, the reduction of the hours of labor from eight to six per day, and a thirty per cent increase of wages. A Royal Commission was set up by the government, under the chairmanship of Mr. Justice Sankey. It consisted of three miners' representatives and three mine-owners' representatives, together with six other members, three of whom represented employers' interests and three labor interests. The Commission was instructed to prepare an interim report by March 20. The six Labor men signed a report of their own, upholding the claims of the Miners' Federation; the three mine-owners signed a cautious report. The Chairman and the three employers produced a report which the Government has accepted. It is to this document that I wish to refer.

It is to be borne in mind that the Chairman's colleagues were representative of the employing classes. The report recommended that the working day underground should be shortened by an hour from July 16, 1919, and, subject to the economic position of the industry at the end of 1920, by a further hour from July 13, 1921; and also that wages should be increased by two shillings per shift or per day worked (and one shilling in the case of workers under sixteen years of age). The latter proposal would mean the distribution of an additional sum of £30,000,000 per annum among colliery workers. The Chairman and his colleagues are emphatic in the view that 'even upon the evidence already given, the present system of ownership and working in the coal industry stands condemned, and some other system must be substituted for it.' While they do not pronounce, in their interim report, upon what lines the system should be established, they make a declaration in harmony with the views to which attention has been drawn above when they say, 'We are



prepared, however, to report now, that it is in the interests of the country that the colliery worker shall in the future have an effective voice in the direction of the mine. For a generation the colliery worker has been educated socially and technically. The result is a great national asset. Why not use it?'

Those words strike the death-knell of the old industrial system, and have touched a responsive chord in the heart of the British people. The public is prepared to elevate and humanize the conditions under which miners work. The appeal of the Miners' Federation was based on moral grounds; and the appeal has been answered. Moreover, the worker's desire to take an active part in the direction and control of the mines is to be satisfied.

The net result of the transformation in the public outlook upon industrial policy has been to establish new land-

marks. In place of the insistence on the motive of private gain there is a new conception of industry, as a great public service, carried on in the public interest. Instead of neglect of the worker, and a tacit admission of his inferiority, there is a recognition of the rightful claims of the personality of the worker in industry and of the justice of his plea for 'industrial democracy.'

These ideas will not be translated into action immediately. The shell of the old system will retain its outward appearance, at any rate in many industries. Few people realize the implications of the moral and social impulse which has uprooted the old economic traditions. But one thing is certain: when the historian of the future surveys the period through which we are now living, he will proclaim it as an epoch of revolution wherein were laid the foundations of a new moral and social order.

## A JEWISH PALESTINE

BY H. SACHER

### I

THE Zionist movement dates from A.D. 70, the year of the destruction of the Temple and the Jewish State. The Zionist Organization dates from 1897, the year of the first Zionist Congress. The Zionist movement is a longing and a striving to restore to the Jewish people a normal national life. The Zionist Organization is a particular instrumentality for achieving that end. The Zionist movement will continue until the Jewish people are once more living

a normal national life, when it will be transformed into the active expression of that normal national life. The Zionist Organization, when the particular phase of Jewish national life which called into being this special instrumentality has passed, will merge into some other instrumentality.

There are some who deny that there is such a thing as the Jewish people, but the denial is a modern innovation. Very rare is the non-Jew who thinks of Jews as merely a sect without national quality; and it is doubtful whether

among the Jews themselves there could be found a single instance of such a denial much earlier than the second decade of the nineteenth century. The negation of Jewish nationality was first presented by German Jews as part of what is called the 'reform' movement in German Jewry, which itself was hardly separable from the movement for Jewish political emancipation in that country. From Germany it spread to other lands, but it has never had much respect among any save a small minority of Jews, and it has never had any respect at all from non-Jews, except when political expediency made it convenient for a Gentile statesman or diplomat to invoke this strange dogma.

Let us try to clear the ground by attempting, not so much a definition as a characterization of Judaism. Judaism is not a religion in the Western sense of the word. Judaism is the precipitated spiritual experience of the Jewish people. The idea of Judaism is inseparable from the idea of the Jewish people, and the idea of the Jewish people is inseparable from the idea of the Jewish land. You may see this in every form and expression of Jewish religious life. Individual prayer, prayer for the individual Jew alone, is exceedingly rare. When the Jew prays, he prays not simply for himself, but for all Israel; and this national conception permeates prayer even in what might be considered to be the most personal and individual incidents of life: birth, marriage, death.

The welding of the idea of the Jewish people with the idea of the Jewish land is manifest in every page of the Jewish Liturgy. When the lad is confirmed and assumes the full burden of the law, he prays that 'God may have mercy upon Zion, for it is the hope of our life,' and that 'He may save her who is broken in spirit speedily even in our days.' He thanks God for having planted eternal

life in the Jewish people. 'Gladden us, O Lord our God, with Elijah thy servant, and with the Kingdom of the House of David thy anointed. Soon may he come and rejoice our hearts. Suffer not a stranger to sit upon his throne nor let others inherit his glory.'

Let it not be supposed that this passionate identification of the Jewish people with the Jewish land is an aspiration for some allegorical spiritual Zion that never was on sea or land. The Jewish people preserve to this day the calendar of a land from which they have been exiled for two thousand years. The seasons which they mark with observance, the times of sowing and of planting, of harvest and of vintage, are the seasons and the times, not of the lands in which they dwell, but of the land in which their fathers lived and from which they have been exiled. The name in the everyday speech of the Jew for the lands of the Diaspora is *Galuth*, exile. The Jewish sages celebrated the bitterness of exile in many a poignant phrase: 'The Galuth atones for all the sins of the Jews.' 'With him who dwells outside Palestine it is as though God were not with him.' 'Those Jews who dwell outside Palestine do not enjoy eternal life.' Such sayings of the rabbis bring out their conception of the meaning of exile.

Rabbinical literature is full of apophthegms that express the positive passion of the teachers of Israel for the soil, the air, the water, the physical being of the national land. 'Whosoever walks four cubits in Palestine is assured of the world to come.' 'It is better to dwell in a Palestine desert than to live in a land of plenty abroad.' 'To live in the land of Israel outweighs all the commands of the Torah.' 'The air of Palestine makes men wise.' 'Even the chatter of Palestine is worthy of study.' 'Palestine is the microcosm of the world.' 'Rabbi Abah used to kiss the rocks of

Palestine. Rabbi Chazah used to roll in the dust of Palestine.' The whole doctrine of the rabbis in regard to the national home is summed up in the sentence: 'God said to Moses, "the Land is dear to me and Israel is dear to me. I will bring Israel who is dear to me to the Land that is dear to me.' Here is the triple thread which is Judaism — God, the Jewish people, the Jewish land. What the rabbis taught and felt, the Jewish people believed and felt.

## II

The determination of the Jewish people to recover a normal national life never limited itself to faith in a miraculous restoration independent of the effort of the Jews themselves, although the conviction that the restoration was certain to come one day was part of the faith of every Jew. A continuous series of efforts to restore the Jewish national life in Palestine marks the centuries of exile. The rising of Bar Kochba against Hadrian threatened for a time the fabric of Roman dominion. The great outburst in the early years of the seventh century, in conjunction with the Parthians, expelled the Romans for a few years. The coming of Moslem rule diverted Jewish effort for a long time from the political to the quasi-miraculous. From the thirteenth to the eighteenth century was the period of the pseudo-Messiahs, of whom the two best known are that David Alroy around whom Disraeli wove a novel, and Sab-batai-Zevi, of whom Zangwill has given a marvelously penetrating study.

With the nineteenth century we come to efforts which are neither strictly political nor yet miraculous. The Jew begins to return to Palestine, but to return as an individual. It is probable that there never was a period when there was no Jewish settlement of any kind in Palestine. Mediæval Jewish

travelers have left records of Jewish communities, and there is evidence of the existence of Jewish agricultural communities, perhaps from the days of the Temple. In the seventeenth century, the illustrious Don Joseph Nasi and his mother conceived the idea of planting Jews on the soil of Palestine. Early in the nineteenth century, Jews from Eastern Europe began to drift in, brought thither mainly by the profound emotion of the bliss of dying and being buried in the dust of the Holy Land. Every Jew who settled in Palestine was a link between the Diaspora and the land of Israel, for it was the duty and the pleasure of his brethren to maintain in Palestine men given up to meditation and study and dedicated to the spiritual life.

With Sir Moses Montefiore, whose journeys to Palestine began in the eighteen-thirties, Western Jewry began to occupy itself constructively with the Jewish restoration. There was established a fund for the cultivation of land in Palestine by the Jews. Sir Moses had the idea of obtaining extensive concessions, and so bringing about 'the return of thousands of our brethren to the lands of Israel.' Many years afterward he summed up the goal of his striving in the following words: 'I do not expect that all Israelites will quit their abodes in those territories in which they feel happy, even as there are Englishmen in Hungary, Germany, America, and Japan; but Palestine must belong to the Jews, and Jerusalem is destined to become the city of a Jewish commonwealth.'

Many public men in Great Britain were deeply interested in these efforts to restore the Jewish people to the Jewish land. Lord Shaftesbury was the foremost of them. 'The inherent vitality,' he wrote, 'of the Hebrew race reasserts itself with amazing persistence. Its genius, to tell the truth, adapts itself

more or less to all the currents of civilization all over the world, nevertheless always emerging with distinctive features and a gallant recovery of vigor. There is an unbroken identity of Jewish race and Jewish mind down to our times; but the great revival can take place only in the Holy Land.' He believed that the hour had struck for the Jewish restoration, and he labored to persuade English statesmen to take up the holy task. Another distinguished Englishman of those days who was penetrated with the same conviction was Colonel Churchill, the British Resident at Damascus, who urged upon the Jews the return to Palestine as the solution of the Eastern question.

The interest of Englishmen in the Jewish people and a Jewish Palestine dates back to the Commonwealth. The same school of thought which permitted the Jews to return to England speculated further upon the Jewish restoration to Palestine; and this religious interest, fed upon the Bible and upon Protestantism, has survived in great strength down to our own day, as is evidenced by a whole literature, including a book conceived in this spirit recently published by Sir Andrew Wingate, a distinguished ex-Indian civil servant. The religious element of English interest in Jewish nationalism was fortified by political considerations. The genius of Napoleon revived the statesmanship of Cæsar and Alexander, and conceived, as they did, of the Jewish people in Palestine as a pillar of empire in the East. When Napoleon started upon his expedition to Syria, he issued a proclamation announcing his wish to restore the scattered hosts of Jewry to their ancient land. There can be little doubt that this seed planted by Napoleon found lodgment in English minds. From Colonel Churchill to Laurence Oliphant can be seen sprouting the idea of serving both God and

Great Britain, as well as the Jewish people, by re-creating a Jewish Palestine. It was an alternative solution of the Eastern question, to the maintenance of the decrepit Ottoman Empire. This latter solution may be said to have been the orthodox one in the nineteenth century, and to have held the field in official England until the middle of the Great War; but the conflict of the two political conceptions persisted, although in a dormant condition, throughout the century, and in the end it was the larger and nobler which triumphed.

The big political schemes for a Jewish Palestine in the eighteen-forties, whether conceived by Gentile or conceived by Jew, were based upon the rule of Mehemet Ali over Syria and Palestine. The great Powers, in bringing about the fall of Mehemet Ali, sterilized all these projects. The foundations of a Jewish Palestine were to be laid slowly, arduously, with infinite toil, by the sacrifices of individual Jews. In the eighteen-sixties Jews from Russia and Roumania began to buy land to start colonies. In 1870 the agricultural school of Mikveh Israel was founded, to be followed by several other agricultural settlements. The pogroms of the eighteen-eighties lessened the great Jewish passion for Palestine by shattering some of the illusions of emancipation. That decade saw the establishment of numerous colonies. It also saw the intervention in this task of reconstituting a Jewish Palestine of Baron Edmund de Rothschild of Paris.

There is no chapter in the colonizing history of any people finer than the story of these Jewish pioneers. They came to Palestine ignorant of agriculture, ignorant of the land, ignorant of the people, miserably equipped. The government laid its dead hand on all development. It was only by stealth, and with the assistance of baksheesh, that a house or a shelter could be

erected. There was no security for land or property or life, and fever and pestilence raged. The settlers had to compete with native labor accustomed to a very low standard of life. They had to make their own roads, furnish their own police, their own schools, their own sanitary apparatus; and while the government of Palestine offered them nothing but the privilege of paying taxes, the governors of the countries from which the colonists came extended them no protection. On top of these troubles there came a severe crisis in the agricultural industry on which the colonists were mainly dependent. In the end, all these difficulties were conquered, and the Jewish colonies of to-day in Palestine, numbering over forty, are so firmly founded that they could resist the ravages of the war and of the blockade. These Jewish settlements are perhaps the only vital communities in the country.

Most of the Jewish colonies are given up to plantations of oranges, almonds, olives, and vines, though there is a certain amount of cattle-raising and of corn-growing. The wines of Palestine are famous throughout the Jewish world, and they are established in the neighboring markets of Egypt and Syria. The Jewish colonists have demonstrated that they have a real talent for special work, grafting and the like, in plantations, and have shown that the process of reconverting the Jew into a husbandman is natural and not difficult. The Jewish colonists have introduced the motor-pump in place of the blinded camel or mule. They have cleared the stagnant pools by planting eucalyptus. They have worked out at the Agricultural Experiment Station (which is an American foundation) many devices for combatting the enemies of their crops and for improving species. They have improved the breeds of cattle and of poultry, and have sent students all

over the world, notably to California, whence they have brought back to the ancient East the latest developments in Western dry-farming. They have introduced irrigation and coöperation. They have founded at Jerusalem a school of arts and crafts which is to be the mother of a revived Jewish art.

These Jewish colonies, just because they are the children of an ideal and a passion, much more than of the pursuit of material gain, have a unique atmosphere and quality. The farmer and the laborer are scholars as well as sons of the soil. The school and the public hall are as indispensable as the shed. The cultivation of the Hebrew tongue is as natural as the cultivation of the land, and the children of the colonists speak and sing and play and jest in Hebrew, their mother-tongue. A considerable Hebrew literature of great range has sprung up, from the masterly dictionary of Ben Jehudah to the daily newspaper. There are reviews specializing in education and in agriculture; there are medical reports and a considerable variety of monographs on every aspect of the life of the colonist. This pulsating Jewish life, small in scale though it still is, is the microcosm of the Jewish Palestine that is to be. Perhaps the political charter of the New Jewish Palestine never would have come but for those few score thousands of Jewish settlers.

### III

Men searching for a single phrase have found it hard to express precisely the function of the Zionist Organization in the building up of the Jewish Palestine in the period before the war. Perhaps we can say that it wedded Eastern and Western Jewry for the common task, that it Hebraized Western Jewry and infused into European Jewry the technical knowledge and intelligence and the organizing gifts of



Western Jews. It reintroduced into the making of a Jewish Palestine political action. Under the stimulus of the Zionist Organization there was no Jewish community, of any size, in the world which did not have a group of men who linked their own personal as well as their national hopes with Palestine, and who labored to achieve a Jewish Palestine.

The Zionist Organization called into being financial instruments such as the Jewish Colonial Trust and the Anglo-Palestine Company, which strengthened and sustained the Jewish settlements in Palestine, notably under the trials of the war. The congresses summoned by the Organization are memorable for the influence they exerted in bringing together the scattered hosts of Jewry, and in educating Jewry as to the Jewish present, the Jewish past, and the Jewish destiny. Nobody who has ever attended a Zionist Congress but has felt that here was something unique; that here, in this gathering of Jews from the remotest parts of the earth, all assembled to deliberate solely upon Jewish questions, there was a living demonstration of the ancient saying that all Israel are brethren. To be present at a congress was to have what was most Jewish in Jewry brought under one's eyes.

Again, the Zionist Organization has educated the Gentile world as to the true character of the Jewish question. The artificial status of the Jewish people had evoked self-constituted interpreters and representatives of the Jews to the outside world. These worthy and well-meaning men had, in fact, lost touch with those in whose name they spoke. The Organization ultimately overthrew this curious dynasty, and offered the world in its place Jewish representation at once democratic and faithful.

The Zionist Organization reintro-

duced the political element into the creation of a Jewish Palestine. It was not concerned with parties or factions inside the various countries; but its aim was to give the Jewish people in Palestine a secure home under the guaranty of the Great Powers. It is possible that Dr. Herzl, the father of the Zionist Organization, was too optimistic in his expectations that either Turkey or the Powers would recognize the value to themselves and to the world of a Jewish Palestine. Nevertheless, his efforts were not wholly sterile. He fixed the identity of the Jews and of Palestine in the political vision of modern statesmen, and he secured from Great Britain two offers which were the first recognition in modern times, by any government, that the Jews constituted a nation, and that they had a right to remake a Jewish national home; that, in the words of the old and pregnant dictum of the rabbis, Israel was not a widower. These offers were of an autonomous Jewish settlement in East Africa, and of a Jewish settlement in the Sinai Peninsula. For a variety of reasons they came to nothing, but they sustained British interest in the Jewish national restoration, and they were a milestone on that road which was to lead to a Jewish Palestine under a British trusteeship.

Pessimists might well have argued that the war, which shattered Jewry and divided the Zionist Organization, meant the indefinite deferring of the day of Israel's redemption. Perhaps to no people did the war come at first as so enormous and so unqualified a disaster. Eastern Europe, the greatest of all Jewish centres, became the battlefield of a peculiarly ferocious war, in which millions of Jewish existences were brought to naught, and ancient seats of Jewish culture went up in ruin. For practical purposes Eastern was sundered from Western Jewry, and the whole of Jewry,

save the Jewish communities of the Central Powers, was separated from Palestine. That major portion of the Jewish population of Palestine which was dependent on support from its brethren without, was threatened with starvation. The colonies found themselves deprived of their markets, subjected to the plunder attendant upon Oriental warfare, and exposed to persecution by the Turkish authorities. The directing heads of the Zionist Organization were scattered in half a dozen countries. The prospect was very dark, but the trial demonstrated the tenacious purpose of the Jewish national will.

On the material side, the debt of Palestine and the whole Jewish people during the years of war to American Jewry is incalculable. When the United States was neutral, and the American Jews had access to the East, they promptly assumed the responsibility which had fallen upon them. If the centre of gravity of the commonwealth of Jewry has passed from Russia to the United States, that is due, not simply to wealth and numerical strength, but to the fact that, when the call came, American Jews answered it. Justice requires that the services of German Zionists in the preservation of the nucleus of the Jewish Palestine should be noted. Alone of the Great Powers during the war, Germany could bring political influence to bear upon the Turkish authorities, and on more than one critical occasion the German Zionists induced the German Government to put a check on the fury of Djemal Pasha. But not the least remarkable of Zionist manifestations during this trying time was the political insight of the Zionist leaders.

During the early years of the war the British alliance with Russia did not make for sympathy with Jewish sufferings and Jewish aspirations. The dom-

inant school in British military and political thought still built upon the Turk, and showed little appreciation of nationality as the heir of the Turk in the Near and Middle East. This is manifest in the secret treaty of 1916 for the division among the Great Powers of the Turk's estate. Under that treaty France obtained 'the coastal strip of Syria,' except the ports of Haifa and Acre. There was to be an Arab zone between the French and British territories, and 'with a view to securing the religious interests of the Entente Powers, Palestine with the Holy Places was to be separated from Turkish territory and subjected to a special régime, to be determined by agreement between Russia, France, and England.' This secret treaty contains no mention of Jewish national rights. It prescribes the partition of the Jewish motherland, it sets up a condominium over that fragment of Palestine which was not otherwise distributed. Every one of the deadly sins against Jewish nationalism was embodied in this unhappy agreement. To recall it is to indicate the magnitude of the political task with which the Jewish statesmen grappled and which they overcame.

The Zionist leaders pinned their faith, a faith which never wavered in the darkest hours, to the Allied cause. The Zionist leader in England, Dr. Weizmann, a distinguished scientist attached to the Manchester University, got into touch with British statesmen in the earliest days of the war. The first of these to grasp the importance of the Jewish national claim was Mr. Balfour, whose interest has been steadily sustained, and whose merit it was to sign the famous Declaration of the British Government recognizing the Jewish rights to Palestine. Such of the leaders of the Zionist Organization as war conditions permitted assembled in England, and it was his ceaseless labors

which brought about the death in London of Dr. Dchlenow, a leader of the Russian Zionists. The chief part in this diplomatic work was carried on by Mr. Sokolow, who represented the Russian Jews, and Dr. Weizmann. Dr. Weizmann was chiefly concerned with the British authorities, and Mr. Sokolow went on missions to Paris, Rome, and the Vatican.

The Zionist cause gained a valuable ally in the foundation in Manchester, in 1916, of the British Palestine Committee, which, early in 1917, commenced the issue of its weekly organ, *Palestine*. The British Palestine Committee presented the case for a Jewish Palestine from the British point of view. Its policy was 'to reset the ancient glories of the Jewish nation in the freedom of a new British dominion in Palestine.' It advocated a Jewish Palestine under British sovereignty, and it is a matter of historical interest that it was from the British Palestine Committee that the demand was first launched for a British mandate under the League of Nations for a Jewish Palestine. Indeed, this committee was one of the first, if not the first, to put forward the conception of the mandatory system in general, a conception which was promptly adopted by the Zionist leaders, who thus consistently associated the idea of a Jewish Palestine with the idea of the League of Nations. The British Palestine Committee early laid it down that any satisfactory solution of the Palestine question must embrace an integral Palestine, under a single sovereignty. Its slogan was 'neither partition nor condominium.' Every conceivable argument, political, economic, strategic, and moral, was brought to bear in *Palestine*, which became immediately a recognized authority with regard to all Palestinian questions. Without question the propaganda of the British Palestine Committee did much to convert

public opinion to the idea of a Jewish Palestine.

All these efforts were ultimately dependent on the fortunes of the British military campaign in Palestine. The Eastern and Western schools fought one another over Palestine almost as hard as the Turk was fought. The Western school held that the expedition should never have been undertaken, and even as late as the spring of 1918 there was serious talk of evacuating Jerusalem and falling back on Gaza. In the end the East won, and the genius of General Allenby carried British arms to the Taurus and shattered the Ottoman Empire.

But even while the military fortunes were in the balance, a great political victory had been won for a Jewish Palestine. On November 2, 1917, on the eve of the capture of Gaza and Beer-sheba, Mr. Balfour issued the memorable pronouncement: 'His Majesty's Government views with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use its best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country.'

The declaration of the British Government was speedily adopted by the French and Italian governments, and it has since been approved in terms or in substance by all the powers associated in the war against Germany.

It is not invidious to inquire what were the motives which brought the British Government to this momentous decision. As has been pointed out, it was in line with a long British tradition of interest, religious and political, in the Jewish restoration to Palestine, and it met with unanimous approval among

the British people. The idealistic motive weighed heavily with British statesmen, as those Jews who came in contact with them during the war can testify. Another consideration was the necessity for recasting British policy in the East, now that Turkey had become an irreconcilable enemy to Great Britain. British statesmanship instinctively realized the necessity of substituting for the Ottoman Empire a new East, constituted by the revived and restored subject nations. The part which a Jewish Palestine could claim as an interpreter and a bridge and a reconciler between East and West appealed to the British imagination. These ideas weighed much with the late Sir Mark Sykes, who throughout was the chief channel of communication between Zionism and British statesmanship. A third argument was the political influence, immediate and future, of the Jewish people. America was a new recruit to the war, and England appreciated the value of Jewish friendship. A people of fourteen millions spread throughout the world was, again, a political fact not to be depreciated.

By more roads than one, therefore, Great Britain came to identify herself with a Jewish Palestine, and once having taken the decision, followed out its logic. A Zionist Commission was sent to Palestine in 1918, to prepare the way for the future. Its most inspiring act was to lay the foundation of a Hebrew University at Jerusalem. At Paris, the Zionists had 'their day in court,' as President Wilson called it, and they have submitted their demands. The British Government has accepted the Zionist idea of a British mandate under the League of Nations for a Jewish Palestine. The British Government has further cleansed itself of its original sins of partition and condominium. The Jewish Palestine is to be an integral Palestine, and it is not to be cursed

by a divided rule. Zionist statesmanship has succeeded in reversing the whole policy of the secret treaty of 1916, and it has succeeded at the same time in rallying to itself the support of the American and the Italian and, finally, even of the French government. The Zionist leaders have been able to do this because they have never allowed themselves to become the instruments of British or any other imperialism, but have pursued steadily and with a single eye the interests of the Jewish nation, which are the interests of humanity.

#### IV

What do the Jews want in Palestine? what do they hope? what do they intend? In the proposals laid before the Peace Conference by the Zionist Organization, the following demands are submitted. (1) For the recognition of the historic title of the Jewish people to Palestine, and the right of the Jews to reconstitute Palestine as their national home. (2) That the boundaries of Palestine shall extend on the west to the Mediterranean, on the north to the Lebanon, on the east to the Hedjaz railway and the Gulf of Akabah. (3) That the sovereign title to Palestine shall be vested in the League of Nations, and the government be entrusted to Great Britain as mandatory of the League. (4) That Palestine shall be placed under such political administrative and economic conditions as will secure the establishment there of the Jewish national home, and ultimately render possible the creation of an autonomous commonwealth, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country. (5) For these purposes the mandatory power is to promote

Jewish immigration and close settlement on the land; to accept the coöperation of a Council representing the Jews of Palestine and the world, and to give this Council (which is to be precluded from making a private profit) priority in any concession for public works or the development of the natural resources of Palestine. (6) Hebrew shall be one of the official languages of Palestine, and the Jewish Sabbath and Holy Days shall be recognized as legal days of rest.

Such in brief outline are the proposals which the Zionist leaders are making to the Peace Conference, and which have already commended themselves to most of the peace delegations by their moderation and good sense. The Jews are not asking that they shall govern Palestine. They constitute at present, numerically, but a small minority in the country, although qualitatively that minority is the most important element, and represents the fourteen millions of the Jewish people. What Jews are asking for is the right to make Palestine a Jewish country once again — Jewish in the sense that the majority of the people shall be Jews; Jewish in the sense that the predominant culture shall be Hebrew culture. For this purpose a mere bare permission to emigrate into the country will not suffice. He who wills the end must also will the means. The land must be made accessible to the Jews. At present, from sixty to eighty per cent of the soil of Palestine is held in great estates, by absentee landowners, who rack-rent a miserable peasantry. The Jewish people had no intention of allowing their passion for the country, their enterprise, and their genius to be converted into unearned increment for the benefit of these absentee landlords. They are, however, anxious that the rights of the cultivating fellaheen shall be conserved, and there is plenty of room for the fellaheen and for the Jewish immigrants. Pales-

tine to-day has not one tenth of the population it once had. The Jewish people again demand that the development of the natural resources of the country shall not pass to alien capitalists, but shall be entrusted to the Jewish Council, representing and working on behalf of the Jewish people. These economic instrumentalities are indispensable if the Peace Conference is to make real its design of calling into being a Jewish Palestine. As and when Palestine becomes Jewish once again, the Jewish people will ask that its political institutions shall express that Jewish social reality.

The Jewish people do not expect that all the Jews of the world will ever be gathered into Palestine. The country is too small to hold them all, and there is no universal desire to go there. In the fullness of time there will be several million Jews in Palestine, but in all human probability the majority of Jews will still live outside its borders. Skepticism is sometimes expressed as to the likelihood of Jewish emigration into Palestine; as to whether the comfortable or the indifferent of the new and the old worlds will turn their steps toward Zion. The anxiety of the Zionist leaders, as it happens, is lest, in the early years, the flood of immigration may be so great as to threaten the stability of a Jewish Palestine — threaten it as an economic entity, threaten it as a Hebraic entity. During the early years the need will certainly be for selection among the immigrants, rather than for stimulation of immigration.

What kind of men will come? Palestine will get many of the best in Jewry, for, beyond a doubt, Zionism is the one vital Jewish thing in Jewry. It appeals to the idealism of the Jew, be he student, professor, craftsman, or business man. Zionism has saved the soul of Jewry in every country of the Diaspora. Many, far more than the non-Jew even



dreams, are girding themselves for the great adventure. The desolation that has swept over the European world has set free hosts of the pick of Jewry, and a Jewish Palestine will have at its disposal talents of every variety and of rare quality. Those who do not go themselves, and with their own hands and brains share in the building of the new Palestine, will be happy to assist from a distance by material help and encouragement. Even those who have resisted the march of Zionism will rally to the positive work of reconstruction, once the conflict of theories and politics is over and done with. In the new Palestine there will be a task attractive to every man of fine spirit. Though not every Jew will ever be there physically the whole Jewish people will assuredly collaborate in making the new Jewish Palestine.

Sociologically, the Jewish Palestine will be the home of many experiments. It will set the common weal above private appetite. It will blend public ownership and private enterprise. It will make education, in accordance with Jewish tradition, the possession of every citizen. It will do justice between all the nationalities within its borders. It will establish the equality of men and women, and work toward democracy, political and economic. It will be one of the pillars of the League of Nations, and by its relationship to all the scattered communities of Israel, it will forge powerful links for the brotherhood of the peoples. In the Near East and the Middle East it will strive to replace the broken tyranny of the Turk

by a harmonious coöperation between Jew, Arab, and Armenian. It will read the riddle of the West to the East, and the riddle of the East to the West. For the Jews throughout the world, the new Jewish Palestine will be once again a Zion from which the Law and the word of God shall go forth. No Jew outside Palestine will have any political tie with, or obligation to, a Jewish Palestine; but every Jew who feels in himself the Jewish soul and the Jewish consciousness will see in the Jewish Palestine the example of a pure Jewish society. There he will see the Jewish faith developing freely, according to the law of its being, distracted neither by opposition, nor by surrender to an alien environment. There he will see the Jewish national spirit expressing itself in a society modeled on the Jewish idea of justice, in a Hebrew literature, in a Hebrew art, in the myriad activities which make the life of a people on its own soil, under its own sky. There he will see the Jewish nation once again making its contribution to the common task of humanity, and he will see himself the better citizen of the land in which he dwells for the spiritual ties which link him with a Jewish Palestine.

Such is the goal toward which the Jewish people are striving, and such is the fabric for which the ground is now being cleared by the labor of the Peace Conference at Paris. The Zionist ideal is the twofold ideal, national and human, of the Rabbis. 'Jerusalem is the city that made all Israel brothers. Jerusalem is destined to be the mother-city of all the lands.'

# POLAND, THE VERGE OF BOLSHEVISM

BY VERNON KELLOGG

## I

FROM Bialystock to Slonim is something over one hundred miles. We had come from Warsaw the day before, another hundred, and hoped to get on east from Bialystock to the Polish-Bolshevist front at Slonim, and thence south down the front to Pinsk, or, if the roads along the frontier were unsafe for our heavy car, then southwest over the Russian-built military highway through Prujanny to Brest-Litovsk. If we were to reach either Pinsk or Brest by nightfall, it meant doing rather more than two hundred miles during the day. So we started early from Bialystock, of which we saw little more than the streets of late afternoon and early morning could reveal. At the railway station, where we obtained a so-called breakfast that the hotel could not give us at so early an hour, we saw a trainload of refugees who had been picked up farther east and were being hauled in box-cars toward the west. It was my introduction to the theme of this paper.

These people were being hauled back from the verge of Bolshevism — not only the geographic verge, but the political and economic verge: for this train meant not only the actual carrying of the refugees from the dangerous borderland where Russian Bolshevism is making its effort to sweep westward, but it meant new Poland's governmental recognition of the necessity of doing something to meet the threat that everywhere now in Europe rises from masses

of people existing under conditions that they are making convulsive efforts to change. We may call these efforts Bolshevism, or revolution, or anarchy, or whatever we like: the first and most important thing is to recognize their reality and their threat, and to do something swiftly for their remedy. We can analyze them with all academic nicety when we have more leisure and are in less danger of their taking an unfortunate direction; for political Bolshevism, criminal Bolshevism, and righteous Bolshevism have all enough in common as to cause and course, to make sufficiently obvious what we have immediately to do if we are to save the really good in our present social organization from being swept away with the really bad, for which the time of passing began vividly with the beginning of the war. Some of the bad has gone in violence; more of the bad must go; if we do not arrange for its going peacefully, there will be more violence.

## II

Between Warsaw and Bialystock most of the fields were under cultivation. The dull green of the winter grain showed over long stretches from which the snow was fast disappearing under the April sun, and other long stretches were being ploughed for the spring sowing.

The farming of the great Polish plain is much like that of our Northwest: simple, undiversified, just grain and more grain, over rolling hundreds and thou-

sands of acres. Most of the soil is not over-rich, and the yield is not large per acre; but the acreage is large per farm, and the furrows run for long uninterrupted distances. Some day these great fields will all be ploughed and harvested by the huge machines that progress, like crawling Saurians, slowly but powerfully over our own Western acres. But now the peasants, and their horses, and their wives in red and green and yellow skirts, move constantly over the fields, manuring and ploughing and seeding and reaping and stacking, or travel slowly and interminably along the heavy roads in their long, low, narrow, small-wheeled wagons, between fields and farming villages all alike in their dull color of weathered timber walls and heavy thatch.

But not all of the land between Warsaw and Bialystock that should have been cultivated was being cared for. There was lack of horses and seed and manure; lack, indeed, of farmers in sheepskin coats, and farmers' wives and daughters in bright-colored skirts. For war has killed some of the people, weakened others, and driven yet others away.

But it was not until the next day, when we began that hundred and more miles beyond Bialystock to Slonim, that we saw what war has really done to the fields of Eastern Poland. There were a few widely separated crumbling old trenches here and there, and a few wrecked and rusting German or Russian motor-trucks along the narrow, straight, white military road. And there were scars in the scattered fir and pine forests through which the road passed, where ruthless cutting had stripped bare an occasional score of woodland acres. But all this was nothing. It would have been more intelligible if there had been something. But that was just the horror of it. There was nothing.

There were the long stretches of cul-

tivable and once cultivated land, now all but untouched by the hands of men and women; just rarely here and there a single, pitiful, narrow line of furrows, or a tiny lonely square of worked soil. The scattered villages appeared with monotonous regularity as our speedometer told off the swiftly measured miles; lifting their low soil-colored walls and roofs hardly perceptibly above the soil itself; all alike, and now more strikingly so than ever in the silence and immobility of desertion. Now and then, in agreement with the occasional bit of worked ground, a single one, or even two or three, of the thatched-roof huts in some village sent up a thin thread of smoke, revealing human occupancy.

Finally we came to one village, larger than the average, stretching directly across the highway and giving obvious sign of more habitation than we had seen in any other hamlet. There were even a couple of sheepskin-covered men and a barefooted rickety child idling by the road. We stopped and began to talk with them. Others appeared silently and mysteriously, until there were a score of ragged, dirt-incrusted men and boys, and a couple of women. It was the population of the town, the present population. The others were still away; they might come back. These had come back. But to what purpose? No animals, no tools — the Germans had taken them; no seed, no manure, no food. But there must be some food, or you could not stay here. Well, yes, a few potatoes from somewhere. And something besides? You cannot be living on potatoes alone; though it is true that many have been forced to in these Eastern lands in these last years; that is, they lived on them as long as they lived at all. Well, then, some beets and cabbages. That is all? Yes, all. But that is n't enough. No. What are you going to do? We don't know; somebody must help us.

So we leave our bits of chocolate and crackers, and a box of cigarettes, and travel on through the leagues-long grain-fields of Poland, in which the only visible growth is the little bushes that do not belong in them.

At Slonim there is a Polish battalion and a colonel-commandant with whom we have luncheon, more hearty in its hospitality than in its food. He shows us on his maps the general position and course of the Polish and Bolshevik front lines: the Polish line runs through Slonim and approximates closely the line long held by the Germans against the Russians. No-Man's Land is about twenty miles wide here, and Bolshevik and Polish mounted patrols move stealthily about in it. Occasionally one side or the other crosses in some force and attempts a *coup*. Three weeks ago Slonim itself had to withstand a vigorous attack. But, for the most part, war on the Polish-Bolshevik front is not battle, but pressure — constant, harassing, wearing, dangerous. And one of the problems in it is that of the refugees, those forlorn beings fled or evacuated from their homes during the war and now trying to return to them.

Through Slonim there had been for some time a constant passing of these refugees from East to West. They had got through the Bolshevik lines somehow, and then across No-Man's Land, with occasional accidents, to the Polish line. Then they went on westward toward the deserted villages in the deserted grain-fields. One lost sight and track of them after they passed. No one knew these people as individuals, as fathers and mothers and children; they were just bands of creatures moving in bands like migrating buffalo or lemmings, or like any animals driven from their breeding-ground by fire or other scourge and then blindly returning to the home wastes. Still, the land, ready to be work-

ed, and their huts, all alike, in the villages, all alike, would be there waiting for them — if they ever reached them.

But it was not so simple after all, the commandant-colonel confessed. It was not merely a matter of letting or helping these people, who mostly were Polish peasants and peasant families trying to return to their homes, go back to their villages and fields. There was more to do than that. Among these bands were some people who were not returning peasants: they were incoming Russian Bolsheviks, Bolshevik agents and agitators, some of them with much money hidden in their rough clothing. Warsaw had reported to Slonim that too many Russian Bolsheviks were getting there. They must be stopped.

What was a simple colonel-commandant to do? One could not tell Bolshevik from peasant at sight. So he was simply stopping them all at the frontier. He did not have any food for them, or clothing. And they needed both food and clothing. It was hard, and, yes, — this in answer to our question, — it was a very good way to make Bolsheviks out of them all, to hold them there, cold, hungry, and suffering, and talking together, in restless, resentful groups.

He sent an aide with us to one of these groups huddled together in a large bare building in the town. They were not allowed to leave the building, nor could any from outside come in. It was like a pest-house in which were crowded a group of human beings suspected of having been exposed to the contamination of an infectious disease. We found them to be starving. A woman was sitting in the midst of the huddle, silently weeping, with a dying babe in her lap. Another woman leaped at us with wild eyes, to demand food for her two children who were on the swift way to be dying.

There was another clamorous group

interned in a long low shed across the river in front of the Polish line. As we crossed the bridge, soldiers were keeping back a group demanding to cross into the town. In the shed the creatures, men, women, and children, anonymous and undifferentiated from the guarding soldiers, resolved themselves under our questioning into human beings with names and relationships, into fathers, mothers, and children, into peasants, workmen, a lawyer, a school-teacher, with life-stories, with sorrows and complaints, with desires and hopes. They were creatures of our species and race, they were of the brotherhood of man. But they, too, were 'unclean'; some of them were probably Bolsheviks; all of them had been exposed to the disease. The homely, direct military remedy was to cage them. It was not a remedy that would save them; but the colonel-commandant thought that it might save Poland, and — although he probably did not really think that far — the rest of the world; for Poland is to be a bulwark against Bolshevism according to the present scheme of things.

Still the colonel was not entirely clear in his mind about the efficiency of his remedy, because, if these people did not all starve to death, and that was not part of his plan, some day they would all, or most of them, have to be released to go on into Poland; for most of them undoubtedly belonged in those empty gray villages scattered among the deserted grain-fields of Eastern Poland. And they were needed there. For Poland needs grain from those fields.

The colonel-commandant's problem was, in little, not unlike that larger one that is worrying the whole world to-day. What to do about all of Russia — that is, all of Bolshevik and Bolshevik-tainted Russia? And the remedy so far being tried, or trying to be tried, is the same as the simple colonel-commandant's. Cage it; cage all the Russian

Bolsheviks; make a sanitary cordon about them; establish a dead line for Bolshevism. But for how long can this be maintained, and how much of a real remedy is it when done? Bolshevism is not only epidemic: it is endemic. It seems to have its seeds scattered already all over the world; and all that is necessary is a favorable condition, and it springs to life and activity in a score of separate centres.

We started rather late for Brest-Litovsk, because it took some time to arrange about a temporary supply of food for the caged refugees, which we were fortunately in a position to effect. I do not think I have ever felt more glad to be one of 'Hoover's food men' than in this instance. Only I can never forget the anonymous babe dying in the anonymous mother-creature's lap. We were too late to avoid having to see that — or too early.

Nightfall overtook us when we were but half-way to our goal. And we found that we had in some way got off the main road. The towns that we should have passed through, according to our map, did not appear. In fact, we were running long distances without seeing any towns at all; all we saw were great stretches of forest alternating with great stretches of swamp. Our road was getting rougher, and we could not get on so rapidly. Nor could we search for better roads, for there were no diverging ways. But the general direction was right, and we could only go on.

As there was almost no farming land along the way, we met no peasants on the road. In fact, we should have seen almost no living things at all except that now and then there would shine out at us from the road far in front, or from the forest by its side, a pair of brilliant small red spots, the eyes of a wild-cat reflecting the glare of our headlights; or we would meet, or overtake, a pair



or little group of plodding human creatures who would silently draw back to the roadside, or even into the forest, as we passed. They were refugees moving through the night along the lonely road, in persistent response to the instinct that drove them always on in search of the long-deserted hut that they called home. Each one carried a bag or roll which contained all his belongings. Often they doffed their caps with a servile gesture as our lighted car slipped by.

We halted as we overtook a man all alone, who stood with hat off as we slowed down. We asked him the way. He did not know. We asked him where he was going. He answered in a broken voice, trembling from very weakness of body. He hoped to find some place where he could get something to eat. Not far beyond him our headlights picked up two women staggering along under the huge bundle that each carried on her back. We ran just twenty miles after we passed these night-walkers before we came to the first human habitation by the roadside. They could not reach it in less than a day from where we passed them — if they could ever reach it.

### III

Now all this disconnected talk of peasants and refugees, of monotonous stretching fields and uncounted dull-colored identical villages, made up of dull-colored identical huts inhabited for months and years and generations by human beings, anonymous, unreckoned with except as animals who are to produce each year so many bushels of grain and pounds of meat, and so many new animals like themselves, so that there will never be any falling off, under usual conditions, of the numbers of bushels and pounds of food for the people in Warsaw and Petrograd — all this desultory description may sound very dull and insignificant, when one

might be writing of so many beautiful places and so many significant people whose names we know.

But I am trying to write about the verge of Bolshevism, and all this is what I take the verge of Bolshevism to be — the geographic verge, the political and the economic verge. For not far east of this land is Bolshevism in full reality; and not far away in the life of these people, these millions of anonymous people here and in similar condition in other lands, is the possibility of an explosion into all the reality of revolution. These lands and these people have known misery for many generations; the war has brought them new and more intense suffering. And at the same time it has revealed what is described to them to be, and what they blindly feel to be, the possibility of a relief from misery; from the misery they know for themselves and the misery they look forward to for their children's children. It promises them a larger share of the bushels of grain and pounds of meat that they produce. It promises them some of the things they see that their landlords and other people have. It promises them a sort of revenge for what has been done to them. It promises them, at any rate, change, and any change can seem to be only relief.

Bolshevism is a genus of several species, the most noxious of which is the Bolshevism that is only the violent substitution of one sort of tyranny for another, and this sort, like the other, can persist only by violence. The violent, or even the peaceful, rule of the proletariat is not democracy, any more than is the rule of the privileged. Each is dictation by a single class. And whether this class is that of the workmen of an industrialized community, or of the peasants of an agricultural land, it is still a one-class group, and its rule is not democratic. Its rule can be as unfair, as brutal, as bloodily horrible as

the rule of a militarized autocracy. It can be worse.

But the species of Bolshevism which is not the frankly criminal kind that revels in pillage and murder, or the political kind with the obsession of a fantastic economic belief, but is the kind which is simply the outcome of a convulsive effort on the part of long-neglected and unrecognized and terribly mistreated human beings of the same blood and biologic inheritance as ourselves, to enjoy some of the same sunshine and social inheritance as ourselves, is a different matter. The Bolshevism that is the effort of human beings now existing only as anonymous human hordes to become recognized human individuals, to be known and treated as fathers and mothers and children, to be fairly rewarded for faithful work, to have opportunity for individual capacity and effort with their just deserts, to have all the advantages of education and care in sickness and distress and of protection from greedy exploitation, and to

have the enjoyment of what is beautiful and expanding and ennobling, as we have, is a matter that must be met with understanding and sympathy — and not with cages.

The time has come, not only for peace among nations and self-determination of peoples, but for peace among classes and self-determination of individuals. But these latter things cannot come, any more than the former, without a radical change in the old order. The kind of Bolshevism that aims at this, for the sake of a place in the sun, on sunny days, of all the people together, is a justifiable Bolshevism. That which aims simply at turning upside down the old order so that what was at bottom shall be on top, and shall take its turn at the bloody game of tyranny, of exploitation and expropriation, of disregard of equality of rights and representation, is the Bolshevism to be feared as greatly as autocracy is feared, and to be fought as rigorously as autocracy has just been fought.

## ITALIAN SENTIMENT

BY GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER

It is never easy to comprehend the sentiment of Italy; for her people, in the course of the centuries, have become highly individualized. Although capable of uniting on a national issue, as their manner of entering the Great War proved, they do not readily dispose of themselves in groups, and self-expression through organized channels is for them difficult and imperfect. 'If you order us all,' said one of them, 'into uni-

forms of the same pattern, we shall put them on so differently that in a short time you will have no two of us alike.'

And now, when Italy's aspirations are everywhere under discussion, there is so great diversity of opinion among Italians that one may find high-minded patriots and constructive statesmen aligned with jingos and champions of aggression, while thinkers and scholars

and hard-headed men of affairs may be of one mind with the disaffected, the ignorant, or the indifferent. The small critic who condemns the government because it does not demand five times as much as it hopes to get is on the side of the historian and scholar who, for reasons geological, geographical, ethnological, philological, traditional, cultural, and moral, makes his point in learned discourses or in volumes bound up with maps and illustrations. Of two persons who were heart and soul in the war, sacrificing everything, one cries, 'Italy made war for something far above and beyond a mere strip of land'; while the other, listening to the plea of the Dalmatian cities, exclaims, 'They are Italians, and shall we deny them?'

That it has been for Italy a war of redemption, no loyal Italians have ever doubted: and so far they are of one unalterable mind. The wrongs of 1866 were to be righted in the name of justice. The making of Italy was to be completed, not by gifts, which the nation spurned, but by sacrifice and death. Yet while one irredentist would make large concessions in order to prove to the world that the charge of imperialism cannot be laid at Italy's door, another cries out for a 'Roman' — an imperialistic — peace.

Cavour, who died with the names of Rome and Venice on his lips, knew well, as did Mazzini and all of the great patriots, that Italy would never be free and united until she had been liberated as far as her boundaries in the Julian Alps. This fact, the present generation, true to Cavour's prophecy, has seen with a clear vision and an undivided will. But beyond Fiume lies Dalmatia; and on the whole question of the Adriatic voices are as confused as the problem is complex.

One gets no light from D'Annunzio, who speaks loudest and is farthest

heard. By every preconception, D'Annunzio should belong as a poet to the idealists, or as a warrior to those who would interpret the peace in terms of the victory. Yet he is neither with the one nor with the other. For the idealists have the international point of view, which he has not, while many men of the army, deeply concerned with enlarging Italy to her Alpine boundaries, see grave difficulties in the holding of Dalmatia; and the necessity of a military force to keep the peace with a subject people is not in their reading of Italy's triumph. 'By every reason, human and divine,' says D'Annunzio, 'Dalmatia belongs to Italy.' According to him, every soldier who fought and bled has borne on his shoulders the cross of Dalmatia, and sacrificed at the altars of her cities, over whose portals the Lion of Saint Mark stands guard among the ruins of ancient Rome. Every drop of blood shed on the Piave flows in the current that washes the shores of the Adriatic even to Otranto. 'Who denies you,' he says to the Dalmatians, 'gives you over to be the slaves of slaves, crowns your long martyrdom with a hideous death, slays you and every hope within you, commits a crime inexpiable.'

A wise humanitarian, who has proved himself a warrior no less intrepid than D'Annunzio, invokes the struggle in the Alps and on the Carso in a different sense, saying repeatedly, 'We wrong the soldier when we argue that for his sake we must demand Dalmatia. You yourself have seen the battlefields. You have seen that unyielding ground where the conflict was no less against unconquerable nature than against man's most unnatural weapons, where we fought our way up and up from hill to hill, always to find another hill beyond and the enemy still hurling fire upon us from above. You have seen our defenses hacked out of the solid rock

which offered neither water to drink nor earth in which to bury our dead. Do you think it was to acquire territory that we endured these things? "Trent and Trieste" was an effective war-cry, and as far as it went it was honest. But we were fighting for something more than to save Trent and Trieste. We were fighting to save the soul of Italy. We were taking our part in the great world-contest: Italy had not failed to see her mission. And we were proud that we alone of the Allies were advancing into the enemy's country. Whatever appeals were made to the armies in the name of conquest, I regret them bitterly. For I believe that by such appeals the ground was prepared for the poisonous seed of Caporetto.'

The poet-aviator and the wise humanitarian are no further apart in sentiment than any two people whom one may meet on any day in this talkative land of Italy. And perhaps in no other way than through conversation does one gain a more vivid impression of the mental attitudes which combine in some mysterious way to make up the national character. Ferrero will interpret the problem with scholarly premeditation from the historian's point of view. Luzzatti will evolve in the same temper its economic bearings. The newspapers represent the politicians. But there is no substitute for the spoken word. And when the question shall have been once for all decided, it may not be unprofitable to recall some spontaneous expressions of the people's will.

Yet conversations, like other gems, are only half-worth outside their setting. Within a few weeks I have heard the matter discussed in the Piazza of Venice among the soldiers and the pigeons; over the tea-cups in a fifteenth-century palace that bears the scars of an unexploded bomb which fell through its roof to its foundations; at the lunch-table

of a torpedo-boat destroyer where the young marines, gayly beribboned for their deeds of valor, enjoy nothing so much as to praise America, unless it be to listen to praises of Italy; at an officers' mess, where there were a physician, a professor of literature, an engineer, a baron whose estates are in the remote mountains of Calabria, and the gentle heir of an ancient family of Florence whose profession is the army; on the express-train, 'Roma-Trieste,' as it crossed the Piave on the new bridge beside the stark ruins of the old and wound its way among wrecks of villages, between the trenches of the lower Carso, through the Pompeian silence of Monfalcone, under the castle that was an Austrian stronghold, over the Virgilian Timavo that gushes from the heart of the mountains and falls down in bright streams to the sea, past the dark, formidable Hermada, into the city whose patron saint is named The Just. I have heard it discussed in a café in Pola near the great Roman amphitheatre, where stories of the suppression of Italian sympathy by Croatian priests in the neighboring villages made vivid arguments; in the ballroom of an American warship, where the music was beaten out with such super-energy that not all the Italian ladies gathered there could alter the conviction that one had been suddenly dropped into one's native town; and on a certain broad embankment, where men and women of the 'people' pace up and down for recreation, ready always to give vent to their opinions and to adorn the subject with dramatic narrative in picturesque detail.

'Only listen,' says an eloquent countess over the tea-cups, 'to the plea of the Dalmatian cities. "At least," they cry, "we might have been left under the rule of Austria. That was a galling yoke. But to snatch us from Austria only to hurl us back beneath the crudest element of the Austrian hegemony,

with a national existence not yet six months old! Is it for this the war was fought?" I know those people,' the countess continues, 'and I assure you they are the most Italian of Italians. Only think how many of our greatest men have been Dalmatians — literary men, sculptors, architects. An Austrian subject once remarked that the inhabitants of Zara were fond of writing poetry in the tongue of neighboring peoples! Even now they write Italian. They speak the Venetian dialect. Their very instincts are Italian. They have kept alive the flame of patriotism through the centuries and have taught their children — perforce in secret — that they are heirs of a noble race. And shall we destroy their hopes in the hour of victory, and exclude them from the great new Italy? The mountains separate them from their ancient enemy; the sea stretches out to join them to the Italian shores. By the principle of the free choice of peoples, must they not belong to Italy?'

'Dalmatia would be a burden,' said a high commander standing on a balcony that overhangs the Grand Canal, 'a burden that Italy cannot afford to assume. Sentimental appeals aside, what should we gain? Only problems — insoluble problems. The Adriatic? Ah! the argument is antiquated. If we hold Fiume and the islands of the Quarnero, the Adriatic will serve as a defense against our Oriental friends who would be quite too near us if we held the coast of Dalmatia. We have had enough of mountain frontiers held over us.' He paused a moment, looked down at some Tommies passing in a gondola, and went on: 'Why should Italy make an inland lake of the Adriatic sea? Ah, yes! I know the Doge of Venice wedded the sea in a mystic rite because he had saved Dalmatia from the pirates — civilization from barbarism. And I know how the cities have guarded the

tricolor under their high altars these hundred years. Austria's deliberate policy of denationalization has been a great crime. However, for my country's good, I should resign all claim to Dalmatia.'

'The structure of the two shores of the Adriatic,' said the young professor of literature at the officers' mess, 'makes it essential for Italy's strength that she hold them both. It is as clear as the lines on the map. There was a moment, to be sure, when we thought the whole question of defenses might soon be out of date. We hailed with joy America's young idealism — the League of Nations, disarmament, universal peace. We hope still, but in the meantime we cannot take chances. We are the youngest of the Allies in national existence, but we are old — too old — in experience.'

'You will observe,' said the physician, whose military service had been at the front line throughout the war, 'you will observe that it is not those who made the noblest contribution toward winning the victory who are prating loudest of revindication and a larger Italy. The moving spirits who have carried the country with them want a greater Italy, but greater in principle and power. They want a spirit among the peoples that will make future wars impossible, and they want to stand for progress before the world. As for Istria — I have made a study of Istria to its farthest corners, and, while it is foolish to claim that it is all Italian, yet so much of it is Italian, or friendly to Italy, that the most peaceful development of the country will result, I believe, if it is in Italian hands. That the same thing is true of Dalmatia, I am not convinced.'

The youthful marines, just returned from the waters of the Quarnero, all agreed that the matter is perfectly simple. 'Give the coast to us,' they



said, 'and in a generation the problem will be solved: and for the natural reason that the people like us. We Italians have many faults, but nobody will deny that we have big hearts. We shall not organize spy systems and terrorize the inhabitants. We shall open our hearts to them, and they know it. Why, the Croats around Fiume love us already. It is very simple.'

In the shadow of the Campanile of San Marco, while the great bell Marangona was pealing out its daily reminder of the victory, a simple, hard-working citizen, distinguished withal as a man of talents, made his declaration. 'He is a coward who would argue against Dalmatia because of difficulties. No doubt there will be problems. But Italy never yet profited by choosing the easy path. Cost what it may, we must maintain our national rights. Our troops have faced the Jugo-Slavs in battle when they called themselves Austrian, — they were the most bitter foes we had to fight, — and we shall not be afraid of them when they hide in the mountains of Dalmatia. There will be hard days ahead for Venice. Trieste, Fiume, Pola will absorb her activities. But Venice has always been the first to hold out a hand to her sister cities. Their calls for help have come first to her across the waters, and she has transmitted them faithfully to Rome. She will never desert their cause. Let justice be done — what follows will follow.'

A young Triestin who had been wounded in seven battles for Italy, while his parents had suffered four years of martyrdom interned in Austria, pronounced against the acquisition of Dalmatia. 'My heart aches,' he said, 'for the Italians of the cities. I know the intensity of their longing and their hatred for everything Austrian. It is an ideal hatred, deeper than any personal resentment could ever be. But

I know Dalmatia, too, and I cannot wish that it should belong to Italy.'

We were three in the compartment of the Rome-Trieste express. My companions were a tall, strong-limbed officer of artillery, who, I had observed, was what the Italians call an 'apostle,' — one who is consumed with altruistic zeal, — and a gruff customer in civilian clothing, something more prosperous — and far less attractive — than a peasant.

'I've been down along that coast,' said the latter, addressing his compatriot, 'and Italy would do well to get it. There is great wealth there. We must leave no stone unturned.'

The officer's distress was visible, and I expected an outburst. But he held himself together and was silent. He was a North Italian and I knew by his silence the passion of his feeling.

When I talked with the Calabrian baron later, in Trieste, I suspected that his views were similar to those of the gruff customer, though he was less outspoken. He talked fluently of culture and intellectual advancement. The nations of Europe, he said, were ready to do anything for the salvation of France because they believed that the light of France must be preserved for civilization. Well, then, in settling a question like that of Dalmatia, the quality of a people, as well as their numbers, ought to count for something. He would be sorry to see the Bolsheviks or the Jugo-Slavs rule the world. His opinion was strangely similar to that of a practical woman, the wife of a merchant, who thought that, if peace were our aim, 'the choice of a people who could preserve harmony and conciliation among hybrid races might well fall on Italy. The rough stone monument to Dante erected by Austrian prisoners on the island of Asinara is one more tribute to Italy's humaneness.'

An artist who was a private in the

trenches refuses to discuss the subject. 'The only aspiration I know,' he declares, 'is for the young men of Italy, who must shake themselves free from this military habit of obedience and learn to use their own creative minds. Many of my friends have been seven years in the army. One of the best musicians of Northern Italy has been nine years under arms. The best part of our lives. But we shall do something now. You will see. Already the movement has begun.'

If Mr. Wilson were to walk up and down a certain *fondamenta* and talk in their native tongue to this *popolo Veneziano*, he would not be so sure that what the laboring man wants is work and three meals a day. These people tell you a great deal about their poverty and suffering. They attribute everything that goes wrong to the government and everything that turns out well to chance or the Virgin Mary. And they show very little concern about work and three meals a day. What they want now is peace — that there shall be no more wars. That is the secret of their enthusiasm for Wilson. That is why they hailed him as a savior and burned candles before his portrait in the family shrine. He came to bring peace into the world. They never doubted that he held the secret of universal peace and the power to settle all questions wisely to that end.

My thoughts go back most often to the young officer of Trieste with the seven wound-stripes on his arm, because in him the noblest traits of a soldier seemed met with the gentlest qualities of his race. 'The war has been won,' he said, 'because God is on the side of right. The people believe that now, and our highest task is to sustain them in that belief. I think we ought not to touch Dalmatia, not even for the sake of the patriots and the martyrs.'

No voices make so strong an appeal as those of the soldiers who have fought and won, except the voices of those who have fought and died. A red-coated Garibaldian of eighty years stood at the foot of Manin's statue and declared, with a tremor in his voice, 'Venezia Julia is written on our hearts.' And one has only to read certain letters of the young volunteers who at the first call to arms went into battle to be thrown against that wall of rock and fire to their death, to understand how to them the driving of their hereditary enemy out of what they deemed to be Italy, whatever its extent, was as holy a motive as the guarding of the soil of France to the Frenchman.

'My grandfathers,' one of them wrote, 'and my uncles risked their lives fighting for Italy. And I am ready to fight for the greater Italy, to sacrifice for her my hopes, my future, my love, my life.'

'If I die, remember that my last thought and my last dream were for Italy, my Italy, my greater mother.'

'It is sacrifice that consecrates love: without it, love is vanity. I climb the vast steps of the glorious altar of my country; clouds of smoke from the grenades rise up like incense; and I feel that my hour is come. I hasten to meet it, serene, with two names on my lips, with two convictions deep in my heart, God and my country. Italy! imperishable and great! May she fulfil her destiny.'

'For the greatness, for the unity, for the honor of my country, for the liberty and independence of my oppressed brothers, in the sacred name of Italy, and for the love of everything Italian, I die happy.'

'Teach my children that I was first of all an Italian, then a father, then a citizen.'

But this is not all.

'I have loved my country in the intimate depths of her divine beauty. But above all things I have loved the human race and the triumph of ideals that can be won only by conflict.'

'I offer my body, my soul's prison, for the defeat of those who would put out the light.'

That which counts in the character of nations, as of men, is their motives.

We who are not of the Four or of the Ten are not obliged to weigh the claims of Italy in the nicely balanced scales of justice. If we were, no doubt our eyes would be blinded, as in the legend. What we want to understand, for the love of everything human, is the spirit that prompts her aspirations. And this we shall find deep in the hearts of her people.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### PESSIMISM AND THE ZOO

PALLIATIVES for the fatigue of the business man and the tired war-worker are increasing in number, and the qualities attributed to them by their sponsors suggest the tales which enticed the Spaniards of De Soto's day to search for the Spring of Life. All these rejuvenators are foods, — concentrated foods, — and are inevitably harmless to the most delicate business stomach. They are nuxated or peptonated nervines and vitalines. They have a disagreeable metallic taste, like old tin cans; but one becomes reconciled to the flavor, or takes his Energine with lemon-juice or milk or white of egg, according to the directions on the carton — or with whiskey, if one does n't mind spoiling whiskey, and can get it.

Fatigue and depression are concomitant and introactive. Equally they demoralize one's work. In my own case, it is easier to cure both by eliminating depression than by drugging fatigue. To this end I visit the Zoo at the end of the day's work, and am refreshed. There is more uplift in a ring-tailed monkey than may be acquired from

twenty dollars' worth of Nuxated Ferro Bovine.

First I visit the chimpanzee, for he retires early and is not to be called forth from his couch. He is middle-aged, and bears a disquieting resemblance to a man I know and rather like; disquieting because I cannot reconcile his conduct with that of my friend, who is a conventional chap without athletic ability. Any loud wailing sound brings the chimpanzee to the bars of his cage, where he stares fixedly into one's eyes. I return his gaze, and he determines to outstare me. I do not move. Suddenly he lifts his arm as in threat, hoping that my eye will be drawn momentarily from his; but I maintain my maddening calm. Further attempts failing, he turns his back on me and tramps completely round his cage, bringing down his right foot with a crash at each second step, in rising crescendo, until the evening air throbs with the sound of his marching. If he returns to find my eye still unwavering, he exhausts himself in exhibitions of fearful strength and make-believe savagery; but if I move, he is satisfied that my courage has been shaken, and

retires muttering to his straw boudoir.

The baboon is to the chimpanzee what the German is to the civilized man; and I hate him. There is a certain fascination in sheer hellishness, but he shakes from me the tranquillity which I court in the Zoo, and I am apt to avoid him. There is no good in him, no spark of humanity, and much capacity for harm.

Not far from him is a monkey whom I like and respect. He is a very small, elderly gentleman, deliberate in his movements, and inclined to be philosophical. He wears a full beard, with picturesque, long side-whiskers. He is gravely friendly; and a juvenile weakness for peanuts brings him to the front of his cage, where he accepts the proffered gift without unseemly haste, and eats it as becomes his years, removing shell and pink tissue, and chewing slowly to the rhythm of moving whiskers. So consistently elderly does he seem, that one is shocked to see him ascend to the top of the cage nimbly, like a fly going up a wall, and prepare himself for slumber on a rounded stick.

I am not even mildly interested in the deer family. I have seen them in the woods of Canada, and there they are shy and beautiful; but take a deer and tame him, feed him hay and prepared cereal until he lies with feet extended, jaw moving rhythmically sideways, stupid eye roving aimlessly — and you have destroyed the elusive charm of shy alertness, of shadowy and transitory presence, which is his heritage only in his own woods.

For different reasons I am left quite cold by guinea-pigs, white rats, and the peculiar vermin of Central and South America. They are quite uninteresting even in their own habitat, and captivity merely adds stupidity to their negative peculiarities. I know animals fairly well, and there is nothing to a guinea-pig.

Few people know what a satisfactory animal is the gnu. Quite a number of hooved animals, like the ibex and the sacred ox, are mere tiresome combinations or Burbankisms; but the gnu has qualities all his own. His head is homely as an unpainted barn — flat nose and very broad mouth and ears misshapen and uncouth. His body is that of an exceedingly powerful pony, with strong neck and rakish tail. His galvanic energy puts to shame the glorious abandon of a cat on a tin roof. When I arrive before his inclosure, he has usually retired to the shed in which he sleeps, and stands in the doorway with far-away eyes. Efforts to entice him forth are futile. I turn at last as if to go; and as I move, he bursts forth with the most heathenish cry that ever clattered from an animal throat. If it resembles anything, it is the trench-klaxon that warns of an impending gas-attack — a series of staccato shrieks which would shake the teeth from a band-saw. I don't see how he can stand the noise he makes. Arm a rabbit with the voice of a gnu, and lions will slink from his path.

Reaching the bars of his inclosure in three or four astounding leaps, the gnu halts, with head averted and feet wide apart, ignoring me utterly. When I move to right or left, he remains motionless until fifteen feet are between us; then he closes the distance with a bound, shrieks terribly twice or thrice, and once more affects to be utterly oblivious of my presence. When finally I leave him, the clatter of his fearful voice pursues me for hundreds of feet, drowning all other sounds.

I have always derived pleasure from bears. I know a little black Himalayan bear who is friendly and ingenuous, and very fond of grass. The floor of his cage is elevated from the ground, so that the tender shoots of luscious grass are just beyond reach of the searching black

paw. But he thinks of it often; and being just out of reach, it has come to mean more to him than do ordinary foods upon which his mind has not been driven to dwell. The juicy sound of grass being plucked before his cage awakens him from profound sleep, though the enticing cry of the park-goer stirs not even his subconscious depths.

When I offer him the grass I have picked, a blade at a time, he very gently forces open my hand with his two paws, and annexes the entire visible supply, which he draws beneath him and consumes very slowly, rolling each particular blade beneath his tongue. When he has finished and no more is forthcoming, he submits to being petted through the bars of the cage, though one is conscious that he would eat more grass if it were forced upon him.

The big Alaskan bear leans similarly to grass, and is likewise playful. But he weighs over twelve hundred pounds, I am told, and I find his frolicking a bit rough. In the course of innocent play he once pinned my arm to the rail of the cage by leaning heavily upon it, and reaching out his immense paw, he dropped it playfully on my head. Only the knowledge that my country needed me prevented my military ghost from departing from that spot instantaneously. As I staggered away, that terrible paw was thrust through the heavy bars in a plaintive appeal for more grass. The experience brought a glimmer of discretion, and in our occasional sparring matches I distinguish myself by the alacrity with which I withdraw when his small expressive eye prophesies a lunge. It is curious that he keeps his long claws religiously sheathed during our bouts; and on the occasion when my hand slipped into his panting mouth, — and it must have startled him, — he did not close upon it, though it was temporarily wedged. Were I not

an army man, the moment would have been an anxious one.

There is a uniformed guard at the Zoo, who is quite well along in years, and who tells me he is partly blind. I have talked with him many times, for he is a rare soul, who knows the personal tastes and weaknesses of each animal from years of sympathetic study. Often I wonder whether it is through his infirmity or through the kindness of his old heart that he fails to perceive me as I feed and molest the beasts in his care, and find rest and relaxation in breaking the wise laws of the Zoo.

#### A BY-PRODUCT OF CONSERVATION

The torrent of conservation surged over our community last spring with a mighty roar, carrying with it all thought of flowers and lawns, and making chaos of our cherished plans for a summer garden. With a velocity which only social enterprise could initiate, New England became a market-garden, from Eastport to Greenwich. Conservation developed backyards and vacant lots into gardens, and bank-clerks into farmers, enthusiastic at the prospect, and innocent of the coming torments which weeds and pests would soon bring with them. And so, for this same reason, our flower-garden on the Cape simmered down to a few nasturtiums and whatever blooms of a perennial nature cared to show themselves, while our home garden, usually a riot of color, was given over to vegetables.

What then should we have in our vases to reflect the profusion of the outdoor season? For a room without flowers in summer is as devoid of character and charm as a man without a necktie. The solution, naturally, has been found by many in the wild flowers; and if conservation has accomplished nothing else, its gift of an appreciation of



the beauty and variety of these exquisite plants will more than repay our efforts to grow potatoes, beans, and corn at exorbitant prices with doubtful success.

The last days of school for the children and some business at the office, together with certain fixed habits which tyrannize over the household, kept us from leaving for the Cape until late in June, so that we missed the mayflowers which have made Cape Cod famous for generations. The iris and violets too had disappeared, as well as the dogwood with its delicate and generous pink and white blossoms. A few short hours after our arrival, my little daughter discovered nearby some exquisite specimens of the wild lupine, growing just as I had last seen it on the slopes of Mount Tamalpias near San Francisco, although perhaps not in the same profusion.

From that first day until well into September, our home was made joyous by a succession of blooms as delicate and graceful as ever came from the highly cultivated gardens of the idle rich — a term which will soon vanish, and justly so.

The wild roses were late and never more plentiful or more perfect. The daisies arranged amid clusters of shiny bayberry and huckleberry leaves were transformed into stately decorations. Broom, which abounds in certain sections of the Cape, planted there in past years, without doubt, gave one a sense of having been ferried across the sea overnight; while our own columbine and wild geranium made a pleasing variety, especially when arranged with the soft green of the wild sarsaparilla.

With the coming of July, the Hudsonia or beach heather clothed our foreground with brilliant yellow spots, touches of the sun here and there, while the low wild shrubs and grasses seemed to grow over-night in their desire to

hide our view of the water. After a week of rain in which we were confined to the flowers about the house, — succulent clover, genista, Queen Anne's lace, and a wide variety of tall grasses, which, mingled with pine branches, form admirable wall-decoration, — our desire for botanical information led us to scour the nearby country, not with guide-book, motor-maps, or even a copy of *How to Know the Wild Flowers*, but simply journeying forth, either on foot or tucked tightly into our Ford car.

To come unexpectedly upon one of the many ponds dotted with lilies and fringed by a variety of blooming things provoked the same delightful sensation that the same sight would have done a few years ago. But then the thought of a possible bass, drifting lazily below the surface, to be tempted perhaps by a fly, would have been uppermost. Now our sport lay in securing wild flowers, a harmless and charming pastime in which for the first time all the members of the family found equal enjoyment; and even our near neighbors, confirmed golfers, admitted the fascination of our newly acquired sport. To return laden with lilies, wild clematis, marsh mallows delicately pink upon their tall stately stems, cat-o'-nine-tails, red lilies, the fragrant clethra, and a variety of other flowers whose names are to be discovered in the winter over a complete botanical guide, savored of a veritable triumph.

Our increasing attention to this wild garden was amply rewarded, for now in August the flowers were at their best, and it became doubly interesting. Whether the discovery of new varieties or the satisfaction of gathering and arranging the commonest weeds brought the greater pleasure, it is hard to judge. The recollection of a tall graceful copper vase filled with the despised chicory and bouncing bet, the blue of the one

and the delicate pinkish purple of the other blending charmingly and supported in contrast by a few sprays of sumac leaves, lingers as one of the floral discoveries of the summer. A mass of fireweed interspersed with slender sprays of salt grass in full bloom is another.

And yet to the sportsman or the embryonic scientist, individuals of very similar characteristics, an excursion in the back country through the woods, a good long honest tramp, in pursuit of new floral game, and the finding now a clump of cardinal flowers and again the deadly nightshade (for sportsman and scientist alike are fearless), is keen pleasure.

At times we would return with little booty to show for our trouble, — a gathering of St. John's Wort, perhaps, or a few stalks of mallow, or one-eyed daisies, — but never empty-handed, and always with the exhilaration of the thought that here was a garden without limit, without weeds, and without the cares and expenses to which we were accustomed.

In arrangement, it must be confessed that discussion often arose. Certain members of the family who shall be nameless preferred a few blooms alone in each vase, while others clamored loudly for garnishings of salt grasses and other green decorations. Upon such flowers as butterfly weed and tansy, these discussions nearly ended in riots; and only a tactful distribution of these blooms to those who had gathered them, with full authority as to arrangement, secured peace.

The goldenrod made its appearance earlier than usual, the handsome sturdy variety which grows close to tide-water being especially fine. With it came the purple and white wild asters which are in reality so much more beautiful than the cultivated kind, and the sea lavender vying with baby's breath in its delicacy.

In this September a pleasant surprise came in the discovery of a flower which we named the wild primrose, so closely did it resemble the evening primrose. We found it close to the coast among the pines and scrub-oaks; and blooming at this same time was the beach-pea, a long climbing vine of a pinkish violet color, luxuriating amid the desolation of the sand-dunes.

Close upon the heels of these blossoms, both of which seemed to belong to the springtime, the turning of the leaves, the crispness of the air, the short evenings, and the aforesaid three governing reasons, school, office, and domestic domination, decided us, with more reluctance than ever, to close the cottage. It was not until our luggage was packed and ready that our final gathering of the season's wild flowers was removed and the vases put away against the coming of next spring.

It still remains to be seen whether conservation will lead to a saving in the cost of food, but it has served us well in our appreciation of certain of the good things in life.

#### THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN

Somewhere in the back of every man's mind there dwells a strange, wistful desire to be thought a Perfect Gentleman. And this is much to his credit, for the Perfect Gentleman, as thus wistfully contemplated, is a high ideal of human behavior, although, in the narrower but honest admiration of many, he is also a Perfect Ass. Thus, indeed, he comes down the centuries — a sort of Siamese Twins, each miraculously visible only to its own admirers; a worthy personage proceeding at one end of the connecting cartilage, and a popinjay prancing at the other. Emerson was and described one twin when he wrote, 'The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions, and expressing that lord-

ship in his behavior; not in any manner dependent or servile, either on persons, or opinions, or possessions.' Walter Pater, had Leonardo painted a Perfect Gentleman's portrait instead of a Perfect Lady's, might have described the other: 'The presence that thus rose so strangely beside the tea-table is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years women had come to desire. His is the head upon which "all the ends of the world have come," and the eyelids are a little weary. He is older than the tea things among which he sits.' Many have admired, but few have tried to imitate, the Perfect Gentleman of Emerson's definition; yet few there are who have not felt the wistful desire for resemblance. But the other is more objective: his clothes, his manners, and his habits are easy to imitate.

Of this Perfect Gentleman in the eighteenth century I recently discovered fossil remains in the *Gentleman's Pocket Library* (Boston and Philadelphia, 1794), from which any literary savant may restore the original. All in one volume, the Library is a compilation for Perfect Gentlemen in the shell, especially helpful with its chapter on the 'Principles of Politeness'; and many an honest but foolish youth went about, I dare say, with this treasure distending his pocket, bravely hoping to become a Perfect Gentleman by sheer diligence of spare-time study. If by chance this earnest student met an acquaintance who had recently become engaged, he would remember the 'distinguishing diction that marks the man of fashion,' and would 'advance with warmth and cheerfulness, and perhaps squeezing him by the hand,' — oh, horror! — 'would say, "Believe me, my dear sir, I have scarce words to express the joy I feel, upon your happy alliance with such and such a family, etc."' Of which distinguishing diction, 'believe me' is now all that is left.

If, however, he knew that the approaching victim had been lately bereaved, he would 'advance slower, and with a peculiar composure of voice and countenance, begin his compliments of condolence with, "I hope, sir, you will do me the justice to be persuaded, that I am not insensitive to your unhappiness, that I take part in your distress, and shall ever be affected when *you* are so.'"

In lighter mood this still imperfect Perfect Gentleman would never allow himself to laugh, knowing, on the word of his constant pocket-companion, that laughter is the 'sure sign of a weak mind, and the manner in which low-bred men express their silly joy, at silly things, and they call it being merry.' Better *always*, if necessary, the peculiar composure of polite sensibility to the suffering of properly introduced acquaintances. When he went out, he would be careful to 'walk well, wear his hat well, move his head properly, and his arms gracefully'; and I for one sympathize with the low-breds if they found him a merry spectacle; when he went in, he would remember pertinently that 'a well-bred man is known by his manner of sitting.' 'Easy in every position,' say the Principles of Politeness, 'instead of lolling or lounging as he sits, he leans with elegance, and by varying his attitudes, shows that he has been used to good company.' Good company, one judges, must have inclined to be rather acrobatic.

Now, in the seventeen-nineties there were doubtless purchasers for the *Gentleman's Pocket Library*: the desire to become a Perfect Gentleman (like this one) by home study evidently existed. But, although I am probably the only person who has read that instructive book for a very long time, it remains to-day the latest complete work that any young man wishing to become a Perfect Gentleman can find to study.

Is it possible, I ask myself, that none but burglars any longer entertain this ambition? I can hardly believe it. Yet the fact stands out that, in an age truly remarkable for its opportunities for self-improvement, there is nothing later than 1794 to which I can commend a crude but determined inquirer. To my profound astonishment I find that the Correspondence-School system offers no course; to my despair I search the magazines for graphic illustration of an Obvious Society Leader confiding to an Obvious Scrubwoman, 'Six months ago *my* husband was no more a Perfect Gentleman than *yours*, but one day I persuaded him to *mark that coupon*, and all our social prominence and *éclat* we owe to that school.' One may say, indeed, that here is something which cannot conceivably be described as a job; but all the more does it seem, logically, that the correspondence schools must be daily creating candidates for what naturally would be a post-graduate course. One would imagine that a mere announcement would be sufficient, and that from all the financial and industrial centres of the country students would come flocking back to college in the next mail.

#### BE A PERFECT GENTLEMAN

In the Bank — at the Board of Directors — putting through that New Railroad in Alaska — wherever you are and whatever you are doing to drag down the Big Money — would n't you feel more at ease if you *knew* you were behaving like a Perfect Gentleman? We will teach YOU how.

Some fifty odd years ago Mr. George H. Calvert (whom I am pained to find recorded in the *Dictionary of American Authors* as one who 'published a great number of volumes of verse that was never mistaken for poetry by any reader') wrote a small book about gentlemen, fortunately in prose and not meant

for beginners, in which he cited Bayard, Sir Philip Sidney, Charles Lamb, Brutus, St. Paul, and Socrates as notable examples. Perfect Gentlemen all, as Emerson would agree, I question if any of them ever gave a moment's thought to his manner of sitting; yet any two of them, sitting together, would have recognized each other as Perfect Gentlemen at once and thought no more about it. These are the standard, true to Emerson's definition; yet such shining examples need not discourage the rest of us. The qualities that made them gentlemen are not necessarily the qualities that made them famous. One need not be as polished as Sidney, but one must not scratch. One need not have a mind like Socrates: a gentleman may be reasonably perfect, — and surely this is not asking too much, — with mind enough to follow this essay. Brutus gained nothing as a gentleman by assisting at the assassination of Cæsar (no more a gentleman, by the way, in Mr. Calvert's opinion than was Mr. Calvert a poet in that of the *Dictionary of Authors*).

As for Fame, it is quite sufficient — and this only out of gentlemanly consideration for the convenience of others — for a Perfect Gentleman to have his name printed in the Telephone Directory. And in this higher definition I go so far as to think that the man is rare who is not sometimes a Perfect Gentleman, and equally uncommon who never is anything else. Adam I hail a Perfect Gentleman when, seeing what his wife had done, he bit back the bitter words he might have said, and then — he too — took a bite of the apple: but oh! how far he fell immediately afterward, when he stammered his pitiable explanation that the woman tempted him and he did eat! Bayard, Sir Philip Sidney, Charles Lamb, St. Paul, or Socrates would have insisted, and stuck to it, that *he bit it first*.

I have so far left out of consideration — as for that matter did the author and editor of the *Pocket Library* (not wishing to discourage students) — a qualification essential to the Perfect Gentleman in the eighteenth century. He must have had — what no book could give him — an ancestor who knew how to sit. Men there were whose social status was visibly signified by the abbreviation 'Gent.' appended to their surnames. But already this was becoming a vermiform appendix, and the nineteenth century did away with it. This handsome abbreviation created an invidious distinction between citizens which Democracy refused longer to countenance; and, much as a Lenin would destroy the value of money in Russia by printing countless rouble notes without financial backing, so Democracy destroyed the distinctive value of the word 'gentleman' by applying it indiscriminately to the entire male population of the United States.

The gentleman continues in various degrees of perfection. There is no other name for him, but one hears it rarely; yet the shining virtue of democratization is that it has produced a kind of tacit agreement with Chaucer's Parson that 'to have pride in the gentrie of

the bodie is right gret folie; for oft-time the gentrie of the bodie benimeth the gentrie of the soul; and also we be all of one fader and one moder.' And although there are few men nowadays who would insist that they *are* gentlemen, there is probably no man living in the United States who would admit that he is n't.

And so I now see that my bright dream of a correspondence-school post-graduate course cannot be realized. No bank president, no corporation director, electrical engineer, advertising expert, architect, or other distinguished alumnus would confess himself no gentleman by *marking that coupon*. The suggestion would be an insult, were it affectionately made by the good old president of his Alma Mater in a personal letter. A few decorative cards, to be hung up in the office, might perhaps be printed and mailed at graduation.

A bath *every* day  
Is the Gentleman's way.

Don't break the Ten Commandments —  
Moses meant YOU!

Dress Well — Behave Better.

A Perfect Gentleman has a Good Heart,  
a Good Head, a Good Wardrobe,  
and a Good Conscience.